

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE



CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



FROM

Cornell University Library

arY218

Picturesque Berkshire, Pt. 1, north. Pt.



3 1924 032 193 652

olin,anx

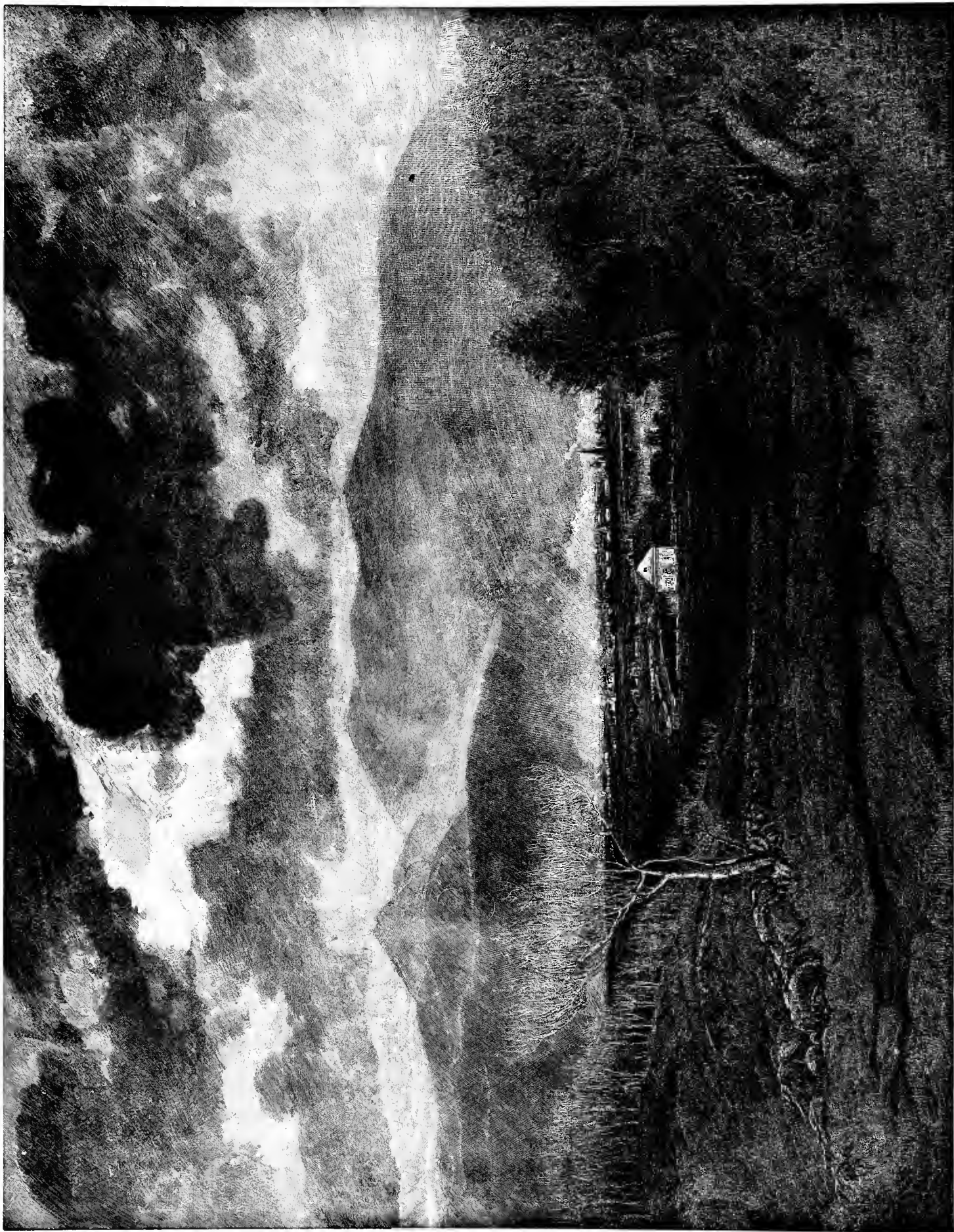


Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924032193652>



ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY

GREYLOCK

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE

PART I—NORTH

Warner, Charles Forbes, ed.
Complete in Two Parts, with 1200 Illustrations



PICTURESQUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THE W. F. ADAMS COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Picturesque Berkshire

Published by the Picturesque Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass.

CHARLES F. WARNER, Editor and Manager.

This work is published in two parts, showing north and south sections of the county. Uniform with previously issued volumes of the "Picturesque" series. Price, Family Edition, in one volume, Cloth, \$4; each part separately bound, \$2 each. Holiday Edition, both parts, \$6. The book will be sent, post or express paid, on receipt of check or money order.

Address

THE W. F. ADAMS COMPANY,
OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE,
Springfield, Mass

A782697

Other Publications of the Picturesque Publishing Company
Northampton, Mass.

Comprising the four western counties in Massachusetts (with
Berkshire as above) as follows:

Picturesque Hampshire.

In one volume, uniform in style with Picturesque Berkshire.
Cloth, \$2.

Picturesque Franklin.

In one volume, uniform with the above named. Cloth, \$2.

Picturesque Hampden.

In two parts, showing east and west sides of the county. Family
Edition, in one volume, Cloth, \$4; in separate parts, also Cloth,
\$2. Uniform with the series.

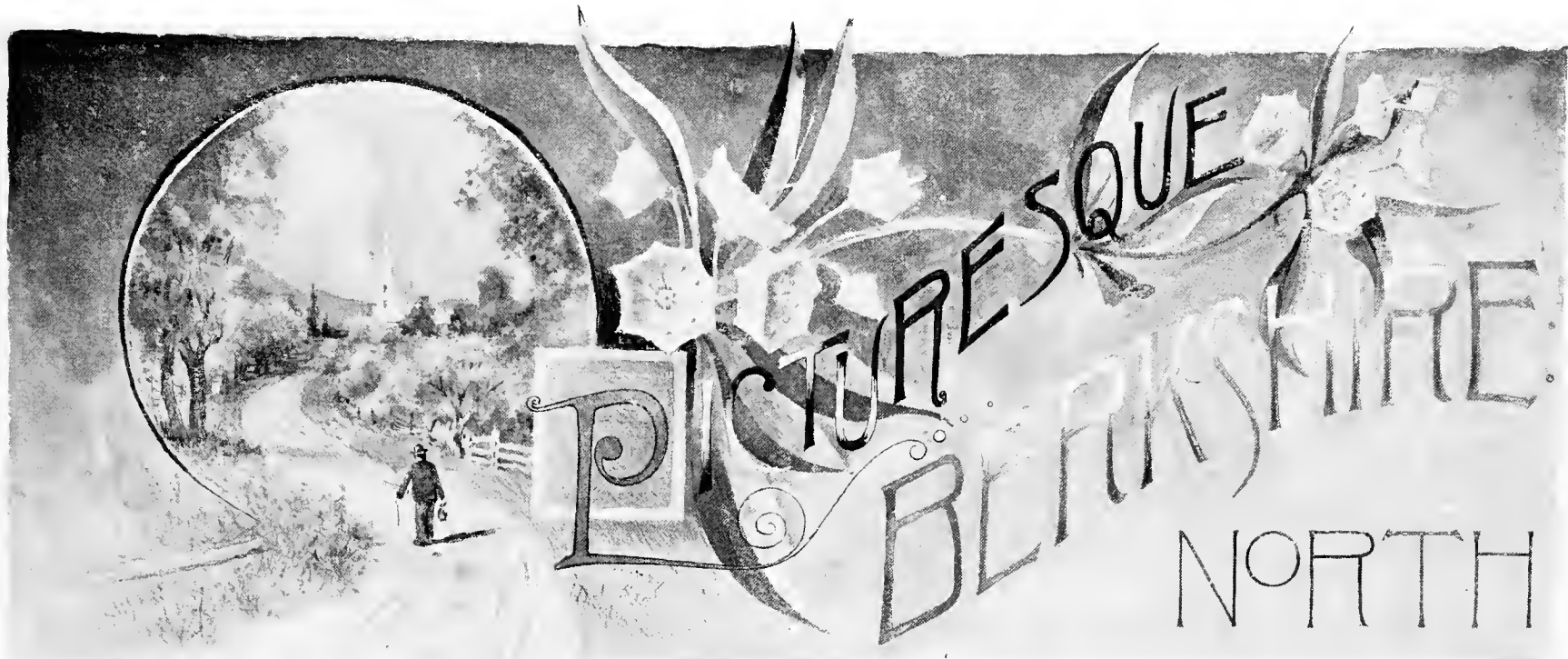
Any of the above named publications will be sent on receipt of
price named, in the form of a check or postal note.

Address

THE W. F. ADAMS COMPANY,
OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE,
Springfield, Mass.

IN PREPARATION:

"Picturesque Worcester," "Picturesque Catskills," "Picturesque
Detroit," "Picturesque Boston."



INTRODUCTORY.

The hills throw a spell over their children which is never dissolved. To one born and reared where mountain summits kiss the clouds, and mountain streams make ceaseless music, no spot on earth can ever be so dear as his "native heath." He may wander in other lands and under other summer skies, but he finds no attractions potent enough to break the attachment he feels for the hills amid which he first drew breath. The natives of "the hill country," anywhere on the face of the globe, have shown the same fond affection for their first and early home. In those who have gone forth from the mountains of Switzerland this passion is almost uncontrollable. Indeed, it can hardly be stirred to its depths without the peril of a tragic fate:—

"The intrepid Swiss, who treads a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his native heaths no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Faints at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs."

The natives of the Berkshire hills feel this emotion as sincerely, if not as passionately, as though it had been kindled among the Alps. It was nourished by the same fountains, and inspired at the same shrine. For, Nature reveals herself to the dweller in the mountains, in ways unknown to the natives of the plains. The varied and entrancing view from the hilltop; the mysteries of the deep lying valley; the sparkling foam and glad some notes of the cascade, as it dashes down the hillside; the clouds at play, making ever-changing pictures of field and forest; the indescribable gorgeousness of the sunsets—these delights, which are forever denied to the dwellers on low and level lands, are the sources of pure and noble impulse; and at these the imagination is set afire, glowing with the love of our native home. With whatever advantages Nature has endeared the western prairies

and plains, which are not enjoyed here, we do not regret them; our hills are so affluent in all that tends to develop the truest manhood, that we can at least afford to be generous. For, from the Revolutionary period till now, Berkshire has been the home of a stalwart race, distinguished for the imaginative force which the highlands generate, and for a spirit of manly independence and undying love of liberty.

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE is designed to minister to the best sentiment of the people for whom it has been prepared. It is the purpose of Art to translate into its own forms of expression the language in which Nature speaks in its most striking scenes. The face that is dear to us, and on which we have looked lovingly for years, speaks to us in ideal sweetness and

beauty from the accurate lines of the photograph. So that majestic hilltop, which has become so familiar to our gaze, to which our eyes have wandered so often as the first flash of the morning sun turns its brown summit to burnished gold, will beam with more love-

liness and grandeur when the artist has reproduced it on the pictured page. Thus in this book one familiar and much-loved scene, at least, will be embalmed for the delight of each of Berkshire's sons and daughters.

But more than this, in the light of these pages, these sons and daughters may explore the entire extent of the county. For, starting from their homes in

whatever direction they will, within these limits, scenes of which they have heard but never seen, as well as those which have been hidden from their thoughts till now, will be brought home to them by the artist's skill. and they may discern the actual in the ideal picture. How else could they learn to know so well all the most salient and beautiful features of the land they love so well, as by poring over these pages, where all that is most picturesque and impressive is spread out before them, as in a vivid map, from the eastern boundary of



AN OLD CEMETERY



A GLEN IN SPRING



WINTER WOODS

the county to the New York line, and from Greylock to "the Dome?"

And into this beloved Berkshire, which Nature has so lavishly endowed, Industry, in its varied forms, and Art, with its marvelous revelations, have come to combine their triumph with hers. To the music of the streams has been added the music of the mill wheel; and while, in his happy home, the lonely farmer may exult in the harvest produced by his toil, the groups of skilled and contented workers in the factories are daily adding to the treasures of production for which we are indebted

to that image of divine energy, the creative force of Labor.

So Art, also, has found a lodgment in these hills—Art, not alone in the wonders of the pencil, the brush and the chisel, but in more splendid and artistic forms of life. From the scorching heats of the great city, from the mansions where Wealth has set up its household gods, and where Fashion wears her most attractive guise, come the groups that find, in these our mansions fresh from Nature's hand, the delights which even the wealthy city denies them. Let Nature and Art go hand in hand, as becomes them, in inevitable and happy union; but let it be remembered, to the glory of the first, that what industry and affluence cannot find in the intermin-



OLD-TIME PITTSFIELD



PITTSFIELD STATION

able avenues that intersect the city, in the vast warehouses and palatial residences they have built, or in their magnificent temples of pleasure, they rejoice to discover amid these hills—the celestial ichor of the pure breath of heaven, the vigor born of closer contact with Mother Earth, the returning bloom of the faded cheek, the new light flashing in the wearied eye, the glories of the cloud and sunshine, the inspiration caught from the voices of the mountains, the forest and the stream. Thus Nature and Art, united in happy harmony, are making of Berkshire one of the bright garden spots of the land.

These are some hints of the message which these picturesque pages will carry to the homes and workshops of Berkshire; and much more might be said, only that the panorama before us has more eloquent expression than pen can give. When this book shall reach the hand of some far-off native of Berkshire, in a distant city, or in western wilds, it will, we trust, kindle memories as ardent as rise before the Switzer, when he listens, in a foreign land, to the Rans des Vaches; but these memories, instead of overpowering him in a fatal swoon, will quicken all the nobler instincts and impulses which they were treasured to inspire.

A GREYLOCK PILGRIMAGE

Started out on a fine spring morning from Northampton, with a companion who took all the care, and a quiet horse at the end of a buckboard, to interview the famous Greylock mountain of Berkshire county.

The snow had disappeared from the valleys, and we stirred up considerable dust as we jogged along through Florence and Leeds, the sun warming us so that we felt quite disposed for a lark. On through Williamsburg, over the track of the terrible



A VIEW ON THE NORTH SIDE OF WEST STREET

flood of 1874, where the ravines show traces of the disaster to this day.

Noon found us taking a quiet lunch in a sheep pasture beside a sparkling spring of water at the foot of Goshen hills. The afternoon did not seem so cheerful, as snow banks began to appear, and we dismounted to plod behind, and allow the poor horse to zig-zag around the mudholes on up the long hillsides. It was some compensation, however, to turn and see the blue haze of Holyoke range rising up through the bare brown woods, and the flash of silver from the Connecticut river. Soon the roadway cut through a high snowdrift, and the little church of Goshen appeared through the rift. The village

straggled over the hill summit, and the trees seemed to bend their backs to the north wind, and send out tops and branches entirely toward the southern sun.

Across the divide we turned to the west and commenced the descent into Cummington. The road ran beside brooks rushing in a new direction, sometimes coming from a hill above, or roaring through a rocky gorge a hundred feet below us.

The forests became sombre with tall pines, and ghostly with the dead leaves of giant beeches. Soon the clear waters of our rushing brooks mingled with the muddy stream of the Westfield coming from higher western hills.

Through Cummington we came into the shadow of Deer Hill, the sunset gleaming through the budding trees, lighting up the smoke and steam of factories and sending fantastic pictures across snow-speckled mountain sides. On through washed-



THE RAILROAD TRACKS FROM THE NORTH STREET CROSSING

out glens in the gathering twilight to a farmhouse in the edge of Windsor, to sleep in a bed near the rafters, and to waken in the morning by hearing the rain patter on the roof, as in childhood.

On this morning we tried to see the famous "Windsor Jams," and found a narrow, rocky gorge filled with ice and snow, with a rushing stream underneath. The weather clearing, we followed the course of the Westfield river through the snow and mud, up into the hills of Savoy. Deserted homesteads became plentiful. Perhaps a turn in a rocky ravine revealed a bit of smooth grass and an old apple orchard. In its center was a tumble-down ruin of a house and barn, desolate and forsaken.

At Savoy Hollow the air became quite chill, as clouds obscured the sun, and the wind swept down off the snow-clad hills. The road became a quagmire as



A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE AT THE CITY FROM NEAR THE STATION

our poor horse plodded on and on, getting higher and higher into the mountains. We were told that we could get a glimpse of Greylock from the highest point at Savoy Center. And sure enough, as we landed our horse over the last washout, and climbed the highest point in the village, we caught a glimpse of his crown just as the sun broke out for a moment before disappearing for the night.

But we had yet to go to the northward, and in the gathering twilight pushed on up



AN OUTLOOK FROM THE PARK

into the Florida mountains, and stopped for the night within sight and hearing of the traffic through the Hoosac tunnel. The next morning was sharp and frosty, and the sky without a cloud. The road descended into deep ravines and wound up again in a bewildering fashion. After traveling two hours, through drifts as high as the horse's ears, a look across the gorges showed us our last night's stopping place in plain sight, only a short distance in a straight line behind us. Coming to a sharp turn of the road in a deep snow-drift, we were obliged to lift the horse and buckboard around to get through.

Before noon we were at Florida church, its little steeple directly over the tunnel, and overlooking the Deerfield valley. And very interesting it was to watch the tiny, snorting worms emerge from the bowels of the earth, and move on down the valley beside the Deerfield river.

Here we struck the old stage road, full of mud and snow, and telegraph poles. Up and down the hills we went. A little snow—then a little mud—till our horse, looking about, said: "Haven't we had about enough of this sort of thing?" We agreed that it was enough. And after one more pull through mud up to the hub, we emerged from the slough of despond out upon a plateau overlooking the valley surrounding Greylock.

Dismounting and walking out upon a jutting point, there we were two thousand feet in the air, looking upon a mass of mountains rising over a thousand feet higher out of the plain below. Down in the valley, the surface was

dotted with groves of evergreen and maple, while lakes and streams flashed in the sunlight. North Adams nestled in a ravine at the foot of the mountain, the smoke and steam from railway trains drifting across steeple and chimney, the blue and purple terraces rising majestically to the heavens, out of the noise and strife.

To the southward toward Pittsfield the blue line of peaks move on and are lost in the distance, while northward the mountain is isolated from the main range by a ravine that leads to Williamstown and the west.

In the afternoon the scene was indescribably grand from the hills north of North Adams. The groves with their long shadows, the roadway leading down into the city, all partly sinking into gloom, formed the support for a picture of the mountain and its crater-like summit, bathed in a glow from sun-lighted clouds above, opening just enough for a glimpse of the blue sky beyond.

It seemed a golden pathway leading up out of the city, through granite gateways, over fleecy, shining portals, directly into paradise!

ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

WHAT THE BOOK IS AND IS NOT

It seems somewhat necessary, in a work of this kind, to show its reason for being, and what it is intended to accomplish.

Thousands of people, doubtless, will take up this book, who have never seen the other books of the "Picturesque" series—or did not



BLOCKS ON WEST STREET

know there were any others—and it should therefore be stated that "Picturesque Hampshire," the first of these volumes, was issued in 1890, "Picturesque Franklin" in 1891, and "Picturesque Hampden" in 1892. This book was only needed to complete the series, as noted in another article, and this is the *raison d'être*.

The response of the people in each county to this unique line of work,



LOOKING TOWARD THE PARK FROM THE STATION

has been something unusual, considering the fact that the publishers were unacquainted with the art of scientific bookselling, and now that the sale of these books has been taken in hand by such experienced booksellers as the W. F. Adams Co., of the "Old Corner Bookstore," Springfield, Mass., the publishers feel that it will not be many years before every family in Western Massachusetts will have one or more books of the series. In time, it is believed, too, that only the complete set will satisfy, for the series represents a large territory, in which all the inhabitants have more or less interest in common; but this point is amplified upon elsewhere.

Next it is in order to say what this book is, and this necessarily involves a further statement as to what it is not—in order to satisfy those who expect



THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

not only multum in parvo, but much that is not worth while. It is quite evident what PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE is; as a first thing—it is a book of pictures, and plenty of them. The term "profusely illustrated," was, it is believed, never applied to any work so justly as it may be to this, and when it is stated, as is the truth, that every engraving used in this book was made expressly for it, a better idea may be had of the value of this feature. Let the subscriber for this book imagine, if he can, what it would cost him to travel and make the collection of pictures given in this book, some of which, however, he could not collect by any amount of traveling. Certainly the same extent of territory has never been so elaborately pictured before.

Every town in the county has been represented by a variety of characteristic and attractive views. Everything will not be found here, for of subjects of interest there is practically no end, and the apology for things absent is lack of space, not neglect.

To any who live, or have lived, in the Berkshire hills, the book must have a special attractiveness. With few exceptions, not only the most secluded glens and rockiest hilltops, but the churches and public buildings in every town have a place. The pictures show great variety. There are the high mountains, the meadows, the streams, the orchards, farmhouses, the farmers at their work, the children at their play, and the bits of roadway, as well as the cultivated landscapes and elegant residences at the summer resorts. In studying the picturesque side of human nature the artist carries us from the group about the country tavern fire to the crowded grounds of the country "cattle show," and shows us many of those touches of nature which make the whole world kin. This is what the book is—a pictured representation of life all over Berkshire, and to make this faithfully—to do this one thing well—obliged the publishers to discriminate carefully in the work of compilation, and this requires a statement of what the book is not.

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE is not an historical work, for the very good reason that we have already hinted at—that it is not possible to do everything at once well, and then Berkshire history has been pretty well handled already. While the book is not historical, the picturesque past is linked with the present time by the narration of old stories and notations upon old customs relating to pictures of objects yet in existence. In the main the book is made up, in text and illustration, of such things as a leisurely traveler of an appreciative turn of mind would find interesting and attractive. He does not delve deeply into the musty records of the past, or attempt to unravel its



THE ATHENÆUM

tangled skeins. A monument may take his attention, or an old house suggest a question, and thus bring out a bit of tragedy or romance; but nature and life right around one, with such reminiscences and reflections as these easily start, are the real substance of the work.

This book is neither a gazetteer or guide-book, yet any one interested will readily get an impression of the nature of different parts of the county, and the work may be a suggestive aid to those planning a carriage trip, and a help in choosing a country home for the summer. It can be easily seen that the book is no advertising scheme, and the main aim has been kept distinctly in view all through—that being to show in the most attractive

manner those features of Berkshire county which give it charm and interest, and to do this at a popular price. Pictures which once could only have been the possessions of the rich may now add to the attractiveness of the humblest home, and it has been the earnest effort of the publishers to place an art work within the reach of all.

NOTABLE MEN AND WOMEN IN BERKSHIRE

Berkshire, more than any other county in Western Massachusetts, seems to have been prolific as a field of action, of a great number of men and women of note. As Clark W. Bryan shows elsewhere, the county bid fair at one time to become the country-seat, if not the general dwelling place of many of the literati of the land; and while the



A WINTER VIEW OF THE PARK



ST. STEPHEN'S—METHODIST CHURCH IN DISTANCE



CORNER EAST AND SOUTH STREETS

play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, if portraits were not given of Messrs. Tinker and Foster, those famous characters in an active, but bygone political age, and while it is not the province of this book to discuss politics, it may be said that these gentlemen's successors in their line of action will probably never appear on this terrestrial stage. As the day of the tythingman has gone, so also has that of the political master

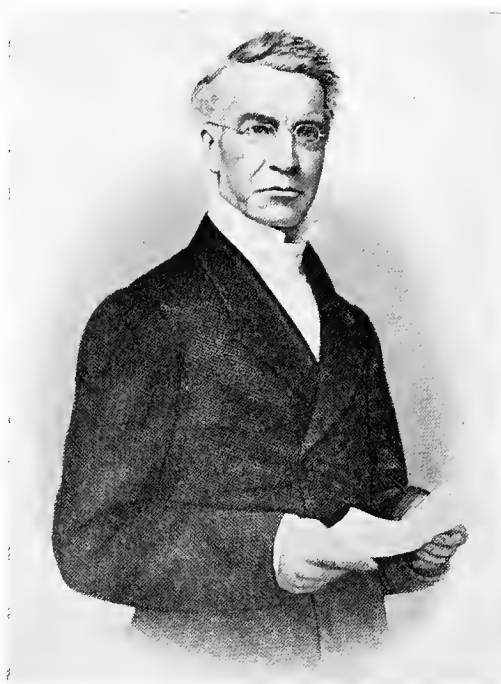


PUBLIC BUILDINGS NORTH OF THE PARK

"Picturesque" books have, heretofore, not been at all noted for portrait work, it is found absolutely necessary to use a considerable number of portraits in this volume, that the county may be given credit for what it has furnished in the way of famous and picturesque personal, human character, as well as magnificent scenery, and cultivated landscapes.

The limits of this book forbid extended mention of the subjects of our portraits, and inasmuch as this is not a biographical work, it will probably not be expected that we should give an extended, or even any perfunctory account of the lives of the notable men and women whose portraits are given in succeeding pages. The records of such characters as William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Beecher, Melville, Jonathan Edwards, Mark Hopkins, Rev. John Todd, Gov. Briggs, Cyrus W. Field, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble Butler, Catherine Sedgwick, and others are well known to all, and their identification with the interests of the Berkshire hills is alluded to in Mr. Bryan's and other articles. For similar reasons it is not deemed necessary to give a biographical account of other subjects of portraits, such as Elder Leland, "Josh Billings," Edward R. Tinker and Edward Foster, and "Weather-Prophet Beebe." With the exception of the latter picturesque Bear Mountain character, ex-Senator Dawes, and those once very noted politicians, Messrs. Tinker and Foster, the above named subjects of portraiture have joined the "silent majority;" and who of the present generation needs to be told of the extended general service which the incorruptible Berkshire statesman has performed for his time, and for all time, and humanity, in his study of the Indian question—and how, despite the proverb, he is a prophet whom his own country delights to honor?

The management of this book were advised that a book devoted to northern Berkshire would be like the



REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

and "legislative manager." In the names we have given of their representatives, Berkshire has furnished the very best men of their class, and they will doubtless not rebel at the slight touch of humor involved in linking them with a very picturesque political past.

The discriminating and perspicacious reader will readily see, it is believed, why the subjects of portraiture are not treated of in the text specifically. It is certain that no county in the "Old Bay State" can make a more honorable and interesting showing, in the way of a portrait gallery of the good and great who have honored its hills and valleys as their abiding places, and who have also written poem and prose in praise of their surroundings.

PICTURESQUE WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS COMPLETE

With the issue of PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE the publishers have completed their representation of Western Massachusetts, or all that part of the state lying west of Worcester county. The counties of Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden have, as is pretty generally known, been presented in their order, in four volumes, and any public-spirited inhabitant of these shires, who has one or more of these books, will



BUSINESS BLOCKS ON NORTH STREET



NORTH STREET, FROM THE PARK



A NORTH STREET VIEW

some day want them all. No other such area in the Bay state is so fair to the eye, and so celebrated in song and story, and its inhabitants should consider the complete "Picturesque" series of books a possession of as much value to their households as the dictionary and gazetteer. This is claimed not from the mere advertising instinct of a publisher, but because it is believed that these books are a valuable complement to those other now conceded-to-be family necessities. Then again, every lover of his country ought to possess such a comprehensive memorial of her as these books constitute. For, surely, if they did not appeal to patriotic pride, we might well ask, in those well-known lines:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

It should not be forgotten that the Western Massachusetts series gives a representation of the old county of Hampshire, which originally comprised the present counties of Hampshire, Franklin, Hampden and Berkshire, and when one reflects that nothing in any way approaching to such a pictured representation of this region has been given before, or been possible to make, at any price, it will not seem extravagant in the publishers to claim that they have furnished, in the now complete series, something which every family in Western Massachusetts should be proud to place in the home



NORTH STREET—LOOKING SOUTH

library. For children it will be an invaluable educator regarding that part of the country they live in; the pictures will not only please but instruct, and exert a refining influence in the home. Who can estimate the interest these books will possess to the absent sons of this part of the state who are wandering in the far west? No gift will be so prized by them as one or more of these volumes; it will come to some of them, at least, like a beatific vision,



UNITARIAN CHURCH

amid the wearisomeness and frequent repinings of exile.

When one reflects that in the four volumes comprising the Western Massachusetts series there are over three thousand five hundred illustrations, embodying the study and application of many trained artists and writers for over five years, and that exactly the same work can never be duplicated, it will not be deemed out of place to here enforce the importance of securing the series of these books complete, while it can be had. Those desiring further information on this point are referred to the advertisement on the back of the title-page of this book.

BERKSHIRE men are noted for their local pride. A well-known politician was a member of a state con-



THE OLD FIRST CHURCH



THE MAPLEWOOD BUILDINGS

vention at Worcester, and being asked by the chairman, who, strange to say, failed to recognize him, to give his name, replied, "Mr. Emerson, Sir, from the grand old hills of Berkshire."



BERKSHIRE COUNTY HOME FOR AGED WOMEN

A PEN DESCRIPTION OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

Probably the best printed description of the Berkshire hills ever given was that written many years ago by "Godfrey Greylock," author of "Taghconic, or Letters and Legends about our Summer Home." The book is a familiar one to Berkshire people, but for the instruction and pleasure of many out of the county, who have not seen it, we quote:



SOUTH STREET

"Berkshire is a region of hills and valleys, of lake and stream, of woodland, farm and field. Its beauty is world renowned, for the pens of Bryant and Mrs. Sedgwick [and since their time many others.—ED.] have made it their favorite theme. Within its limits are Monument mountain, the Stockbridge Bowl, Green River, Icy Glen, and a thousand other scenes of storied or of unsung loveliness.

"* * * "Within this mountain-walled amphitheatre lies cradled the upland valley of the Housatonic, with all its fertile farms, its mansioned homes and frequent villages. Somebody has called it the Piedmont of America. I do not know how just the appellation may be, but I do know that if Piedmont can rightly be called the Berkshire of Europe, it must be a delightful region.

"What we most admire in Berkshire scenery is its freshness, bold-

ness and variety. Our hills boast no astounding grandeur; there is nothing about them of an Alpine character; they possess few scenes which can properly rank with the sublime. The highest mountain tops, the most precipitous cliffs—sufficient to claim our admiration, wild enough to be the marvel of tourists from the tame coast country—cannot for a moment compare with similar scenes among the White moun-



NORTH STREET—THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND VICINITY

tains or the Alleghanies—not to mention more unapproachable wonders of nature. Our deepest ravines, often penetrated by smooth, flower-bordered roads, are very different things indeed, from the earthquake-rifted chasm of other lands.

If the traveler seek some object for a day's or a week's wonder, some tremendous cataract, or "Heaven-piercing Cordillera,"



COURT-HOUSE



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

he must seek it elsewhere. But if he asks for a retreat among wild and picturesque scenery, adorned by much that is pleasant and refined in his city life, but far removed from its heat and turmoil; where he can draw closer the silken cord of social intercourse, and yet throw loose some of its galling chains; where nature ennobles by her greatness, but never chills with a frown, he may find it all amid the varied beauty of the Berkshire hills.

"The inexhaustible variety of our vistas is wonderful. It is marvelous in what an endless series of combinations, mountain, valley, lake, stream, rock, field and wood present themselves. Wherever you go, you meet a succession of changes which at once charm the eye and delight the heart. At every turn

"You stand suddenly astonished,
You are gladdened unaware."

SOME FACTS ABOUT BERKSHIRE COUNTY

The management of this work had believed their series to be complete on chronological lines, when the three books, "Picturesque Hampshire," "Franklin" and "Hampden," were published, but farther historical research shows that Berkshire was set off from the old county of Hampshire as early as 1761, while Hampden and Franklin did not secure separate autonomy until 1812. Berkshire was thus set off by the "General



A NORTH STREET SIDEWALK

Court" of the old Province of Massachusetts Bay, in the first year of the reign of George III, fifteen years before the Declaration of Independence of the colonies.

The width of Berkshire on the north is fourteen miles, on the south twenty-four, and its length, the entire west boundary of the state, is fifty miles. This county is the most rough and hilly of the four western ones of the state, but there is a considerable quantity of fine land, mostly in the interval of the Housatonic, and no region of the state is so attractive as Berkshire to the summer visitors from New York and other large places. Nearly every town in the county has a large quota of pleasure seekers, from June until late autumn, and the fame of this beautiful country is world wide and requiring more definite description elsewhere.

It is the most elevated region in the state, and the familiar expression,



BISHOP TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES AND HOUSE OF MERCY



BUSINESS OUTSKIRTS ON NORTH STREET



WOONAH STREET—LOOKING TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS

"from the hills of Berkshire to the sands of Cape Cod," means something of a descent. The Green and Taconic mountains cross the county from north to south, and their average height is about 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, while Mountains Greylock and Everett, in the north and south parts of the county, are from two to three times higher.



FENN STREET SCHOOLHOUSE

The county possesses in rich and inexhaustible abundance three very important articles of commerce, in iron, marble and lime, and its wood and water power are sufficient to enable it to fit them for useful purposes. The population of the county by the census of 1800 was 33,835, and it has steadily increased since then, until now (census of 1890) it is 81,108.



A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

TWO OTHER NOTABLE SONS OF BERKSHIRE.—Among other notable sons of Berkshire, who left their native hills and won name and fame for themselves in the far west, might be mentioned Francis E. Warren, who once labored on the farms of Hinsdale, but afterward became Governor of Wyoming and United States Senator. George F. Root, the composer of many of the most stirring war songs, was a Berkshire boy, though his melodies had their inspiration in,—at least were published from,—prosaic Chicago.



THE JAIL



WINTER AT SILVER LAKE



LINCOLN STREET

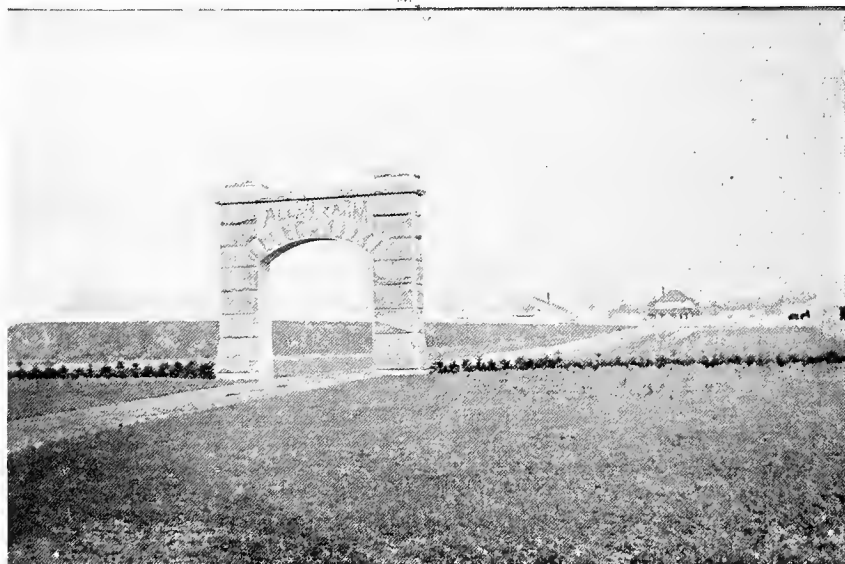
TRIALS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS

The facts of this article were gathered from J. E. A. Smith's excellent history of Pittsfield. It is, indeed, a collection of extracts which, without delving deeply in detail, portray some of the more picturesque aspects of the days when the forefathers first penetrated the Berkshire wilds.

The tide of population, setting westward from Plymouth Rock, in the brief space of twenty-six years advanced to the shores of the Connecticut, where Springfield was founded, in 1636. Thirty additional years carried it forward barely ten miles to Westfield, where, stayed at the base of Tekoa mountain, it paused for more than half a century, until suddenly, in 1725, it overleaped the Hoosacs, and the village of Sheffield was planted upon the broadest and most fertile meadows of the Housatonic. Twenty-seven years more elapsed

before a permanent settlement was effected at belated Pontoosuc. Thus one hundred and sixteen years intervened between the settlement of Springfield and that of Pittsfield.

The early settlers found the mountainous district of Western Massachusetts teeming with the various species of game and fur-bearing animals then common in New England. Here, too, they met occasional hunting parties of Indians, mostly Mohegans. The permanent native inhabitants were, however, sparse, even beyond the ordinary meagerness of Indian populations. The petty villages of a few insignificant



ALLEN STOCK FARM



ADVENT CHURCH



METHODIST CHURCH

squads alone broke the solitude of the mountain wilderness. One of these little huddles of savage wigwams lay between Sheffield and Great Barrington, and the smoke of others curled up among the woods where Pittsfield, Stockbridge, New Marlborough and Dalton now stand. It is not probable that they had settled abodes at these places, but, as was customary among the aborigines, they removed their lodges, or abandoned them, and sought a new home as convenience dictated. The lakes Onota and Pontoosuc must have been favorite resorts of the Indians. There their frail birch-bark canoes glided when they fished, and from the tangled coverts alongshore they shot the deer which came to drink or to immerse themselves to escape the heat of the summer days and the insect pests of the woods. Near the outlet of Lake Pontoosuc was an Indian burial



ORCHARD STREET SCHOOLHOUSE

and drink. It was considered impolitic, in the precarious state of public affairs, to offend the red nuisances by well-deserved punishment; and the only recourse—one to which only the bolder dames dared to resort—was to shut and bolt the door in their impudent faces.

In the same summer, came Charles Goodrich, "driving the first cart and team which ever entered the town, and cutting the way through the woods for a number of miles." It is of tradition that he reached the last of the Hoosac summits which he had to pass, just at nightfall; and, fearful of missing the path if he attempted to proceed in the dusk, tied his horses to a tree, and kept guard over them all night against the wild beasts, walking around to prevent himself from falling asleep, and munching an apple, his sole remaining ration, for supper. Goodrich was a man of considerable property and long continued the wealthiest

citizen of the town, as well as one of those most distinguished for enterprise and intellectual ability.

Pittsfield was approached by one or two rough roads. But many of its settlers appear to have come by the most direct route practicable, through the woods, guided by marked trees. This was done more easily than we are apt to suppose, on account of a practice which prevailed, both among the aborigines and the pioneers, of burning the underbrush, in order to facilitate hunting,



FENN STREET

place and here have been exhumed some of their skeletons interred in the usual sitting posture.

But by the summer of 1752, which is usually accounted the birth-year of Pittsfield, some of the settlers had log cabins ready to receive their families. First came Solomon Deming, from Wethersfield, with his wife Sarah behind him on a pillion.

Mr. Deming's farm was on the north side of Honasada street, in the eastern outskirts of the township, a region much frequented by the Indians, who were accustomed to make themselves a terror and an annoyance to the wives of the settlers, calling at their cabins in the absence of the men, and, with insolent threats, demanding food



RESIDENCE OF H. W. BISHOP



RESIDENCE OF MRS. THOMAS ALLEN



A PICTURESQUE CORNER ON FENN STREET

as well as to destroy the lurking place of enemies, and, by the natives in order to prepare some portion of the ground for their rude culture.

It is a mistake to picture the aboriginal forest of New England as a scene altogether, or chiefly, of sombre shades and tangled thickets. The hunters of a labor-hating race, courting neither difficulty nor danger in the chase, did not choose that their grounds should be cumbered with thickets which at once



SUMMER ON EAST STREET

impeded their pursuit of game, and afforded concealment to hostile braves; and so, since it cost but a kindling spark, the annual fires swept them clear. Even the patient squaws were not enamored of hard work, and the same ready agent helped them to prepare the meadow for the hoe. Thus immense tracts were swept of their undergrowth, while the more mossy trees were unharmed; so that it is related that a deer could be seen, in a heavily-timbered country, at a distance of forty rods. Even the upland forests were passable—with a little occasional aid from the axe—for carts and drays, such as were used by the early settlers.

The Plantation of Poontoosuck had, in August, 1754, made respectable progress. Most of the sixty home-lots had been taken up; and, although in some instances two or more were purchased by a single settler, the population of the place must have been nearly two hundred. The dwellings were as yet all of logs; but Charles Goodrich was preparing to build, on Wendell Square, the first frame house in the township.

Between the years 1725 and 1754, the territory embraced in the present Berkshire county gained a population of perhaps something more than fifteen hundred,—almost all of it south of Poontoosuck. The towns of Sheffield and Stockbridge were incorporated; and settlements were planted in New Marlborough, Sandis-

field, Tyringham, Alford, Egremont and Mount Washington. Northward a few families had made their homes in Williamstown and Lanesborough. Here and there, among the green woods, solitary hunters and trappers—hardier even than the pioneer farmer—planted patches of vegetables in the scant clearings where they built their lonely cabins,—seminaries which produced the boldest and most successful scouts in the coming war.

The Indians formed a more considerable element in the population of the



LOOKING UP WILLIS STREET FROM EAST



WINTER ON EAST STREET

valley than at any previous date since its settlement by the English, showing a census of probably about three hundred.

The mission commenced in 1734 and established at Stockbridge in 1735, had in twenty years produced an admirable change in the condition of the Mohegans; but it had not wrought a miracle upon them. Ever well disposed toward the white man, and, upon the whole, well treated by him, they received at his hands the gifts of education and religion with a readiness which was not to be expected in tribes whose experience had been of a different character, and they adopted the usages of civilized life with astonishing facility. They did not, however, leap at once from the depths of barbarism to the plane which the Saxon race had reached only after ages and generations of painful climbing. Much less did they elevate themselves above the human passions and frailties from which their teachers were not themselves free. There was, moreover, a vagabond class, who had lost the virtues



ST. STEPHEN'S RECTORY—RESIDENCE OF REV. W. W. NEWTON



EAST STREET



RESIDENCE OF MRS. ENSIGN KELLOGG



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM R. PLUNKETT—THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE

of savage life without submitting to the restraints of civilized society,—loose fellows, who hung around the settlements, selling the fruits of their hunting and trapping for rum, and then roaming from farmhouse to farmhouse, committing the annoyances of which mention has been made. They were frowned upon by the more respectable and numerous class of the tribe; but they created a bitter prejudice, in the minds of the unthinking, against all of their color. Nor were the annoyances to which the settlers were subject wholly unprovoked on their part. The provincial government, its agents, and the better part of the people, did, indeed, treat the Mohegans, not only with scrupulous justice, but with tender and earnest regard for both their temporal and spiritual welfare, and with generous forbearance towards the frailties and perversities of their wild neophytes. But there were too many exceptions to this rule, even among men in some small authority, who had come from sections of the province where the Indian, without distinction of person or tribe, was known only to the masses to be detested. And if the Mohegans suffered injustice from the hands of those who should have been in some degree restrained by the well-known wishes of the government, the treatment was simply intolerable which he received at the hands of a rude soldiery, hereditary haters of every redskin, and ignorant or regardless of the long-tried fidelity of the tribe of Uncas to the English cause.

In the spring of 1753, one Wampaucorse, a Schaghticoke Indian, domiciled at Stockbridge, being in Sugar Camp at Hop Brook in Tyringham, saw two men, Cook by name, passing by with horses which he



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

suspected to be stolen. He pursued them, and in an altercation which arose he was shot dead. The Cooks were thereupon arrested, and tried at Springfield. One was convicted of manslaughter, and the other acquitted; which seems to have been what the law and the evi-

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw—
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all—
Forever, never,
Never, forever.

Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs."

dence required. But in the minds of the Schaghticoques, as in those of the exiled Pequots, murderous resentment against the English was always ready to be aroused; and this affair was used with the utmost success to exasperate the Indians. Its effect was soon apparent "in the surly behavior of several in whom it had not before been observed;" in the stealing of guns; in more frequent intercourse with distant tribes, and the consorting together of the worst-tempered and worst-behaved fellows, who had a drunken pow-wow, which was kept up, in the woods some six miles west of Stockbridge, with fresh supplies of rum from Kinderhook; and finally some negro slaves reported a plot, in which they had been invited to join, for the massacre of as many of the whites as possible, and flight to Canada.

Upon this, the wildest excitement prevailed at Stockbridge, and not less, of course, in the more exposed outpost of Poontoosuck. The people of the former place wisely determined to call the Indians together, let them know their apprehensions, and endeavor to ascertain what foundation there was for them.

It appeared, as had been anticipated, that "the great body of the tribe were entirely unacquainted with the secret plot, but that the thing was real with



EAST STREET HOMES



RESIDENCE OF RUSSELL ALLEN

regard to so many that the authorities looked upon themselves as in a worse state than in an open war."

To restore quiet and avoid the Indian resentment, the sum of £20 was distributed by the government among the friends of the dead savage. As a result the excitement among the natives to some degree subsided.

On the evening of Thursday, the 29th of August, some Stockbridge Indians, who had been northward on a hunting excursion, returned in haste with the startling report that, on the previous day, they had, in concealment, witnessed the total destruction of Dutch Hoosack, a village northwest of Williamstown, by a band of six hundred strange savages.

Even yet, however, there appears to have been no apprehension, at Stockbridge, of danger from any of the Indians then in the town; and timely notice was expected, from the scouts who were scouring the woods, of the approach of any others. The people attended church as usual; and, in the absence of their neighbors for that purpose, the family of one Chamberlain, who lived in the retired locality of "The Hill," seem to have considered themselves in perfect safety, until they were suddenly attacked at about three o'clock in the afternoon. There were in the house Chamberlain, his wife, three children, and another man, named Owen. Two Indians only attacked the house. Chamberlain, his wife and a child escaped. Owen, after a severe struggle, was killed and scalped, as was also one of the children. The third child



HENRY L. DAWES

a laboring man from Canaan, Conn., who had been at work in Poontoosuck during the summer.

The woods were full of the prowling savages. A scout sent out from Fort Massachusetts towards Albany ascertained that, "on the 25th or 26th of August, forty-two canoes of Indians, of five, six or seven in a canoe, crossed the lake" (either Lake George or Lake Champlain), "with a design to make a descent on our frontier." On the 6th of September, a man who had ventured to return to Poontoosuck was "shot at by three Indians, and the bullets penetrated his clothes in several places." He returned the fire and "shot one down, but did not get him."

The reliable local tradition is, that the white combatant, having procured a re-enforcement, traced his opponent by his blood to the shore of Lake Onota, and found a pebble wrapped in cloth, which had evidently been used to stanch the wound. But the injured man had disappeared; whether carried off by his friends, or plunged into the lake to save his scalp from his pursuers, is uncertain.

For several years the border communities carried on their work in armed fear of sudden attack. Poontoosuck,



THE HOUSATONIC, IN WINTER



THE END OF EAST STREET

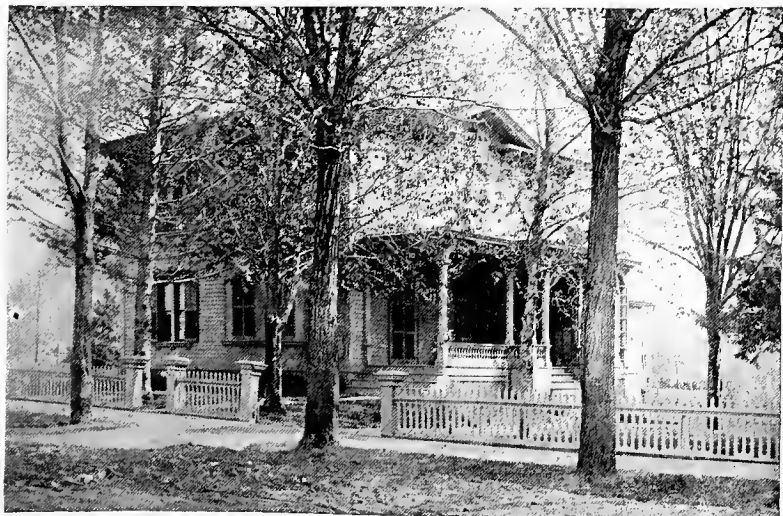
in common with most of the frontier towns, had its fort which was garrisoned by an average force of thirty men.

Tradition is garrulous of encounters in the township, both before and after the breaking out of the war, between the white man and the red, with fatal results to the latter; but these stories are happily discredited by the fact, that no mention of them is made in contemporary reports, in which every

was made captive, but was killed by the savages when, after a short flight, they came upon a party of English from Poontoosuck. The party from Poontoosuck was a portion of the population of that place, mounted on horses flying to the stronger settlements of the south. On their way they were repeatedly fired upon from the woods; and some of the fugitives narrowly escaped the bullets of the hidden foe. But the only person who was killed was one Stevens,

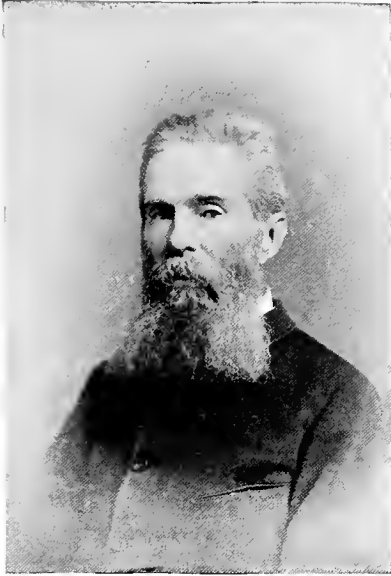


A FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS THE STREAM



HOME OF SENATOR DAWES

indication of the presence of the enemy on the border was scrupulously noted, and whose writers were well informed of every incident which happened at Poontoosuck. Two Indians were, however, killed near the fort at Lanesborough; and the universal belief that the woods, up to the very walls of the forts, were full of hostile savages,



HERMAN MELVILLE

mind as the twilight deepens. All along the journey of life we meet with "a touch of the vanished hand," and a strain of the mother's hymn, she sang to us when we nestled in her safe, loving arms. We never travel too far away, or grow too old to lose those holy influences that were about us in those "mothering days." Sorrows, disappointments, and many "ills of the flesh" have come to us, and we long for her hand to rest again in blessing on our heads and to hear her gentle voice in words of love and sympathy and guidance. Those were the days when we walked with light and willing feet through the pleasant fields, gathering the buttercups and daisies in our childish hands—days "when we flew in little curves over all prickles and alighted only on blossoms." Now, when the travelers go back to the old homes, as they often do, how much that made up life in childhood time has passed out of it. We can say with Heine, "I beheld the mountains looking at me earnestly and nodding to me with their mountain beards. Here and there I remarked a distant hill, which appeared to raise itself on tiptoe and look curiously over the hills in order to see me," for the hills of Berkshire remain unchanged, amid all other changes.

Down in the hollow is the old red school-house, where we toed the mark, at the crack between the two wide boards that met in the floor, just in front of the teacher's desk, where the broken pitcher stood filled with "bouncing bets," or hollyhocks and marigolds. What a volume of learning there was in "Webster's spelling book." How we pitied the maid who lost her eggs, her chickens, and her beautiful green gown, because the thoughts of assured

must have had some foundation in fact. Peace was at last assured in 1760 and the settlers were again left free to win for themselves comfort and prosperity.

THE DEAR OLD HOMES OF BERKSHIRE

Many of the homes amid the Berkshire hills are ancestral homes, from whence previous generations have been removed to the larger, higher life, after their warfare had been accomplished here. Hallowed associations linger around these dear old homes and the reminiscences of childhood days, that have been "put away in the heart, like rose leaves, are taken out to fill life with sweetness now that the roses are gone."

What beautiful pictures, we, who long years ago crossed the threshold of those homes, to enter upon the commerce of the world, call to



THE GAS HOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD



ON THE OUTSKIRTS—POMEROY AVENUE

prosperity caused her to forget, for the moment, to carry her head level, and her milk was all spilled upon the ground. Now, we see a new generation of boys and girls coming out of the door, and somehow they do not seem in touch with those who came out at close of school when we did. The rail fences have given way to wire ones and there are no more play-houses in the corners, with pretty bits of broken china placed in a row on the rail for dishes. The tall steeple of the old meeting-house still points toward heaven, as it did in childhood days, but the silvery haired shepherd who led the flock on the hillsides, long since passed into the better country and his weary feet are resting in "the green pastures and by the still waters."

"The blue-eyed girl, who sang air" and "the black-eyed girl, who sang



THE SAMPSON PLACE



GRAYTOWER—THE POLLOCK PLACE

alto," have joined the company of singers in the holy city. The sober, staid elderly people who sat in the front pews, with their bunches of fennel and carryway in the summer time, are not there to listen to the word as it is preached in the church militant. They have had their membership transferred to the church triumphant. But no place on earth, notwithstanding the changes, brings us so near to heaven as a visit to these old familiar places. We wonder we did not better appreciate the holy influences of those early days when we were mingling with them and they made part of our lives. But they gave us strength of heart later, and have enabled us to carry one spray of



RESIDENCE OF FRANK DUTTON

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

PITTSFIELD.

Berkshire is a district of mountains and tumbled hills. The only spot where it can fairly be said to repose in quiet is the wide valley basin where the country city of Pittsfield stands. Even here

palm branch and stem of passion flower—symbols of the victories and the glories of suffering—with a steadier and more trustful hand.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.



OUT FOR A WALK



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES ATWATER

Pittsfield, by reason of its elevation, has to a considerable degree possessed itself of these blessings, and in addition has a rare accessibility and surroundings within easy driving distance, as high and wild and picturesque and beautiful as one could desire. It is the focusing place of several railroads, and is therefore an easy place to get out of, or, what is more to the point, to get into.

The central village is located on a mildly elevated plateau where



ELMWOOD—RESIDENCE OF MRS. EDWARD LEARNED



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM A. WHITTELSY

its streets radiate from a little elm-arched park. A determined looking bronze soldier stands guard here on a high granite pedestal. He has a sword

the high, blue waves of the encircling hills are in clear view on every side, and no matter what outgoing road one takes, it soon brings one into a region which has the reported Berkshire character. Though to the eye Pittsfield is in the lowlands, yet in fact it is one thousand feet above the sea level, a height which takes one to the mountain tops in the Connecticut valley, where, at that height, coolness, pure air and breezes are supposed to reign universal.



RESIDENCE OF G. H. LAFLIN



HOMES ON BARTLETT AVENUE

at his side and carries a flag, and he seems particularly interested in railroading, for it may be observed that he is invariably looking down toward the depot. In the midst of the elm bower a fountain plays, and various settees are distributed along the borders of the gravel paths. There are almost always loiterers here. In the morning you see them reading the *Springfield Republican*, and during the rest of the day, I suppose,



WENDELL AVENUE—SOUTH FROM EAST HOUSATONIC STREET



WENDELL AVENUE—NORTH FROM EAST HOUSATONIC STREET



WENDELL AVENUE HOMES

at least the elderly men whom I have seen in earnest discussion there, are settling the affairs of the nation to suit themselves.

On the north side of the square stands the massive granite Atheneum and the big marble court-house, which is nearly hidden in summer by the grove of elms before it. To the west the most prominent building is that of the widely known Berkshire Life Insurance Company. On the north side are the granite First Congregational church, the brownstone Episcopal church, and sandwiched between these the city hall, which has every appearance of being an old-timer. St. Stephen's, of all the group, is the building that lingers longest in the mind, though at first sight it seems, with its short, heavy tower, almost clumsy in its massiveness. I cannot say just where its charm lies, but it nevertheless was to my mind a very satisfying and delightful structure.

On the remaining side the park looks down the broad thoroughfare of East street. This street has a noble double file of old elms on either side and many comfortable and handsome homes repose behind the masses of foliage.

It is not the purpose of this article to catalogue or describe in detail the fine residences and public buildings of the place, for that to most would be tiresome. The pictures are so profuse as to themselves tell the story with some completeness, and these written impressions are simply supplementary. The city is well supplied with trees, and on the residence streets the dwellings are so screened from view as to make picturing them in summer well-nigh hopeless. For this reason it was necessary to take most of the pictures about town when the leaves were off.

Pittsfield's chief business street runs north, the business blocks beginning near the park. It is lined solidly by substantial brick blocks for a half-mile or more and in a scattering way still farther. This is the great trading center for all the southern half of the county, and the produce, the vehicles and the characters which appear on the street are varied and interesting. The stranger will, perhaps, regard the broad-brimmed Shakers, who come from West Pittsfield and Mount Lebanon, with as much curiosity as any. In the winter the most interesting of the pilgrims to the town that I met the day I was there was a tall farmer who had come down from some mountain on the front bob of a sled. While he watered his horse at the stone trough east of the park he told me he had got in all over in the snow.



THE HIGH SCHOOL



HIS FIRST PANTS



AN ENTRANCE TO THE LEARNED PLACE



RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. C. JOSLIN

Before one of the Main street stores the sojourner in town remarks with astonishment some gigantic foot-prints which start from the horse block at the curbing and go straight for the entrance. It is a question whether these are the foot-prints of the proprietor or of a customer. The owner must be worth seeing if he is at all proportionate to his number twenty-seven boots but the possibility of his proving unamiable prevented my following him.

On the way up the street one is impressed by the lofty and symmetrical spire



RESIDENCE OF THEODORE POMEROY

of the big Catholic church and by the long white row of buildings behind its park of trees that in former years was the Maplewood Institute and is now a favorite summer hotel. Back of this is a square, high building connected with the hotel by a bridge at the second story. It looks very like a church and suggests the idea that the hotel people must be uncommonly religious to have a church all their own in such close connection.

In following the side street back one comes quite unexpectedly on a good-sized park just south of the railroad. Half of it is a grove of young shade trees and the other half is a clear, grassy expanse where the boys play ball. The street adjoining continues to East street. On the latter are two dwellings that I cannot refrain from giving a more marked mention. First there is the large and beautiful old-fashioned house where the preacher and writer, Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, makes his home. It would be difficult to find a finer example of its type of gambrel-roofed simplicity and commodiousness. The second dwelling is "Elm Knoll," now the home of Mr. Plunkett. Aside from its attractive situation this is notable as having been the summer home of the poet Longfellow for several seasons. It was here he wrote that favorite poem, "The old clock on the stairs." Not far beyond where you turn the corner and go down a little hill is the modest home of Senator Dawes. If you continue, the street becomes a country road and wanders out into a fine farming district where some of the mansions are so large and handsome that they would add distinction to any street in the city. This is a characteristic of all the gently rolling outskirts of the place. Of these great farms one of the most noted is some two miles east of the center. A finely proportioned stone arch guards the entrance and emblazons the name of "the Allen Farm." The road leads through it



THE OLD MARTIN PLACE

up a gentle rise to a racing track and what seemed to me the largest barns I had ever seen.

West of Pittsfield, on the high ground near Lake Onota, on opposite sides of the lake, are the great Valentine and Walker farms. To get to these you leave the village and follow West street up the hill under its fine arch of old elms and maples and past a number of thrifty intervening farm-houses, till you come to some highly cultivated fields fenced in along the road by a massive and new stone wall. Over the fence are some substantial buildings and slick inclosures where, the day I passed, a family of pigs were industriously digging up the earth with their noses, and a flock of guinea fowls was picking about in a grassplot. On the rise beyond was a most charming and picturesque modern farmhouse, and far back, across the fields on the



EZEKIEL COLT PLACE



SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

edge of a pine wood, stood the summer mansion of the Valentines, overlooking the lake.

On the west shore of the lake is a similar place owned by Wirt D. Walker of Chicago, so like the other in attractiveness it would be difficult to choose between the two. From the south end of Lake Onota I had one of the most charming views of Greylock that I met with in the county. Another fine view of this mountain is from a turn in the road about a mile south of the city where, from a terrace, you overlook a long reach of lowland which seems to extend in a wildly undulating expanse to the very base of the mountain.

The day I was at this spot I drove westerly through some mill villages in the glens to the Shaker settlement in West Pittsfield. I made pictures of the various houses and big buildings belonging to the community amid the fertile, well-cultivated fields about, and, as it was nearly sunset, tried to get kept over night. Company prevented a granting of my request, and after visiting a



THE SALISBURY SCHOOL



CORNER BROAD AND SOUTH STREETS



THE EATON PLACE

room where penwipers, match scratchers, emery bags, pin cushions, baskets, etc., were kept for sale, I made a purchase and wended my way toward Pittsfield. When I entered the city I accosted a young man near the park and asked him to direct me to a good hotel. He said the Burbank and the American House were both good, "but," said he, glancing at my machine, "the American is the one you want—there are some other surveyors up there." He seemed to know what I ought to do and I took his advice. That night I slept in a room whose windows seemed to be just over the railroad track; for every now and then I was roused by a train that came crashing in with a sound which, to my unfamiliar ears, seemed like an impending doom that was going to raze the town.

Perhaps there is no prettier pleasure ground, and certainly there is none easier of

access than that up at Pontoosuc lake. The electric cars take you straight there. A pleasant road follows the winding eastern shore line of the lake up to Lanesboro, its full length. Another road turns westward at the lower end, but I don't know where that goes to. I followed it in the expectation it would take me along the west shore. Instead, it went up into the hills and when I lost sight of the lake and began to get into the mud I thought it time to turn back. By the shores of the lake are boat houses, wharves, summer cottages, and on the west side of the sheet of water a white steamer was moored. At the northern end of the pond its borders become swampy and, alongshore, like leviathans of the deep, are many great stumps with huge, sprawling arms, barely afloat. They looked so much like devilfish I could almost imagine they were alive. The two lakes



THE CAMPBELL PLACE



SOUTH STREET HOMES



SOUTH STREET BELOW THE HILL



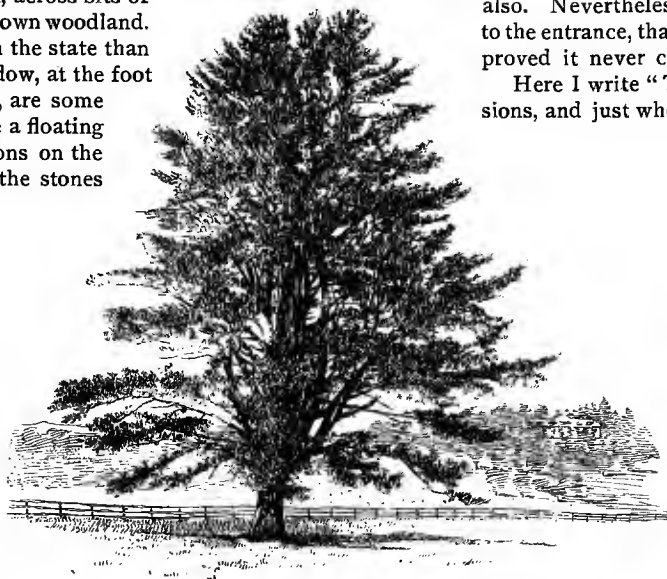
AN OLD LANDMARK ON SOUTH STREET

Pontoosuc and Onota, with the woods and fields bordering them, and the fine hill and mountain ranges rising not far back, are, I fancy, among the most charming to be found in New England.

On the way back to Pittsfield one can conveniently stop at the cemetery. It has a very fine stone-arched entrance. To get to the burial section you have to follow a winding road along a stream, across bits of meadow, over hills and through strips of well-grown woodland. I doubt if there is anything finer in its way in the state than this half of the cemetery. In a park-like meadow, at the foot of the slope where the stones begin to appear, are some miniature ponds where a family of ducks have a floating house, and enliven the scene by their excursions on the water and alongshore. I made a tour among the stones



PICKING FLOWERS FOR THE TEACHER



THE HOLMES PINE

on the hilltops until I came to a new tomb in process of construction. It was a many-sided marble building with an unpainted shed against its side and many chips and a few old barrels about. Some workmen were putting gold leaf on a slab of mosaic at one side and were having a hard time of it, for a brisk breeze blew that had a strong tendency to catch and scatter the glittering tinsel. Inside, several more men were at work polishing and dabbing in ways that were quite beyond my understanding. I asked would they have the place finished in a

week or so. They were almost indignant that I should suggest such a thing and said it would be lucky if it was finished by the time snow flew. But what they could occupy themselves with that length of time was a mystery to me, for it seemed nearly finished then. However, I reflected that this bit of a building was to cost \$27,000, and that was so much beyond my comprehension I saw good reason why the other should be



A MEADOW STREAM—FROM A DRAWING BY ADELAIDE MOFFATT

also. Nevertheless, I thought, as I walked back along the winding road to the entrance, that however rich and awe inspiring the finished mausoleum proved it never could be as fine as nature in these woods and meadows.

Here I write "The End." These are but rambling notes and impressions, and just where they come to a close is no great matter.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



TILLOTSON'S MILL POND



BARKERVILLE



THE TILLOTSON MILLS

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD

Berkshire county is full of interest to students of nature. Its geological structure has for many years drawn the attention of eminent men of science. Its flora is rich and varied. It produces many plants whose flowers attract the eye of the summer tourist by their beauty, and many, rarer and more modest, which are sought in hidden corners by the botanist. Its valleys are alive with



SHAKER VILLAGE—THE OFFICE



THE MAIN STREET IN SHAKER VILLAGE

the birds common to New England and New York, and its higher hills are visited by strange birds from more northern districts.

The quiet beauty of Berkshire scenery is of itself enough to draw people out of doors. Nothing is so uninteresting as a person who is hardly to be interested. The faculty of taking a lively interest in one's natural surroundings can easily be cultivated in this county.

It is easy here to imitate White and Kingsley, who studied the wood they burned on the hearth, the stones they trod on, the brook that wet their feet. The fact that these men and others of like character have derived such enjoyment from a somewhat untechnical observation of nature makes it probable that it were wise for many of us to follow in their footsteps.

More persons are doing that to-day than ever before. Never has it been so widely acknowledged that every square inch of the earth's surface affords opportunity for thought and discovery. Never has the importance of training the young to habits of close attention been so strongly felt.

Methods of teaching are passing through a change which is revolutionary. Facts regarding nature are not now conned from a book and recited. Pupils are made to



ONE OF THE HOMES OF WEST PITTSFIELD SHAKERS



BUILDINGS OF THE WEST PITTSFIELD SHAKERS

handle the things they study. Instead of reading about minerals, they break them, weigh them, heat them, and test them with strong acids.

The union of those who are working in similar lines increases their interest.

If you have found a new flower, it is pleasant to have some appreciative friend to rejoice with you.

It was a favorite dream of Louis Agassiz to see small societies established in every town for the purpose of studying the district in which they live, for a radius of five or ten miles. He felt that such a combination of students would render possible the



THE EASTERN VALLEY, FROM POTTER MOUNTAIN



A WHITE BIRCH THICKET ON POTTER MOUNTAIN

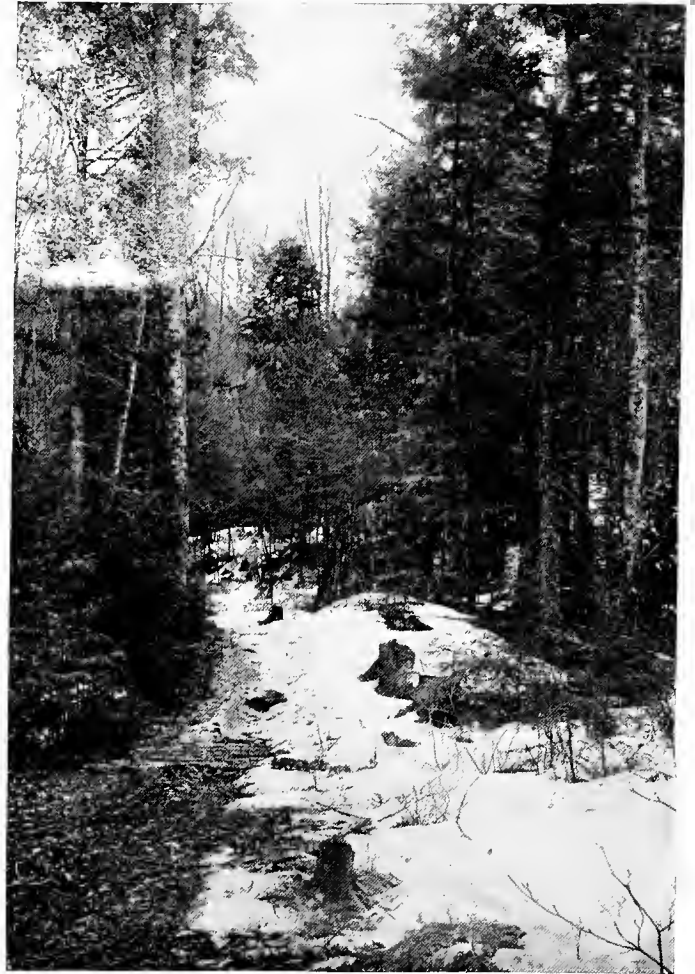
purchase of books and apparatus which individuals could hardly afford to buy. He hoped that libraries might be started, cabinets built, local museums founded.

With the desire to realize in some measure these ideas of Agassiz, a little society was organized in connection with the Lenox high school in 1875. It was called the Lenox High School Scientific Society. Its members made many delightful excursions in search of plants and minerals, and while most of their findings were very common things to educated eyes, they were new to those that found them, and quite as instructive as if they had been rarer. Now and then, too, something really out of the ordinary was discovered, as where the fruit of the trailing arbutus was plucked on the rocks of the "Pinnacle"—and when a vein full of quartz crystals was brought to light.

The success of this society attracted the notice of other schools in Berkshire, and similar organizations were started with equally good results. These joined the Lenox society, and the name, "Agassiz Association," was adopted. The collection of specimens taken from distant points, and the comparison of observations made by many observers helped to broaden and correct views and theories based on merely local study. In order to increase and extend an interest in nature-studies, a sketch of the societies' work was published in 1880, and a general invitation extended to all who might be interested, to form local clubs and unite with the "Agassiz Association." The responses to this invitation were far more numerous than had been anticipated. Branches, or "chapters," were formed in nearly all the states of the Union, and some in foreign lands. Since 1880 more than fifteen hundred of these local societies have been started. Some of those first organized are still active. The greater part, however, have maintained an organized existence, averaging about four



NIGHT



A WOOD ROAD

years, during which time they have devoted themselves either to a more or less systematic study of their own districts, or have followed one or more of the courses of study, which it was found expedient to provide for those who had no experienced leader among their own number.

Most of the societies, therefore, seem to have regarded their connection with the Agassiz Association much in the light of a four-years' course of observation and study, during which preparation could be made for entering upon a more strictly scientific course in a college or university. The greater benefit has come to those clubs which have caught more clearly the true purpose of the association, viz.: to establish local societies, which may become permanent and continue adding to the knowledge of their environment. Owing to the juvenile character of the magazine in which the first invitation was issued, and in which for six years the proceedings of the association were published, the greater part of its membership for the first few years were children, and the methods of study pursued were often desultory. Owing also to the vast circulation of the popular magazine which was the first "official organ" of the association, an extremely large number of members was enrolled—amounting to a total of more than twenty thousand. This was unwieldy, and, moreover, foreign to the original purpose of the association.

Another medium of communication was sought in a journal called the "Swiss Cross," in honor of the national emblem of Agassiz's native land, and this paper, conducted wholly in the interests of the association, and edited by its president, soon gave a new tone to the society, and stimulated real work among such of its members as were truly interested and earnest.

Quite an army of boys and girls who had joined the association just "for fun," now left it, but on the other hand a steadily increasing number of young men and women and of adults united with it, and the society grew and



LOOKING ACROSS LAKE ONOTA TOWARD GREYLOCK



A SOUTHERN VIEW ACROSS ONOTA

prospered until in 1889 the publisher of the *Swiss Cross* was forced to suspend its publication. This sudden cutting of the main cord which united the scattered chapters was a serious blow to the "A. A.;" a blow from which it has now (1893) but just recovered. Room was soon found for a department in *Popular Science News*, published in Boston, and this department, called "The



EVENING

Out Door World," has for several years contained a monthly summary of the societies' work and progress. If the A. A. were able to publish a journal of its own, it would be much to its advantage.

The Agassiz Association was incorporated with the following incorporators: Harlan H. Ballard, W. R. Plunkett, Edward T. Slocum, George H. Tucker, J. F. A. Adams, Henry W. Bishop, Zenas Crane, James M. Barker, H. E. Deats, Alpheus Hyatt.



ON THE ROAD WEST OF LAKE ONOTA



PREPARATIONS FOR A DAY'S HORING

who had for several years been a member of the association, and who was desirous of testifying in this manner to the benefits he had secured from the society, and of helping it extend those benefits to others. It is very important that this endowment fund be increased to fifty thousand dollars, and to this end the society confidently appeals to all who are interested in helping young men and women educate themselves.

The Agassiz Association is a pioneer in the work of University Extension. It is believed that every chapter and member of the association will contribute to this fund according to his ability; and that generous-minded men and women will be induced to remember the asso-



BUILT IN 1777—OLD FARMHOUSE NORTH OF ONOTA

ciation in their gifts and in their bequests, when they realize the widely beneficial character of its work.

A CENTRAL MUSEUM

This year, 1893, the Agassiz Association makes an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. This exhibit consists of the literature of the society. Specimens collected by various chapters, photographs, illustrations of chapter work, courses of study with prepared collections of minerals, and a quantity of material fully illustrating the methods of work pursued by the association.

The Berkshire Athenaeum, the leading literary and scientific institution of the county, has made arrangements to



ON THE WAY TO PASTURE



CAUSEWAY ACROSS ONOTA

receive this exhibit entire at the close of the fair, and to preserve it as the nucleus of an Agassiz Association Museum. The president of the A. A. is the librarian and curator of the Atheneum, which will consequently become the national headquarters of the society. This museum will in time doubtless contain a collection fully representing the natural resources of Berkshire, as well as interesting specimens contributed from all parts of the world.



IN A PASTURE

to draw out this leviathan with a hook. They snapped like pipestems in his horny mouth, which fairly bristled with broken hooks, the trophies of his numerous encounters. Sometimes he could be seen basking in the sun in the shallow water near the bank, or, on a moonlit evening, lashing the water of the pond, and turning somersaults, or, stretching out full length, chasing a venturesome and belated muskrat that was making for the other shore. This made him look like a sea-serpent five rods long, with



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF HENRY C. VALENTINE



AN OLD WEST STREET DWELLING



SUMMER HOME OF WIRT D. WALKER

a muskrat head at the forward end of him. As this old eel was getting domineering in his encroachments, and had chased Sam Pomeroy and one of the Briggs boys, who went in swimming one evening, half way home, there was an ill-feeling created against him that led to concerted measures for his destruction. Jim Knight and myself, both of us then mere striplings, thought we could cover ourselves all over with glory if we could drag him out. So he slept with me one night and we concocted schemes that we thought ought to secure him a dozen times over before evening. We finally decided we would build a raft and sally out after him, meeting him in his own element. Our raft was made of logs with boards loosely laid on. We left the ignoble, gaping crowd of other boys, and boldly pushed from the shore.

We were armed with a strong pole, to which we had tied two long, tough whiplashes made of woodchuck skin, at the end of which we had attached a weighted slip noose of brass wire. This we planned to pass over his head and by a sudden impulse throttle him. The sun was shining in his circuit overhead, and the pond was still, transparent, and glassy as a mirror. We could see an occasional sucker rubbing his swollen gums on something succulent on the bottom; but what cared we for suckers then? We



UP WEST STREET HILL

A BERKSHIRE COUNTY EEL STORY

He lived in a pond not many miles from Pittsfield. He had had it all his own way there for many years. Fishermen from far and near had tried to capture him. Some had got their hooks into his mouth, but it was impossible



THE VALENTINE FARMHOUSE



FEEDING THE CHICKENS

It was a fearful moment! I glanced at my companion. He was as pale as ashes. Should I give the desperate jerk? I looked at the landscape, at the distant shore, thought of home and longed to be there. These things passed through my mind with the speed of lightning, like swift-winged messengers of doom. I felt that I should unmask a volcano by a jerk. I gave a vigorous pull. In a second all was chaos, the water boiled like a pot, and the quick surges leaped along the shore. The eel coiled and doubled, he lashed the deep, he leaped half his length out of the water. I could see the glittering noose with its deadly embrace about his waist. Jim and I clung to the pole with desperate strength. The tough wood bent, and the line of whiplash hummed like a trolling line that strikes a log. At length the eel made directly for the raft and was upon us with open mouth and writhing like a serpent. I clung to the pole with one hand while I pounded him with a paddle with the other, my companion joining in



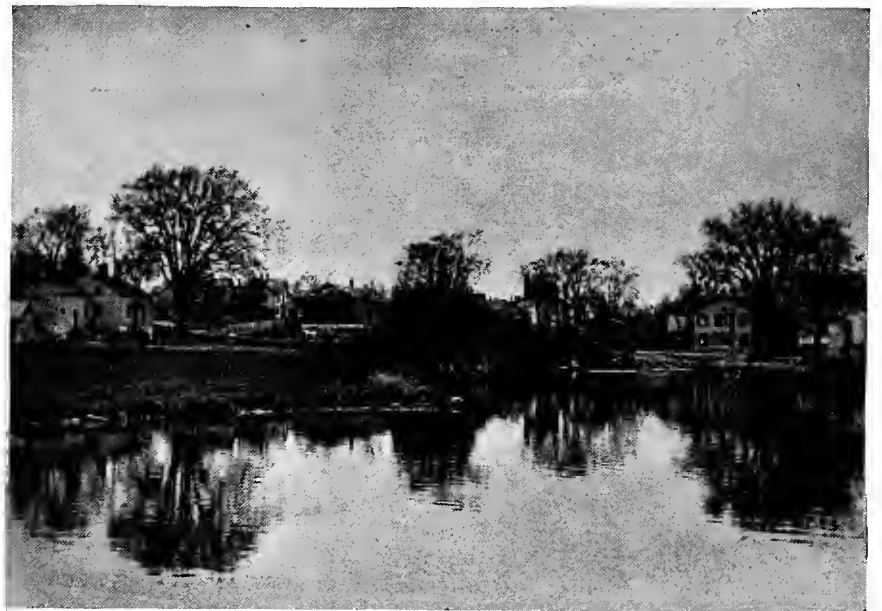
LOOKING AT PICTURES WITH GRANDMA



WEST STREET WILLOWS

moved warily from place to place, and thrice I laid down the paddle and took up the pole with the fatal noose attached, thinking I caught a glimpse of him.

At last we really saw him. He was busily swallowing his morning meal. I tell you 'twas a splendid but a fearful sight. He was a monster! The bubbles came up from his fanning gills to the surface of the water, and there he lay with his silvery sides and his tail gently undulating and playing in the shadowed and uncertain depth, apparently caring nothing for our doings overhead, and looking, to my magnified vision, about as long as a rod of rubber hose does to a drunken fireman. With a firm hand I lowered the glittering noose and passed it lightly over his head, just brushing his fins and sliding it gently along a little farther.



THE POND AT POMEROY'S UPPER MILL



FARMHOUSES ON WEST STREET



ST. JOSEPH'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

the melee. In the struggle the raft was rent asunder and went to pieces, and we were both instantly in the water. I clung to the pole, perhaps more with the instinct of self-preservation than in the interests of fishing, and with my free hand clutched a



THE OLD GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH



IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD—HOUSE OF MERCY



FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH

as a fitting testimony to our courage, they bestowed upon my companion and myself a medal. It was a ten-cent piece with a hole and a string in it to wear about the neck as a rich memorial. I have mine yet. It won't pass, because it's punched.

A. E. Bartlett,
in "The Comic Angler."

BEFORE THE RAIN

The silver poplar's pearl and
emerald sheen
Glimmer's incessant, shadow-
ing the eaves;
The willow's wide, fair foun-
tain fall of green
Whisper like rain; a pulse
of gladness heaves
The world of waving leaves.
Florence Perry.



SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (COLORED)

fragment of the raft. I expected momentarily that every leg I had would be bitten off close up, but just at this juncture a man appeared with a boat and rescued us. I stuck to the pole with the tenacity of a snapping turtle to the leg of a young gosling, and the man pulled stoutly toward shore, I tugging with the writhing monster behind, leaving a wake like that made by a screw propeller.

On landing, the three of us joined in drawing him up on the bank. He knocked me over with his tail, but we finally succeeded in killing him. I do not say how long he was—don't ask me. He was skinned and cut up in sections and distributed through the village, and peace reigned once more throughout her borders, for the dreaded terror of the waters was vanquished.

The selectmen held a meeting and decreed a vote of thanks and further,



THE NEW GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH



OLD MILLS ON WAHCONAH STREET

ADVICE FOR THE FISHERMAN.—In fishing you should never be in a hurry. Note the following instance of patience exhibited even in a small boy. He was sent by his mother to a neighbor's to get some sour milk. When told that they had none he sweetly said, "Well I guess I'll sit down and wait till it sours." That boy would, with proper training and diet, make an excellent fisherman. Fish as a general thing are shy on first acquaintance. They will not meet you at the landing; they will not come to you, but you must go to them. And when you go, go slowly; you must wait their moods, study their habits. Have patience like the little boy, and while you are waiting remember the fish are growing.

A. E. Bartlett, in "The Comic Angler."



ENTRANCE TO THE PITTSFIELD CEMETERY

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE

One of the most prominent institutions of Berkshire for many years was Maplewood Institute, a seminary for the instruction of young ladies. It was so well known and so popular all over the country, and so far in advance of its time as to give a deserved celebrity to Pittsfield, and materially add to her reputation as an educational center. This institution and the Berkshire Medical college, which ranked among the first of its class; the half-dozen famous schools for young men and young women which contemporaneously



A ROAD IN THE CEMETERY

or successively dwelt within her borders, long gave a widespread and enviable reputation to this Berkshire town, and in large measure determined her well-known character as an intellectual center. It is more than possible that the underlying reason for the entire change into a busy commercial community, and the consequent revolution in her social atmosphere, is connected with the decadence of these institutions of learning.

In 1841 Rev. William Hart Tyler, a brother of the famous professor of Greek at Amherst college, secured the property known in local parlance as the case might be either as the Cantonment grounds or the Gymnasium buildings. Already this property had experienced a varied and not inconspicuous history. Almost at the beginning of the war of 1812, the government established there a "Cantonment" for military encampment. Three plain wooden buildings served as barracks for the new soldiers, while the "Light Dragoons" encamped on the meadow. A year later the fortunes of war turned this post into a military prison, and sometimes as many as two thousand prisoners were crowded within its limits. Upon the close of the war the Cantonment grounds were sold at auction to Lemuel Pomeroy, who replaced the old wooden barracks by three substantial brick buildings built on the same unattractive models as their predecessors, and Prof. Charles Dewey opened there a preparatory school for Williams college. It was known, with some pretense at foreign ways, as the Berkshire Gymnasium. After nine years of successful and famous existence, various causes operated to close this school, and the buildings were then occupied

by N.S. Dodge as a boarding school for girls. During this brief regime, which in all covered but a few years, the middle building of the three was burned to the ground and the school was given up altogether.

In 1841 began the real existence of the Young Ladies' Institute. In November Mr. and Mrs. Tyler commenced their school with only eight pupils, but such was the reputation of Mr. Tyler, and the quality of the school he established, that in less than four years it had increased to more than one hundred boarding pupils, overflowing the buildings and colonizing in the neighboring houses. The day school had experienced an even more phenomenal growth, for no less than sixty girls from the town itself had availed themselves of these opportunities. The school was known as the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute. The months of May and October were the only vacations, the anniversaries occurring the last of September, and the school year beginning in November; nor were holidays allowed to interfere with study and discipline, with a single exception; although nothing was known of Christmas, the Fourth of July was abundantly and suitably celebrated!

The cost of an education at this, one of the best and most fashionable schools of its time, reads somewhat curiously to-day. In 1844, \$170 a year covered the expenses of the boarding pupils, unless they chose to pursue music at \$10 per quarter, the classics at \$3 each, or French at \$5. And the day scholars might get the basis of their education for \$12 or \$28 a year, according to their ages! It must be concluded that even then these were hardly adequate prices, or that fashion changed all that, for when Mr. Tyler left the school ten years later, these figures had more than doubled, and expenses were otherwise greatly increased, though still coming so far below the modern idea, as to seem absurdly small. In 1847 the tide of prosperity was



ENTRANCE TO THE CATHOLIC CEMETERY



THE CEMETERY DUCKS



PECK'S UPPER, MILL

such that Mr. Tyler felt amply justified in replacing the burnt dormitory with a somewhat elaborate chapel of Grecian architecture, being an exact reproduction of one of the famous temples to Minerva. Its general style, dignified aspect—in particular such details as the marble floor, laid in alternate blocks of the blue and the white limestone of the county—testified to the æsthetic and intellectual atmosphere of the institution.

Four years later a fire badly damaged the old church in the town, which since 1794



A GLIMPSE OF RUSSELL'S WOOLEN MILLS



ON THE BANKS OF THE WEST BRANCH OF THE HOUSATONIC



PECK'S LOWER MILL



WOODS AND MEADOWS NEAR THE CEMETERY

Known as the military grounds,—from their association with the scenes of the last war, are still within the enclosure of the institute.

"Four acres are laid out in a circular garden, sloping from the green in front of the building towards the south, surrounded and intersected by spacious gravel walks, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, tastefully set off with parterres and arbors, and enlivened by an artificial fountain. Grounds at once so ample, retired and beautiful, present every inducement for *physical exercise*, where, without exposure to passers by, the pupils engage in the various sports which taste and health may require, enjoy their walks, their conversation, their buoyant and gleesome laughter and even their retirement, in the open air without danger of intrusion from abroad or of becoming themselves an annoyance to others. The circular walk enclosing the garden and one-fourth of a mile in length is used by the pupils for equestrian exercises, while every week in suitable weather they are carried abroad a few miles for exercise and relaxation, among



TREES AND GABLES BY THE STREAM-SIDE



NORTH STREET LOOKING INTO PONTOOSUC VILLAGE



A BACK-YARD GROUP

the scenes of novelty and beauty which abound on every side. And for this purpose the institute is furnished with convenient and elegant carriages seating from twenty-five to thirty at a time. As a further means of securing health, there is attached to the establishment a bathing house, retired, commodious, and fitted up with every convenience for warm and cold ablutions, and no one of these advantages is attended with additional expense!"

Among the new ideas domesticated here by Mr. Tyler, were the establishment of a board of trustees, decidedly an innovation in a private school, and the "Examining Committee," selected yearly from persons of experience and acquirements, who examined the progress and considered



SUMMER ON PONTOOSUC LAKE

be despised to-day, and which was much more advanced than that required by later patrons of the school. The textbooks used are now indeed somewhat antiquated, but they were the best in their day, and the subjects studied there by the schoolgirls of 1844 bear comparison not unfavorably with those pursued by their grandchildren in the colleges of 1884. And it must be remembered that these girls were much younger than the modern college student. One who was still in school at nineteen, was so old as



A WINTER SUNSET

to be an object of equal interest and dismay! Special attention was paid to music; as it was the intention to make this a musical center, no pains nor money were spared to that end. Shortly, other and more startling ideas came to Professor Tyler. Already he was using in his classes the written questions he had previously used in his classes at Amherst college when a tutor there, and it was not a very long step practically when



A MILL POND



A QUIET DAY

the needs of the school, making a report of its condition. This valuable feature did much for the institution with the public.

Such was the famous school in its early days, or rather, such was its outward and visible form. The "inward and spiritual grace" was equally advanced and remarkable. Professor Tyler was an extraordinary man. At a very early date he saw the need and the possibility of what we call to-day the "higher education" of women. The earliest catalogues give us a curriculum which in its essential features is not to

in 1845 he arranged the curriculum of the school in a regular course of four years and his first class of eight young women was graduated. In an educational way it was a tremendous stride, however, almost a leap in the dark, for only two schools for young women had preceded him in such a daring experiment. In like fashion he introduced, at a very early date, "Calisthenics," developing into gymnastics as time and knowledge advanced, to the mingled admiration and horror of the community. The earliest catalogue reveals moreover that if French was inexpensive, it yet was correct, for the instruction was given by a native Frenchman, a rare privilege in those days. Very early, too, appeared scientific apparatus and other departures in the way of scientific learning very new for women. "Object teaching," the great idea that had invaded the kingdom of learners, and was shortly to revolutionize all their ways, was a favorite idea with Mr. Tyler. It so pervaded all the work of the school, that however crude its methods, its main principle, that of teaching the mind to think for itself, was so inwrought in the mental fiber of the pupils as to cause the actual deficiencies of the education of that time to disappear before the mental strength engendered. A distinguished observer has said of this remarkable man, that in his mind indomitable energy to execute and far-reaching sagacity to contrive, were happily blended. Perhaps no more noticeable evidence of this can be given than the fact that in 1853 he called together a convention of distinguished educators to consider the practicability of turning his school into an actual woman's college. The work of Mrs. Tyler was as much a feature of the school as that of her husband's. Her careful attention to the social education of the girls committed to her charge was no less valuable than the other side of their instruction. Morals, manners and even the fashions of the day, were instilled by precept and example. To produce educated women, who should yet be gentlewomen, was the aim of this seminary, and it is little wonder that under such control it was a favorite and fashionable school, combining in some ways the later popularity of Farmington and Vassar, and occupying a similar position in the educational world, to either or perhaps both of those institutions. So wide-spread was its popularity that at one time it contained pupils from every state in the Union, and that from the families best known in social and public circles. It reached such distinction as to become the subject of a well-known caricature. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, sometime resident in Pittsfield, succumbing to a highly influential social prejudice originating in local quarters, made it a feature of his story of "Elsie Venner," under a most unfair disguise. The caricature was so extreme, however, that it had little effect, and was probably seldom recognized.

It was always the same school though time and circumstances changed its methods somewhat. In 1854, at the height of its popularity, after more than twelve years of real and wonderful suc-



THE VIEW OF PONTOSUC LOOKING NORTH TOWARD GREYLOCK



PONTOSUC IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST SETTLERS



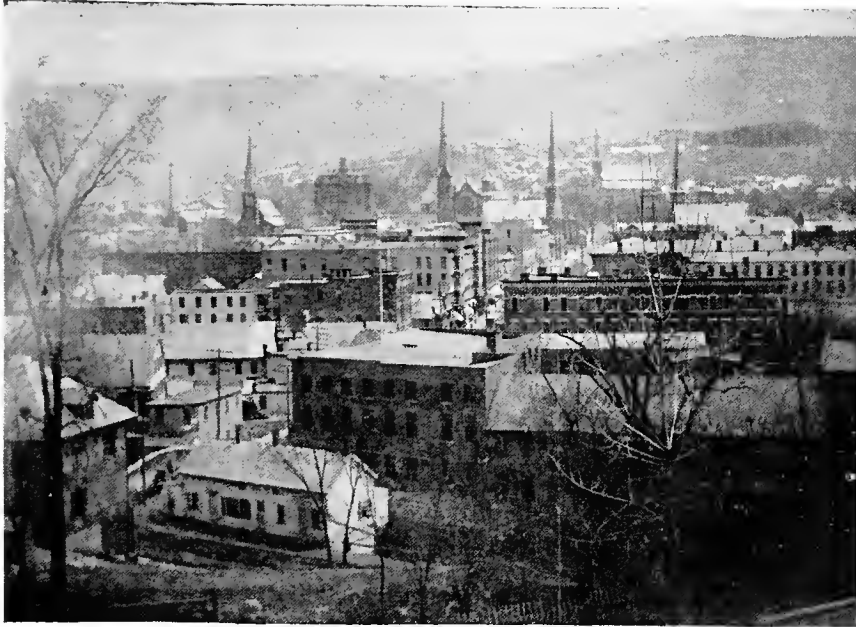
A PICTURESQUE BIT OF THE NORTH SHORE

cess, private reasons induced Mr. Tyler to sell the school to Prof. J. H. Agnew, a man of considerable literary distinction, who carried it on along the same lines for three years. The school at this time also began to feel the interest in æsthetics, developing throughout the country, and its more solid features were to some extent superseded by the new accomplishments, especially drawing and painting, which shortly took on much importance in its scheme of study. Prof. Agnew's interest in and devotion to literature, his high-bred courtesy and air of distinction created an intellectual and æsthetic atmosphere, and gave a distinct character to this school for the few years during which he remained there. Financial reasons somewhat affected the prosperity of the institution and eventually led to

a change of ownership. In 1857 the school was sold to Rev. C. V. Spear, who had long been one of the principal members of its faculty. With him was associated Prof. James R. Boyd, but in 1860 Mr. Spear assumed entire control of the seminary, which after this time remained in his possession until 1884, when it was given up altogether. Under Professor Agnew, the name was changed to Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute, usually shortened to Maplewood Institute, and by that name it was known for the greater part of its life.

The high standard and great popularity of the school continued unabated. Perhaps it reached its zenith in 1864, at which time it was crowded with pupils—201 in all. It had always had both a southern and western contingent and its patrons still continued to be the most prominent people of their region, while the large number of day scholars showed the confidence of the community which knew it best. The growth of the town had reduced the size of the grounds to the more manageable dimensions of nine acres, but the winding walk, the grove and garden of the flowery early catalogues remained, and like the buildings had added much of beauty and convenience. Vacations had also greatly increased and taken to themselves more attractive seasons. March, August and September were all vacation months, and holidays were no longer unknown. But with all its advantages, its expenses had not increased correspondingly. Three hundred and thirty dollars a year is a price which would seem something more than ridiculous to the proprietor of a fashionable school to-day. But nowhere was an education at once solid and graceful to be more successfully obtained for the young lady of the period, before the war, than at Maplewood.

Mr. Spear was a man of an exceptionally alert mind, much interested in the sciences, and anxious to avail himself of every new discovery. Exact and thorough, he felt that foundations must be perfect and knowledge certain, and on that basis he endeavored to build up the structure of a general education. Careful to a fault, he spent his strength too much upon detail perhaps, but the versatile and non-persistent minds of young women needed such constant



NORTH ADAMS CENTRE



A BULLETIN BOARD

checks that it is not strange he should have despaired of any other method. Nevertheless, while he recognized that the development of new methods, and the experiments of new departures, were not for such a school as his, but rather that he must lead his flock in sure paths, he was more than ready to pursue new paths so soon as he was convinced of their value.

Just at this point, when the permanency and continued success of this great school seemed assured, when its natural course was to return to its earlier paths and fall into the new lines of the higher education just opening before the young women of the land, and perhaps to evolve into a woman's college, it received a fatal blow. In the summer of 1864 the school was devastated by an epidemic of typhoid fever, of a peculiarly virulent and fatal type. More than fifty cases occurred, thirteen of which resulted fatally. It was



THE VILLAGE AND THE MOUNTAINS

proved beyond a doubt that the disease resulted from local conditions. Sanitary science was then almost in its infancy, and much that was most harmful was the result of ignorance, rather than neglect. Nor was it ignorance of a culpable character, for it must not be forgotten how little was known of what is "A, B, C" to-day. It was the study of this very epidemic which, more than any other one thing, turned public attention to the causes of typhoid fever and its possible prevention. The suffering which fell upon this school was indeed in some sort a vicarious suffering of the whole community for its own ignorance, and the dreadful result did more than can now be measured for the safety and health of the whole public. The causes of the trouble were carefully removed, and thereafter there was perhaps no safer school in the country in its sanitary conditions, but the institution only partially recovered from this



CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM CENTRE STREET



SUMMER STREET

blow. The public could not be expected to forget the past, or to run more risks. The school crept back into life somewhat slowly—and at first its scholars were drawn almost entirely from Pittsfield itself or from a very narrow circle, whence their health could be very carefully watched. In 1866 it had returned almost to its former numbers and prosperity, and pupils were again drawn largely from the West, when a second blow fell with crushing force. In the spring of that year, several severe cases of cerebro-spinal meningitis occurred, with one death from that disease, resulting in a final loss of confidence in the school. The causes of this epidemic were never discovered and the highest medical authorities believed it to have no local cause whatever. But the public could not be made to believe that this was not a repetition of the first experience, and resulting from the same causes, and confidence could not be revived.



GREYLOCK FROM FLORIDA MOUNTAIN

and suddenly from that season of business depression combined with other causes, and it never again regained a full complement of pupils.

In 1883, failing health compelled Mr. Spear to give up active work, and at that time he leased the school to Mr. Louis C. Stanton, who had been for some time one of his teachers, but this experiment lasted only a short time. Mr. Spear soon presented the property to Oberlin college, which, after due consideration of the field, and some futile experiments on its own account, eventually sold Maplewood for a summer hotel—a use to which the buildings had already been put. The year 1884 was the last year that saw a school within its gates. For nearly seventy years, Maplewood had been an educational institution. For more than forty it had sheltered a famous and popular school for girls. Thousands felt its molding power, and all over the country to-day matrons, young



MAIN STREET NORTH ADAMS



THE LIBRARY

Under these conditions, it became impossible to step forward into the new place required by the demands of the higher education, nor was it possible, on the other hand, to retain the fashionable character of the "Institute" as a finishing school. Mr. Spear, whose interest in the school was great, kept up the struggle gallantly, under considerable personal strain, and sometimes at much financial loss, for some years longer. With the advent of Prof. B. C. Blodgett in 1867, music, as has been said, always a great feature of the education, was made a principal department, which largely increased the number of scholars temporarily, and indeed during the rest of its existence this became a central point of attraction. Thus the school at times almost regained something of its former popularity, and the financial depression of 1873 found it with more than 150 pupils. For some reason it suffered greatly



GREYLOCK FROM ABOVE NORTH ADAMS

and old, testify to its great value, and dwell with affection upon its beauty and its power and influence for good. Certainly such an institution deserves at least a backward glance from those who look upon its outward shell and wonder at the old-fashioned structure, or admire its famous trees.

ANNA L. DAWES.

A NEWSPAPER writer, once describing the personnel of certain picturesque (though highly respectable) officials who took part in a commencement day procession at Williamstown, said: "The spotless white cravat and the undiminished figure of Rev. Dr. Davis of Westfield, vice-president of the institution, surged in the throng. And among others present was Graham A. Root of Sheffield, sheriff of 'our county of Berkshire,' at whose hands, on account of his politeness, a hanging would be shorn of half its terrors."



AN HISTORIC MILL



MAIN STREET FROM THE WEST



THE NORTH ADAMS STATION



A ROAD DOWN THE HILL FROM THE NORTH

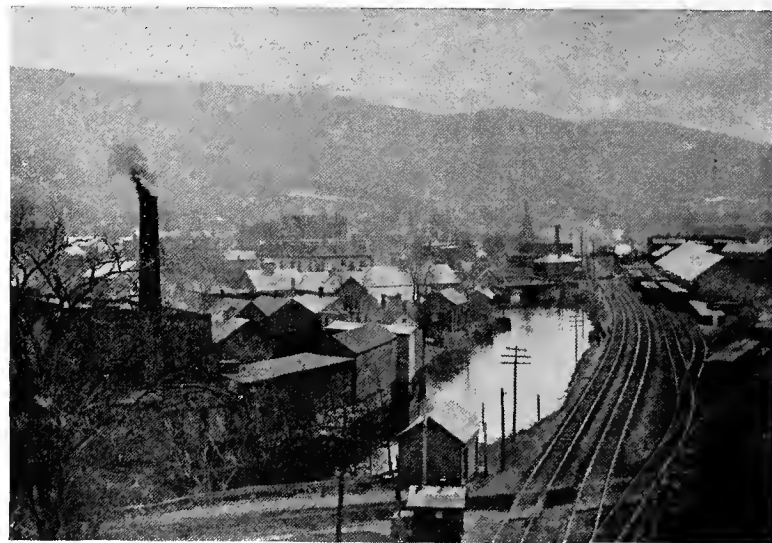
BERKSHIRE'S faculty for furnishing great men in an emergency has often been noted, and was thus once facetiously alluded to by Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Springfield Republican*, on the occasion of a political convention:

"Hampden has but one man to offer, but up in Berkshire, where great men are plenty, the case is different. Barrington can furnish one, also Lee, and Pittsfield several, to say nothing about North Adams!"

TEACHING IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL

If ever the old adage was falsified, it certainly was not in the fifties of this century, when one in her early teens made her maiden effort at teaching a country school on the bleak hill-tops of Western Massachusetts. There was no "royal road," but rugged and devious were the ways that led to these academic heights. In vain the panorama of mountain, vale and woodland appealed to the youthful imagination. Old Greylock with his cloud-encircled top pierced by rising sunbeams, or glorified by departing day, had no tale to tell the homesick girl of a world beyond with a larger outlook.

Was it that the newer methods, which make the education of the young a



A LOOK ACROSS THE VILLAGE TOWARD THE EAST



THE INDISPENSABLE MAN

pleasant, instead of an arduous task, had not been dreamed of, or did the appreciation of the wonderful landscape need the discipline of maturer years? The forest was the only witness of the silent tears of the forlorn one, and the birds alone were benefited by the carefully prepared lunch.

The first step in the formidable undertaking was the examination of teachers, usually held



GRADING

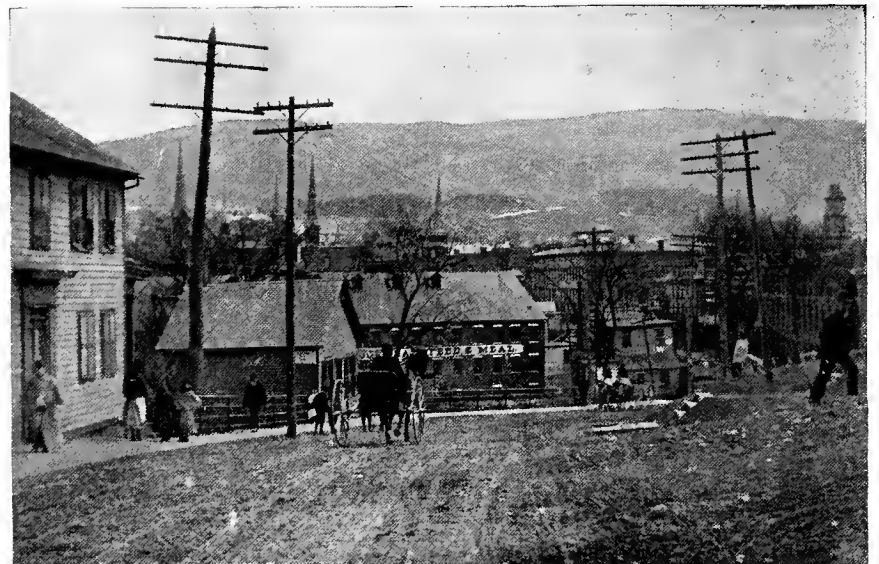


UNION SCHOOL

on the Saturday before the opening of the spring term, when the teachers from out of town were expected to have arrived. This was a painful ordeal for the young and timid beginner, for in addition to that dignified body the school committee, there were some teachers of mature years and large experience, who to the eye of the younger aspirant had little mercy upon her fearful, timid answers. The school committee usually consisted of the clergyman of the town and two other members. These last might be either some retired male teacher of advanced years or some farmer who had succeeded in acquiring a little more schooling than had the average of his class. There was no feminine element upon the school board, at this time, to soften



A PET DOG



ENTERING THE TOWN FROM THE WEST



BAPTIST CHURCH



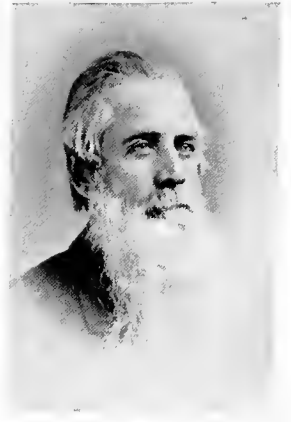
A GLIMPSE OF THE ARNOLD PRINT WORKS



MILLS BY THE STREAM



FARMS ON THE NORTHERN HILLTOP



EDWARD G. TINKER

and grace the proceedings. This rubicon successfully passed, the teacher was handed over to the care of the prudential committee of the district in which her lot was cast. Most happy was her fate if, as sometimes was the case, that committee was a just and conscientious man, a leader in the social and religious life of the community, with a wife from the best nurtured of the New England



FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH



ABOVE THE TOWN

the path of that teacher would be filled with pitfalls for her unwary feet. Happily, the teacher of to-day has no district committee with neighborhood prejudices to stand between her and the higher body. Another trial to which she was subjected was the boarding round among the families of the pupils, this supposed to be a necessity in order to eke out the teacher's small salary. Again was the poor teacher fortunate when her turn came to spend the week with the one or two cultured and more prosperous farmers, or with the physician or clergyman of the village. More frequently the term was lengthened out to three or four weeks with some poorer, ignorant people of large families, and direst condition of all from which she shrank most was the sharing her sleeping apartment with one of the most undesirable of her flock. At this time, instead of choosing the pleasantest and easiest time of travel in the year, the two school terms were taught, the one in the hottest, the other in the most inclement season. On one bitter December night, after a weary day, the teacher climbed a hill of nearly



EPISCOPAL CHURCH



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

farmer community. Quite otherwise was her fate if some neighborhood feud of long standing existed, and the committee was a hard man, unyielding and narrow minded. In that case, although in his self-willed obstinacy he might stand by the teacher of his choice, even to the extent of producing a rawhide for her use, yet the other party to the quarrel would as zealously assert his rights, and



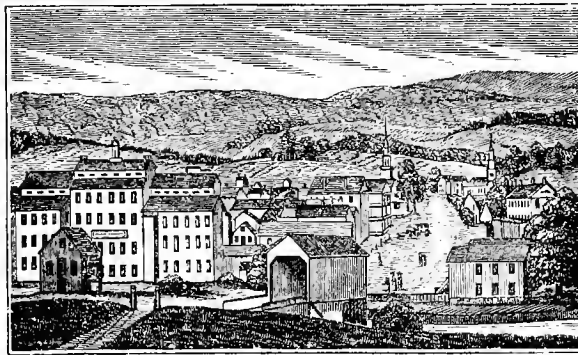
THE BLACKINTON RESIDENCE



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE W. CHASE



RESIDENCE OF H. TORREY CADY



NORTH ADAMS AS IT WAS

two miles in length, as the concession of boarding at that place before the deep snows should arrive was granted. In vain the young, homesick girl sought some scrap of reading to beguile the long, weary evening. At last she succeeded in unearthing a small volume telling the thrilling story of some Siberian exiles, and by the dim light of a tallow candle, with a sympathetic heart, she lost herself in their greater woes.

The lot of the teacher of those days was not ameliorated by the frequent observances of religious and patriotic holidays, the only recognized ones, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving day, were carefully arranged for outside the regular school term, and the Saturday holiday allowed only once in two weeks. And oh! the

length of the alternate week to the unhappy one who was not near enough to return to the home fireside. The schoolrooms of those days were not made attractive with charts, maps and appliances to make teaching interesting, neither was it considered important that the taste be cultivated by papered and tinted walls; indeed, in one instance at least the dilapidated portion of one



SLIDING TIME



IN THE WESTERN VILLAGE



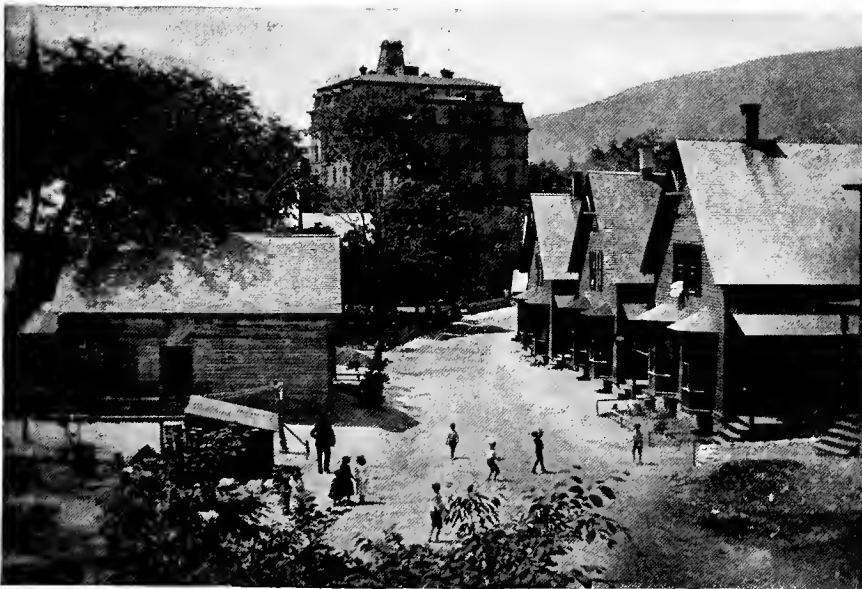
THE CEMETERY



EAGLE STREET



NOON AT DRURY ACADEMY



A STREET IN THE REAR OF DRURY ACADEMY

part of the building was used for kindling the fires to make the other part habitable. In some of these buildings the long, plank seats with high benches in front surrounded the three outer sides of the room, leaving the center for the stove and recitation work. But in spite of the discomforts and the lack of suitable apparatus for instruction, there were compensations. There were earnest pupils who, when it was not so easy as now to



A VIEW OF THE EAGLE MILLS



THE STREAM BY THE RAILROAD



A HILLSIDE HOUSE



METHODIST CHURCH



CHURCH STREET SCHOOL



A VIEW ACROSS THE HILLS TO THE EAST



A CANAL



STATE STREET

hamlet set upon a lofty hill-top went out some to fill responsible and honorable places in the world's arena. One became an honored pupil and associate in the short-lived but famous Agassiz school on Penikese Island. Another was a teacher for years in one of our most famous young ladies' colleges. Another fills with honor that profession so eminently appropriate for women, who are the healers as well as the teachers of the nation. Of those young men whose records we seek, several served their

country in her need, and they are remembered upon Decoration day by their comrades in arms and a grateful nation.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—“The meal proceeds. This butter is from *our* cows. This is cheese which grandmother made. The bread is so white, the currants so red, the shaved beef so country like, the tea just as good as city tea. The boys are bursting to narrate the wonders of their experi-

ence. The woodchucks, the squirrels, the hawks, were all chronicled; the rides, the accidents, the hens' nests found, and a world of eager news were set forth. Each boy was eager to go forth and show us all the wonders of the new place; the barn, the woodhouse, the well, the great elm tree, the cellar, the garret, the orchard and the garden.” — *Star Papers*.



OLD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH



THE HOSPITAL

WOODLAND TRAMPS

Full half the charm and beauty of the Berkshire hills is lost to all who know them only from the highway. That half—the better share—is found by lake and stream, in wood and mead, upon the mountains' sides and on their wind-swept crests.

Nature is always at her best when man is least conspicuous: 'tis true she offers here and there along the wayside glimpses of pleasing form touched up with bits of dainty coloring, but all her fairest works of floral wealth and landscape beauty she hides securely from vulgar eyes, sharing them only with the

avored few whose ardor and devotion leads them far astray from beaten tracks of commerce and "crowded hives of men."

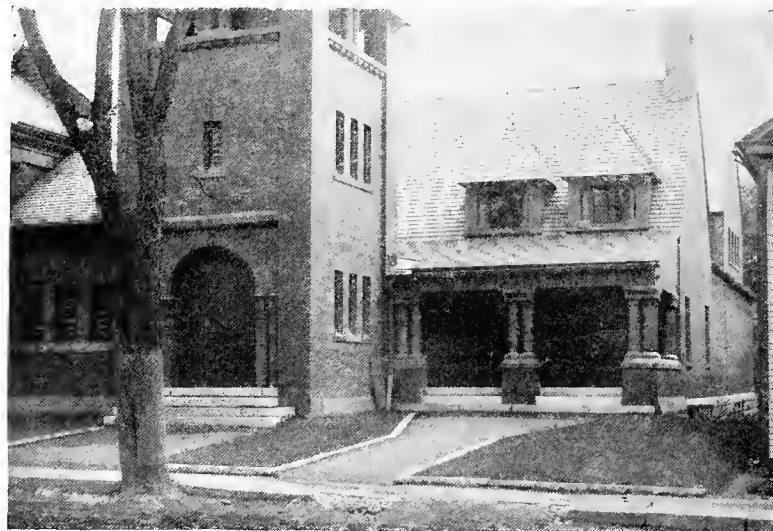
How much of pleasure one may find in woodland walks and forest glades—the golden sunlight darts here and there among the trees and, touching first a leaf then fern or bit of moss or lichen-covered bark, brings out their gracefulness most perfectly.



LOOKING INTO THE VILLAGE FROM THE NORTHERN HILL



A MOUNTAIN BACKGROUND

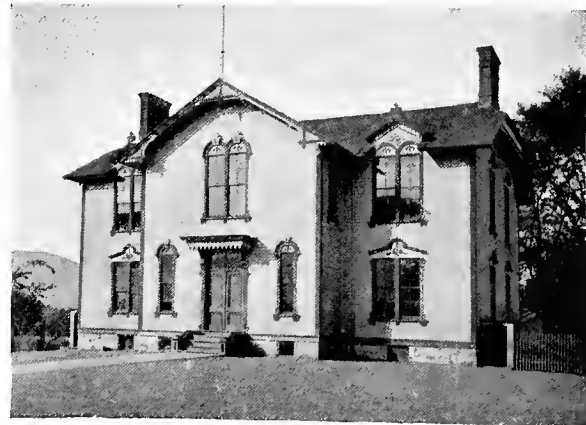


ENTRANCES TO NEW UNIVERSALIST CHURCH



ON THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE HOOSAC

In every nook beneath the sheltering arms a host of wild flowers find congenial homes. The hardy liverleaf is first to make its spring debut, while April charges vainly at the snowy ramparts of old Marius. There are two forms of this Hepatica, known by the segmentation of the foliage. A sort with sharp-lobed leaves and white or slightly pink or bluish-tinted flowers is most often found, while one with rounded lobes and deep-blue flowers is not rare. Mingled with these in open upland woods are tall Canadian violets, whose seemingly pure white petals are externally purple—the largest and finest of our many species, of which the yellow sorts, both stemless and caulescent, together with *rostrata* and *sylvestris*, are quite plentiful. Here, too, are clumps of purple trilliums, and Indian turnips—a vile slander on the red man—cut leaved and white



VEAZIE STREET SCHOOL



RESIDENCE OF FRANK A. WALKER



RESIDENCE OF COL. JOHN BRACEWELL



RESIDENCE OF F. J. BOLAND

dentarias with spicy root stocks far more edible;—ground nuts, that little plant which causes so much trouble to the botanists seeming now rue and now anemone, or neither one, yet very like them both. Its larger relative, the early woodrue, is more reasonable and quite content to be a true thalictrum.

The pale spring beauty with unpleasant odor, ill deserves its name, but fortune's favors are not always just. And

fickle bloodroot, too — how various are the memories that word recalls — in truth it is a pretty flower, though so fragile, and, later in the season when its rank leaves are fully grown, makes quite a foliage effect among the underbrush.

Our rocky ledges furnish species no less interesting — bright columbines improperly called honeysuckles, and little mayflowers, a term unlimited in application, but here intended for the early saxifrage and not for the arbutus which is so common in rich upland woods. This little rock breaker, such is the meaning of its Latin name, bears quite a contrast to the homely species found in swampy lands, and being easy to transplant and cultivate deserves a place in every shaded lawn.

Occasionally one comes across a solitary bush of barberries, showy alike in flower and in fruit, a straggler from some yard or garden plot, its pendent racemes of small, yellow roses — the very picture of sweet innocence — offering a set of roguish traps for each unwary bee. The stamens are laid back against the floral leaves, but let an insect touch the inner basis of the filaments and up they spring quite to the ovary and stigma, a delicate arrangement to insure perfection of the fruit. Allied to the berberis, but in no way resembling it, or for that matter one another, are the may apple and the blue cohosh. Both are perennial woodland herbs; the



A DOWNLOOK FROM THE MOUNTAIN

former variously known as mandrake, umbrella plant, wild lemon, Indian apple and the like, conceals its beautiful white flower, of which it has no need to be ashamed, under a pair of broad, web-footed leaves. The blue cohosh is a more common plant with regularly triternate foliage and inconspicuous flowers. While yet quite young its seeds enlarge so as to burst the ovary and then appear as single fruits, the product of as many individual blossoms.

Orchids there are in many forms, from



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM D. GAYLORD



RESIDENCE OF A. C. DOUGHTON



RESIDENCE OF MARK E. COUCH

the true *O. spectabilis* — the only one that botanists have left us in that genus — which opens its few showy flowers in May or early June to the wax-flowered Jacob's ladder with its spiral spike which dots the moister meadows in October. Ragged, fringed orchids in purple, green and white, as well as several



OBSERVATORY — PUBLIC PARK



A BACK-YARD GROUP



THE ROAD TO ADAMS

other habennariar, including the great orbiculata with a single pair of large, flat, shining leaves; graceful spyranthese, next to Jacob's ladder, and pink pagonia; lace-leaved goodyera, crawley or chicken's toes in three varieties, the smallest one quite rare and hard to find; and cypripediums, both pink and yellow.

Within the mountain woods the most distinctive shrubby forms are bright azaleas—joy of the native's heart—and larger evergreen laurel, quite as beautiful.



MARBLE QUARRY AT NATURAL BRIDGE



PROFESSOR MOWBRAY'S NITRO-GLYCERINE WORKS



A HOME UNDER THE HILL



WITT'S LEDGE



BLOSSOM TIME

In May and June these universal favorites are at their best and oftentimes whole mountain sides are almost covered with their showy flowers. The service berry, too, peeps out at us in May, offering its well-known, pleasant fruit a little later in the season.

And many types of floral life there are which cannot be enumerated here; wondrous indeed it is that all this wide diversity of things is brought about by heat and sunshine acting in unison on otherwise inert vitality.

But sunny summer days are not the only times when woodland walks are filled with pleasure, for the wanderer. One can see much of interest when the rain pours down in torrents and the clouds hang dark and low. Even the commonest things seem to be somewhat different from what they are when skies are clear and gentle breezes sweet. The tenderest flowers close their petals to keep out the drops, while others, not as easily affected by external things, remain wide open till the sun shines out again. Each individual pine tree gathers its groups of needle leaves into as many perfect cylinders which stand out rigidly against the stormy blast, and, little thing as it may seem, their whole appearance is much changed thereby.



ROCKS BELOW THE BRIDGE

At night another phase of things exists, your lantern throws a vague, uncertain light in which the objects all about you take on weird, fantastic forms. You cannot judge of distances and the dark shadows are but darker for the light. You hear no sounds except the whispering wind and night birds, owls and whip-poor-wills, calling from tree to tree. You see no animals unless perchance you start a partridge from his lodging place, or, rarely, you may meet some little evening wanderer. The compound leaves of many of the plants are closed in a sort of sleep at night's approach, and now, at first, are hardly recognizable; such little details make the study of nature unending in its interest.

The autumn coloring of these Berkshire woods is often beautiful beyond description; bright clumps of scarlet maples dotted here and there upon the golden background stand in striking contrast to the somber pines; each twig and tree exhibits varying shapes and shades, the subdivisions of a perfectly harmonious whole.

In winter, too, our hills are full of interesting sights, huge drifts which every now and then loom up before the traveler, and raging storms of snow and ice coating the trees with pearls and diamonds which flash and glisten when the sun comes out.

To those whose lot it is to live within this land of joyous summers and stern winter's



NATURAL BRIDGE



THE RAVINE ABOVE NATURAL BRIDGE

sway, its sights and scenes are ever realistic, while to the ones who do not call it home they offer sweet attractions for a season's rest.

ARTHUR HARRISON.

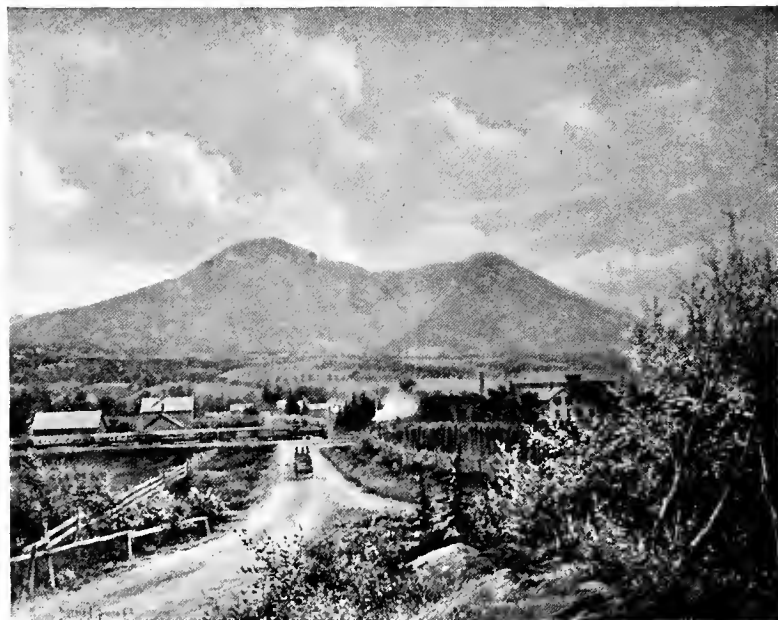
THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

NORTH ADAMS, CLARKSBURG, ADAMS, CHESHIRE, WINDSOR

After coming over Florida mountain we took a rambling country way that led northward through open fields and patches of woodland. I stopped in one place to photograph a little house with tumbledown outbuildings, that



ON THE ROAD UP THE VALLEY



GREYLOCK VILLAGE AND SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN

stood in interesting contrast to the rough mountain ridge which ran steeply beyond a stretch of meadows. A man sat by the window smoking a pipe, but when he saw my intentions were serious, came out and said he would like a photograph, but if there was anything to pay he couldn't, for he hadn't any money.

We struck the Stamford road at a red bridge, where was a busy sawmill and a little pond that looked very pretty with its edging of woods, and the great ridge of the Green mountains towering beyond it to the east. There was much teaming on the road we were now following, which was muddy in streaks, but much better than the roads we had been used to on the hills. The valley opened away very attractively northward. Along this part of the way it was a gentle level, a mile or so in width, shut in on the east and west by parallel mountain ranges.



AT A BACK DOOR



MILL BELOW BLACKINTON



THE CHURCH — BLACKINTON



THE UPPER VILLAGE

A ghostly moon hung over the ragged eastern peaks now that the afternoon was well advanced. As we went on up the road, Greylock's blue domes began to rise above the near hills behind us. We saw two fat, dirty hogs rooting in a roadside field, and I thought they would make a striking foreground for Greylock. But they had objections, and I had no sooner started to set up my machine than they trotted off to a near house, grunting in high dudgeon.

It seemed a fertile and thrifty farming country and the houses were scattered all along the road. Now and then there was a slight grouping of the houses, but there was no church, or public buildings and stores to mark a center, and I have but a vague

impression of what to describe as Clarksburg. In our travels we were several times directed to the place, but following the directions never brought us to anything in particular. It was simply country road whatever way we traveled, with no more striking landmarks to be found than a little bridge, a small cemetery or two, and certain mammoth signs advising the public to "Buy of Smith."

At Stamford we took a cross way east and came back by a hilly road that skirted the base of the mountain. It was delightfully picturesque and for



HOMES ON THE TERRACE



THE VILLAGE STREET



GUARD OF THE CROSSING



BLACKINTON MEADOWS

miles gave a succession of fine views of Greylock lying far off southward across the low valley lands. But the mountain was most impressive when we saw it from the highest rise of ground above North Adams. It never had seemed so handsome and big as now when it rose range upon range into the skies from the valley depths before us. Darkness had begun to gather by the time we descended the zigzag street that led down the hill to the center. We put up at the Richmond house. We had been so much in the wind and sun that our faces fairly burned with the exposure, and had a ruddy and convivial glow that we thought might damage our characters. But this made no impression in North Adams.

When daylight came next day it was raining, and the man at the livery stable said it was "very cold, sour weather." After breakfast it lightened and the clouds showed signs of breaking away. My friend left on an early train and in time I started out alone. Greylock loomed up very handsomely in the cool, moist atmosphere, its highest peak sometimes lost in a white whirl of cloud that now formed and now disappeared. I took the road west up the valley and had no sooner got beyond the borders of the town than it began to rain again. For the sake of variety I concluded to take the hill road to Williamstown, and I made the turn southward and began to climb. The horse

plodded slowly up the long rise and the rain fell more and more heavily. The road was protected from the wind by its position, and I did not note that it was blowing till I neared the level hill-top. Then I wondered to see the sheeted rain driving along between me and the mountain. Once on the bare upper road the wind struck me with a sudden blast that sent the blankets flying and, but for a lucky clutch, I would have lost them. My umbrella



A LINE OF POPLARS



THE MOUNTAINS FROM BLACKINTON

flapped and snapped, the mud flew and it seemed as if I was to be blown off the hill. I hastened the horse and some distance beyond drove under an open shed by the roadside. A house was near and I ran up to it to ask shelter. The kind old lady who came to the door did not give me time to speak, but said, "Come right in out of this dreadful storm." She made me very comfortable by the kitchen stove, and was good enough to go down cellar and get a pan of apples to regale me with. The weather held threatening all day, though the hardest of the rain was presently over. The valleys were misty and the near mountains were shut from sight half way down by the clouds, and the wind rattled and surged around unceasingly.

It was four in the afternoon when I left. I would gladly have stopped all night, but



THE ROAD TO BLACKINTON



IN THE VILLAGE

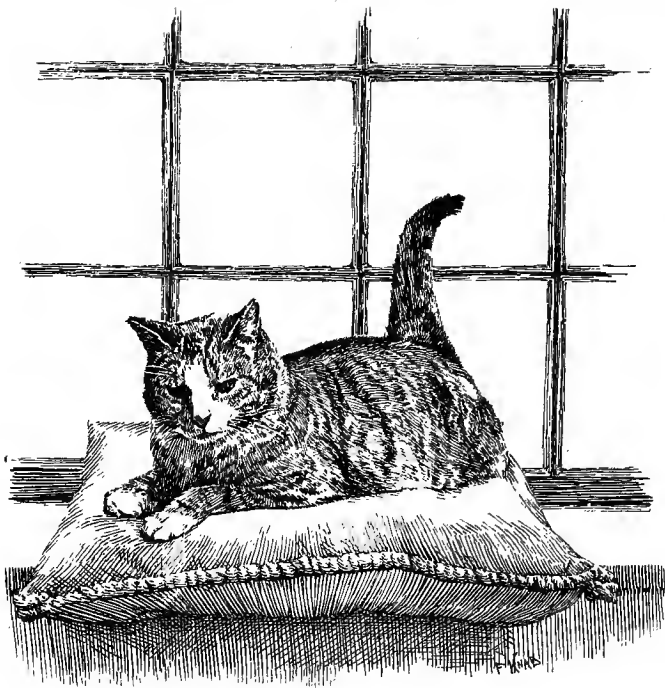
could not, because all the extra bed-ticks were in the wash. However, I was advised that I could without doubt get a place at the second house up the road toward "the Notch." With this I started. The wind was still fierce and the air misty. At the place I had been directed to, a man was sawing boards by the roadside. He would keep me, he said, if he had a place for my horse, but he'd got the barn floor torn up. There were three brothers lived up the road toward the Notch, mighty nice folks, too; he knew very well I could get kept there. I drove on. At the home of the three brothers some men were at a shed hitching up a horse. They would keep me, they said, but they had no place for my team. But I could get kept a little ways up the road, indeed, most any one would keep me. The next likely house was one near a big watering trough. Two men came out on the piazza in response to my knock. They, likewise, had no place for my



A WINTER SUNSET



CHURNING DAY



COMFORT

white cottage at the end of the road. The man was at the barn and I had to drive across the yard to it and hunt him up to get my horse taken care of. He was nowhere to be seen. I hallooed in a door and frightened a cow and a calf. I thought I stirred up the man, too, though I could not see him, and I was still looking in that door when he appeared around the corner of the barn, outside.

The little place, hemmed in as it was that night by the fog-veiled hills, seemed to me very charming and the morning view was no disappointment. The day opened bright, breezy and sunlit. Wind clouds were sailing in the blue sky and trailed fine patches of blue shadow over the landscape. Across a deep ravine ran a steep mountain ridge and there was a beautiful outlook down the road of fields, orchards and distant valleys and hill ranges. It would be difficult to find a prettier place for a country drive or vacation than the Notch.

I made an early start, but stopped just beyond the first house down the road to get a photograph.



THE LAST LOAD

horse, were overcrowded with stock—even the barn floor was filled with sheep. They recommended the place beyond—I could get kept there—they had plenty of room up there. I continued to climb the hill. At the back door of the next house were a number of men, sheep and turkeys. The men were awfully sorry, they would like to keep me, but their barns were so crowded they had to keep these cosset sheep in the woodshed, and they had no place for my horse. I could get kept at the next place, sure. If I couldn't, come back and they would take care of me somehow, if they had to keep my horse in the parlor. The way wended upward, hemmed in by misty mountains. As I went on two dogs followed me from the last place, barking savagely till they heard a hound baying on the mountain, opposite, when they stopped and gave him their attention. The people at the next house gave me the shelter I had been so long seeking. It was a pleasant,



THE NOTCH CASCADE



THE COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER



THE ROAD DOWN THE NOTCH

I left my horse and went some distance across a field for the purpose. While I was making ready my horse began to walk along. I shouted, "Whoa," again and again, left my camera and ran to stop her. She then broke into a trot, and, to add to difficulties, the two dogs whose ac-



SUMMER FIELDS



FLOWING

great mountain ranges flanking on either hand its mild meadows. Zylonite is Adams' northernmost village, and Renfrew its second, both manufacturing places with great modern mills and long lines of monotonous brick

quaintance I made the night before, at that moment came barking down the road. I was frightened at this and thought a runaway unavoidable. But the climax came suddenly. The horse stopped at a pool in the road and began to drink and some one ran out from the house and called off the dogs. I hitched the horse to a fence before I went back to my camera.

The road I traveled was the one I had come up on the evening previous and I continued on it down the hill to Blackinton. This is a manufacturing village. It has pleasant meadows about, and some fine residences and handsome elms at the center, and the village looks toward the fine mountain ranges southward. Greylock village is in character and surroundings much like Blackinton, but has a newer look. Just outside the village to the west was once a famous battle ground of the whites and Indians. There stood Fort Massachusetts, the most exposed of the line of frontier fortifications. In a cornfield on its site now grows a thrifty young elm planted some years ago to commemorate the spot.

I passed through North Adams and on its eastern outskirts made a picture of some teams grading down a steep hill, with the Greylock ranges behind making a mighty background. My route lay down the valley to Adams, and a noble valley it is with the



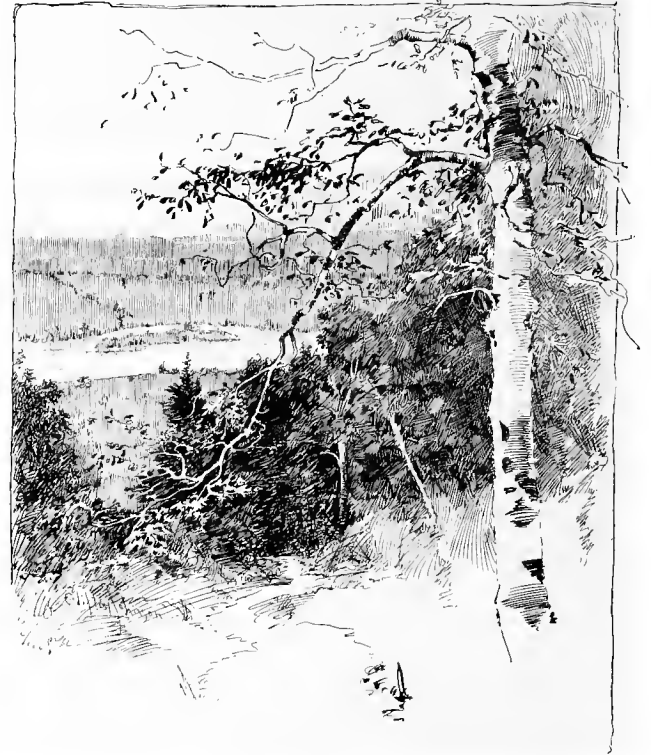
THE ROAD UP THE NOTCH



SPRING WORK IN THE NOTCH

but the farmer with whom I staid knew no more of the persons buried there and why it was so neglected than I did.

A short walk from the house in another direction are the Whitford Rocks. This rough ledge has many visitors and its attractions



FROM A MOUNTAIN SIDE



AN INTERESTING TREE

wished to get as far as possible in my journey toward home. At Cheshire I turned up the hill eastward, and by that time the sun had set and I sought lodging at a farmhouse.

In the morning I looked around. Far across the valley, northerly, Greylock raised its blue summit high in air and all along the west were handsome lesser ridges. In a scrubby pasture not far away was a deserted burying ground, fenceless and forlorn to the last degree. Most of the stones were fallen and half covered by the moss and grasses. The dates were of the last part of the last century and the first part of this,



THE FRIEND BY THE WAYSIDE



"S'POSE'S ANY BERRIES OVER THERE?"

are various. The rocks have on one side an irregular ascent clothed with bushes and small trees. On the other it falls away abruptly to the field below in a perpendicular descent of many feet. Over this the gentleman whose name the rocks bear fell or threw himself years ago and met his death. Likewise, no less a personage than the devil has an interest in the spot, for here is a deep hollow in the rocks, partly filled with water, which is known as the Devil's Washbowl. Last, and perhaps not least, the rocks are clothed, in their season, with clouds of laurel blossoms, the only ones which grow in a ten-mile circuit. Truly, it is a place worth visiting.

The road to Windsor was all up hill, my host told me, and he was



ON GREYLOCK



"LE'S GO OVER 'N' SEE"



THE ROAD TO GREYLOCK

right with a vengeance. Much of the way led through the woods where were many ragged fields which had been cut over, now wastes of brush and stumps. At the points where there were breaks in the forest, there were fine back views of Greylock. The mud grew worse and worse as I went on and the road was much drifted with snow. I calculated my progress to be about a mile an hour. At length the path left the snowy highway and meandered about the water-soaked pastures. I followed this black trail of mud wherever it led, through bogs and over stone walls and numberless hummocks



WINTER



ON GREYLOCK SUMMIT

the tricklings from that give it a muddy green hue that it keeps for miles. When I came out of the woods at West Cummington, I was in Hampshire county, and whatever further adventures I had on my homeward trip are, of course, excluded from this Berkshire narrative.



A CAMPER'S TENT AT NIGHT

till it again entered the main road. In spite of mud, ruts and snow, I in time came to the village of Windsor Hill. Flocks of sheep were picking about the brown fields among the snowdrifts, and were the chief signs of life, though the cross-roads' store and the blacksmith's shop were open for business. But the little village on its great, rolling hill-slopes, with dips here and there into wide, wooded valleys, was peculiarly attractive: and all those roads criss-crossing



THE WILLIAMSTOWN STAGE

about the stone-walled fields must be well worth following.

When I passed the white church and town-house, I encountered a young man with whom I exchanged some remarks about the lateness of the snow. He said if I was interested in that sort of thing I could find a drift twenty feet deep over there on a near hill. But I was fully satisfied with those I had already traveled through, and I spattered along down the muddy road to East Windsor. This village is in a tumbled glen where two mountain streams meet. It has two or three small, wooden mills and shops, and a bit of a church set off in a field entirely outside the group of village houses. The brook water was very clear here, but down the hill the stream skirts an enormous clay cliff, and



WILLIAMSTOWN

WILD WINDS

Oh! oh! how the wild winds blow!
 Blow high,
 Blow low,
 And the whirlwinds go
 To chase the little leaves that fly,
 Fly low and high,
 To hollow and to steep hillside:
 They shiver in the dreary weather,
 And creep in little heaps together,
 And nestle close and try to hide;
 Oh, oh, how the wild winds blow!
 Blow low,
 Blow high,
 And the whirlwinds try
 To find a crevice, to find a crack,—
 They whirl to the front, they whirl to the
 back;
 But Tommy and Will and Baby, together,
 Are snug and safe from the winter
 weather.
 All the winds that blow
 Cannot touch a toe,
 Cannot twist or twirl
 One silky curl;
 Though they rattle the door in a noisy
 pack
 The blazing fires will drive them back.
Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.



AT THE STATION



ONE OF THE OLD MANSIONS

GREAT ORIGINS IN BERKSHIRE

In the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," Dr. Holmes makes this claim: "Boston has opened and kept open, more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought, and free speech, and free deeds than any other city of live men or dead men;" and in order to balance his claim and keep the eastern end of the state from sinking into the ocean from sheer weight of merit, we will make the counter-claim, that Berkshire has produced a race, which for independent thought, daring schemes and achievements that have had world-wide consequences has not been surpassed. We claim also that more of those first things that draw the chariot



FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH AND VICINITY



OLD BUILDINGS ON THE STREET



GRIFFIN HALL



RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT CARTER



LOOKING TOWARD THE METHODIST CHURCH

of progress forward so that people can see that it has moved, have been planned and executed by the inhabitants of the 950 square miles that constitute the territory of Berkshire, than can be credited to any other tract of equal extent in the United States. Men who were liable to be killed and scalped at any moment, learned to think quickly and to the point without waiting to find out the opinions of other men, and so as we should naturally expect, men who had lived,—with eyes and ears wide open,—through the “era of provocation and preparation,” in which George III had been studying new ways



DELTA PSI HOUSE



MORGAN HALL

in which to wring more taxes from his American subjects, were ready to resist the royal grab-game in every possible way, and their first aggressive action was to establish a boycott on those things whence the filling of his coffers was to come.

All over the state, assemblages of citizens—generally called *Congresses*—were held to “take into consideration the alarming state of public affairs,” but it was prompt, wide-awake Berkshire which took definite action first. [The action taken was similar to that described in the resolutions known as the “Lenox Covenant,” given on page 8 of Part II.]

Then these God-fearing patriots communicated their action to the pastors of the churches—at that time the sources and centers of influence—and appointed a solemn day of fasting throughout the county, in which they went to church, and listened to political boycotting sermons from men who believed



AN OLD-TIME HOUSE



WINTER ON THE STREET



COLLEGE CHAPEL



GREYLOCK HOUSE



WEST COLLEGE

that political responsibilities rate as important as any in the eye of that God who has seen fit to place man in communities whose existence depends on the fulfillment of mutual duties. The men of Berkshire had but few luxuries,—they bravely determined to go without these, and the women were not a whit behind, for they not only decided to forego their tea, but resolved to wear only a black ribbon around the neck in sign of mourning for their “nearest and dearest.” This action on the part of Berkshire was soon followed throughout the state, but it was the dwellers among these glorious hills who gave the cue. Five weeks later a town meeting was held in Pittsfield to consider the threatened revocation of the state charter, and they said,

“We believe it to be of the greatest importance, that the people of this Province utterly refuse submission to said acts, * * * and that the courts of justice immediately cease and that the people of this province fall into a state of nature, until our grievances are fully redressed by a final repeal of these injurious, oppressive, and unconstitutional acts,” etc., etc.

The Court was to sit in September at Great Barrington, but when the sheriff,



WILLIAMSTOWN ELMs



EAST COLLEGE

according to ancient custom, commanded the people to make way for “the court,” he spoke to an assemblage of Berkshire yeomanry, who to the number of 1,500 had assembled for resistance to the “Royal Court of Injustice,” and filled the court-house and the space about it, and told the sheriff that to no laws but the ancient ones would they give way on any terms. The royalists thought order—submission to the king after the revocation of the charter—would soon be restored, but no other court ever sat in Berkshire under the royal authority, and Governor Gage wrote home to England: “A flame sprang up at the extremity of the province. * * * The popular rage is very high in Berkshire and



ON WILLIAMSTOWN STREET



MARK HOPKINS MEMORIAL BUILDING



LAWRENCE LIBRARY

makes its way rapidly to the rest." The judges retired from Great Barrington, to insure their safety, and the duty of "obstructing" the courts was inculcated all over the state, from the pulpit and platform and by the wayside, but the Berkshire Congress and active opposition was a beacon light, answering back to the torches that lighted the pouring of the tea into Boston harbor, and did much to consolidate the sentiments of those who could not see with the statesman's prescient eye.

One of the most intense and eager patriots of the state, who had much to do in the moulding of the new order of things after the revolution, was Hon. Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge. Here in a house still standing, there was born on December 28, 1789, his illustrious daughter — Catherine Maria Sedgwick — who was the first among American women to achieve a



VILLAGE ROOFS AND SPIRES



RESIDENCE OF H. T. PROCTOR

true fame in literature—to produce books which not only delighted the cultivated and literary classes, and were read by thousands of the plain people here, but were appreciated in England, and reproduced there, and translated into many of the continental languages, by sheer force of their own merits and their picturesque style, and that, too, just at the time when the brilliant and genial Sidney Smith was asking the



ALPHA DELTA PHI HOUSE



LA SALLE GYMNASIUM



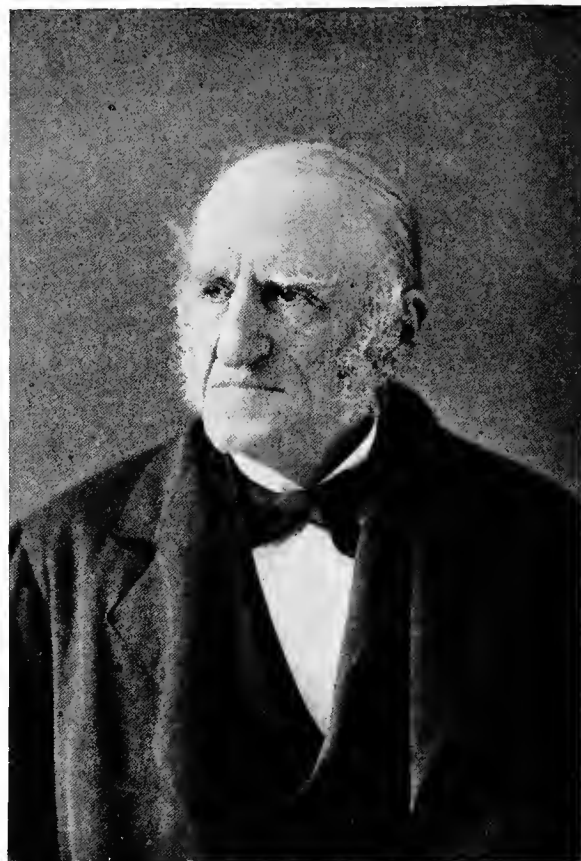
HOMES ON THE STREET



HOUSES WEST OF THE PARK

contemptuous question that has cost his reputation so cruelly, "Who reads an American book?"

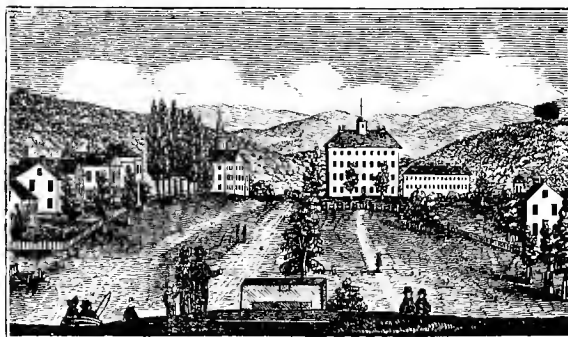
It is difficult to describe to this volume-surfeited generation the sensation caused by "A New England Tale," put forth by its author with many misgivings in 1822. It was a genuine book—had pictures of life and people not before described, and sent back an echo to the writer which sustained her while producing "Redwood," which came out two years later and produced a genuine literary furore. What it was to the women of America, no words can tell. They felt that through this priestess of the imagina-



MARK HOPKINS



MAYSTOCK MONUMENT



WILLIAMSTOWN FROM AN OLD PRINT

tive, the whole land had experienced an anointing from the chrism of the immortals, and to-day among all the flood of books, no purer, fresher pictures of life and human nature can be found than in her numerous novels, and when she was fifty she wrote a series of "Letters from Europe," which surpass in charm any of the recent hurried, alleged descriptions, contained in the rapid tours, which consist mainly of arrivals and departures at railway stations. She may be called a woman who had dared, and she held that the possession of a talent was sufficient warrant for its use, and she is always seeing new opportunities for women, and perceiving ways in which their status and condition can be ameliorated. Many of the accomplished facts in their activities now, were



TACONIC INN



THE MARK HOPKINS HOUSE



CHI PSI HOUSE



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

her dreams half a century ago. She is a bright star in the Berkshire galaxy, and apropos of women and their doings, it is not amiss to mention that Miss Susan B. Anthony is a native of Adams in Berkshire.

Up to 1864 there stood in the center of Pittsfield park a tree known far and wide as "The Old Elm"—an original forest—tree that sent out no branch till it was ninety feet high, and above that bore a rounded crown of greenery that carried its height up to 128



CLARK HALL



TWO OF THE THOMPSON LABORATORIES

feet. Its loftiness and symmetry had so appealed to the men of the time, that it had been spared in the general denudation of the land, and it had remained a conspicuous object and a celebrated landmark up to 1790, when a new meeting-house was to be built, and the same sort of vandal was living then as now, who, to raise or depress a sidewalk a foot, will sacrifice one of God's beautiful green trees that it has taken three centuries to produce. It was proposed to cut down this tree, so that the front of the meeting-house could occupy its place. Madame Lucretia Williams threw herself between the axeman and the tree to save it, and defied him to go on although the axe had already struck three blows. She was the wife of the principal magistrate of the town, and the axeman was awed into desisting, till a further consultation could be held. The reprieve was improved by her husband to good



WATER STREET



HOMES EAST OF THE HILL



LOOKING TOWARD THE TOWN FROM WATER STREET



MILL HOMES



A WINTER LANDSCAPE



NEAR THE STATION

purpose, for he made a proposition to give as much land from his acres south of the tree for a public park, as the authorities would give by setting their church back to the north. Successive strokes of lightning finally destroyed the tree, but not till its foreseen destruction had been discounted by planting a circle of elms about it, and so to a plucky woman is Pittsfield indebted for its pretty green centerpiece.

We have recalled the old elm, because it was the rallying place for all festive and important out-of-door occasions, and beneath its spreading branches in 1810 was held the first cattle show and agricultural fair, which was a



A HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS



ENTRANCE TO FLORA'S GLEN



A FARM IN THE VALLEY



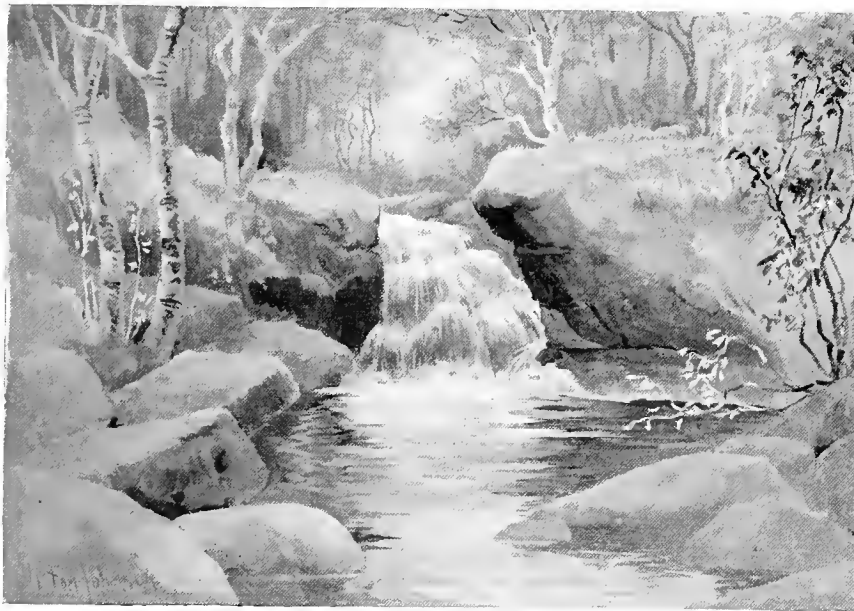
LOOKING TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN



A RAINY DAY INDOORS

Watson, an accomplished and traveled man, of great versatility and fertility of mind, and for ten years it so dominated him that he says he "neglected his private affairs," but during that time, taught by the errors and blunders of other regions, he evolved the cattle show and agricultural fair into a stated festival, which was copied in all the length and breadth of the land.

As the population of Berkshire increased, greater efforts were constantly making to improve the means of communication with the outside world, for their isolation was the everlasting fly in the ointment of the Berkshire people; but the hills could not be abolished, they must be



A WOODLAND STREAM

ble" was barred out of the railroad dictionary, and that no matter how formidable the mountain, its conquest resolved itself into engineering skill and an adequate amount of fuel. Compared with the ascent of Pike's Peak and the White



IN HOUSE-CLEANING TIME

of engineering as to be visited and studied by foreign railroad builders. Overcoming the first steep grade of eighty-five feet to the mile, had demonstrated that "impossi-



BERLIN PASS AND DODD'S CONE, FROM BEE HILL

surmounted, and there are some people living to-day who can recall the boundless jubilation when, on the 27th of December, 1841, the first railway train passed across the county to Albany, coming through the "deep cut" at Washington, then such a marvel



A HUNTING EXPEDITION



ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

mountains, this seems very insignificant, but remember it was the first heavy grade conquered — As Tennyson says,

"All can raise the flowers now
For all have got the seed."

Berkshire was now fully "joined on" to the new time and the modern era, but she still had another mighty first thing to create, in a marvel of man's power—in the boring of the Hoosac Tunnel, a glorious achievement, whether viewed from the standpoint of a triumph over natural obstacles, or that of the faith and indomitable perseverance of the men who finally saw their dream realized.



OLD PLACE ON THE NOPPER ROAD TO SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN



THE HIGH SCHOOL

a route for a canal from Boston to some point in New York, and their report had been made in 1826. The engineer — Col. Loammi Baldwin, one of the most famous men of his day—finally fixed upon the exact route afterwards occupied by the Hoosac Tunnel, and proposed to make a canal-tunnel as the least formidable solution of the problem. He made careful and detailed estimates of the



IN JUNE



GOODRICH HALL

The completion of the Albany and Schenectady railroad in September, 1831, with great pomp and ceremony, amid unbounded commercial rejoicings and the assured success of the Erie canal, sent an envious, bitter pang to the souls of Massachusetts statesmen, because, as Charles Francis Adams says, "These advances in New York had given a new and portentous significance to the Berkshire hills, causing them to throw a dark shadow over the future of Massachusetts. They seemed stationed on the western border of the state, an inseparable barrier, against which the eastward tide of commerce struck, and then with a deflected course flowed quietly in the direction of New York. Either in some way that barrier must be overcome or the material prosperity of the state would be seriously threatened."

Previous to this, a commission had been appointed to survey

this by at least ten years, and had the benefit of the knowledge and experience gained in its construction, to help in pushing forward their own work. The experimental work on this was begun in 1851, but not till twenty-four years after did the first car pass through it. The difficulties overcome as new problems presented themselves would require a volume instead of a sketch, and the history of its finances alone would make an exciting chapter. Private capital fought shy of it, and there were long seasons when all work on it ceased, and all the world remembers Dr. Holmes' prophecy that when the first car should pass through it, people might don their ascension robes. When the war came, paralyzing great public projects, the wiseacres shook their heads, and said "that's the end of the Hoosac Tunnel," but the Berkshire



HAVE SOME?

cost of tunneling, and showed that the highest possible cost would be \$4.25 per cubic yard, and placed the sum total of expense at \$930,832, while the actual cost of the railway tunnel when completed, with all the aids that the most accomplished scientists and engineers could lend, was \$20 per cubic yard, and at a total cost of more than \$10,000,000!

It must not be forgotten that the longer and more conspicuous Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels in Europe were later in conception and execution than



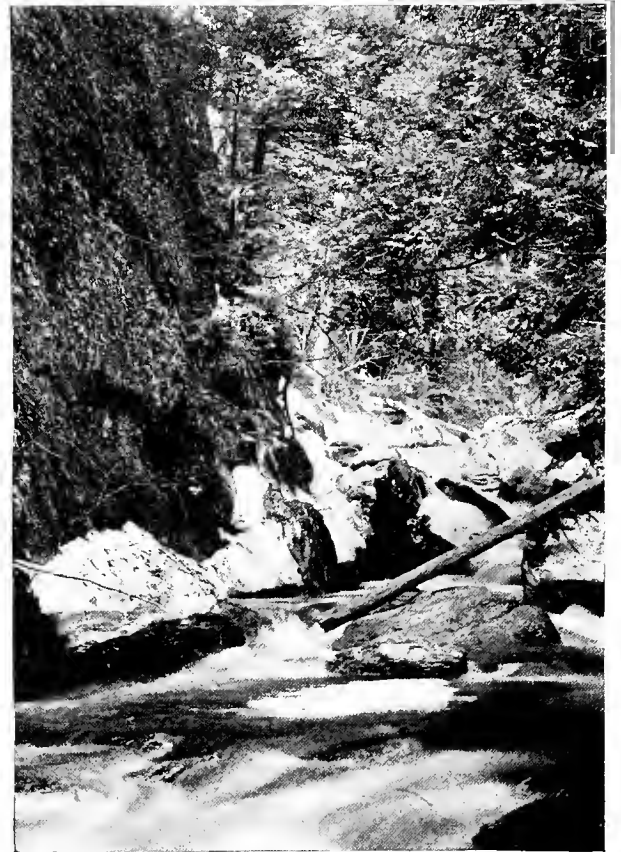
SHOO!



WINDSOR JAMS—I

men of whom it had taken possession, were not to be daunted and succeeded in tunneling into the state treasury, and there was nothing for it, as the pessimists sadly said, but to "send good money after bad," and the state finally completed the work and on February 9, 1875, the first train of cars passed through its four and one-half miles, bearing some gray-headed men, the dream of whose middle life had at last materialized. When begun, hand-drilling was used, and gunpowder was the only explosive known. The successive discovery of dynamite, and the power of compressed air, and the invention of the diamond drill facilitated the last half of the work immensely, and now as the traveler makes his comfortable trip through it, 1,028 feet under the mountain at its deepest point, he emerges into a very different world from that addressed by the writer in the *Boston Courier*, at the time the canal-tunnel was projected, who, having made a careful calculation, said it would take fifty-two years and nineteen days to complete it, for, as C. F. Adams says, "it seems scarcely possible that any human life can have spanned the well-nigh incredible gap that separates the America of 1878 from that of 1830." It was the faith and indomitable perseverance of Berkshire men who carried to completion the first great railway-tunnel of the world.

Cyrus W. Field—the man who carried to its triumphant completion, in the face of



WINDSOR JAMS—II



ALLENVILLE



A COUNTRY BRIDGE

tremendous odds, the first Atlantic cable, was born in Stockbridge. The story of "How Cyrus laid the cable," is familiar to every schoolboy, but not so obvious is it how he was appointed to the work by that providence of God which knows when and where to find its instruments in each generation—and puts a passion of enthusiasm into selected souls, that can know no rest till that which they have been set to do is accomplished. At thirty-five years of age Cyrus Field had accumulated a fortune, and achieved a high position in the business world—there was nothing in his outward life to prevent him from sitting at ease and at peace, beneath his own vine and fig-tree, to the serene end of a long life, but the idea that a telegraphic nerve of communication between the continents might be laid beneath the Atlantic took possession of his spirit, and thenceforth there was for him no further rest, for the busy thirteen years that intervened between the first meetings of a handful of capitalists around a table in his library, to study globes and charts, and hear the answers to letters addressed to Morse, who thought it quite possible to send a message through thousands of miles of wire, and from the geographer of the bottom of the ocean—Maury—who said there was a plateau of land highly adapted to being the resting-place of a cable, between Newfoundland and Ireland, but he cautiously added that he "did not pretend to consider the possibility of finding a time calm enough, the sea smooth enough, a wire long enough and a ship big enough, to lay this tremendous coil across the ocean." Less than \$100,000 were at first subscribed by the capitalists for a work that in the end cost many millions, and the fearful difficulties to be surmounted



DINNER TIME



MARCH WOODS



SAVOY CHURCHES



A HOME ON THE HILL



SAVOY HOLLOW—LOOKING SOUTH



OLD MANSION—SAVOY



MAYING



A WINTER ROADWAY



ON THE MEADOW—SAVOY HOLLOW



THE OLDEST INHABITANT

were mercifully hidden from the eyes of its projector.

The first wood pulp and the first paper made from it was made in Lee about thirty years ago by Charles H. Plumb, and its use since then has cheapened the dissemination of knowledge wonderfully.

Williams college was the first one in America to have an astronomical observatory as an adjunct of its instruction, and from this college was sent out the first college natural history expedition. It went to Nova Scotia, and the results were gathered up and published by Prof.

Albert Hopkins, its organizer and inspirer. But not all the glories of Berkshire are natural and intellectual. She has had her share in those works of philanthropy and piety that will make the nineteenth illustrious among the centuries.



SAVOY HOLLOW



CHILDREN'S SUNDAY



AN OLD FARMHOUSE NEAR SAVOY CENTRE

In Pittsfield in 1874 was founded the first college-hospital in the United States, which looked for support to current contributions, derived from all denominations with an impartiality as complete as that of disease itself. It was called the House of Mercy, and began its work in a rented house. The entire administration of its affairs has been conducted by women, but so carefully and successfully, that it has won the confidence of moneyed men and women, so that now it rejoices in a considerable endowment, and has a congeries of six buildings, all beautifully adapted to its work. It has been copied in many parts of the land.



SAVOY CENTRE



GREEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE—"BOWKER'S"—SAVOY HOLLOW



AN OLD RESIDENT

The first attempt to instruct, Christianize, and transform the American Indian into an intelligent and conscientious citizen was made in the year 1734, in Stockbridge, by Sargeant and Woodbridge—missionaries,—acting under the auspices of the Board of Commissioners for Indian Affairs in Boston, who held funds contributed in England for the promotion of the gospel in foreign parts. The whole experiment is full of instruction, showing the measureless sacrifices our ancestors were willing to undergo to save souls, and its final outcome points to the inevita-



ON THE ROAD TO FLORIDA

ble conclusion that on this continent the Indian is but "provisional," and destined to fade and disappear. But a far more potent influence was to flow from this supreme estimate of the value of the human soul, and the belief in the power of efforts to uplift and save it. In 1807 there were held in the shadow of the immortalized "Haystack" those open-air prayer meetings and conferences that resulted in sending the first foreign missionaries from Williams college,—but those conferences were also the germ of what afterwards developed into the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which certainly has kindled a network of points of light over most parts of the known and



THE GRASS-GROWN ROADWAY

accessible world; so that when we review the glorious origins in Berkshire, we say "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

H. M. PLUNKETT.

A WILDERNESS of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

Milton.



A HOME ABOVE SAVOY CENTRE



THE GREYLOCK RANGE FROM SAVOY CENTRE



SAVOY CENTRE, FROM THE WEST



ON THE ROAD NORTH OF SAVOY HOLLOW

A STORY WITH AN APPLICATION

In Irving's "Salmagundi," "town" is defined as "an accidental assemblage of a church, a tavern and a blacksmith shop." Such towns occupied many a



THE ROAD TO THE VALLEY

hill-top in Berkshire early in the present century, while the great lines of travel were still by stage across these mountain ranges. The "Meet'n-Haouse" was the general rallying point and hub of the township, the tavern was the traveler's home, and, on rainy days in summer, the blacksmith shop was board of trade, club, lyceum, gymnasium and morning paper, all in one. All that is changed. The ruddy glow of the forge and the cheerful "come-pound, go-penny" that rang from the blacksmith's anvil are merely a memory; the tavern has faded to a tradition, and the church to a lonely and emaciated kindergarten.

Perhaps "Savoy Holler" answered to Geoffrey Crayon's definition of a town, down to as late a date as any other place in Berkshire. The "Green Mountain



ON THE ROAD AFTER SUNSET



A SUGARHOUSE

House," at least, (lately destroyed by fire,) held on bravely to all the good old traditional ways of a country tavern. A few years since, after an absence at the West of some thirty years, I passed through the silent street of Savoy, and saw, leaning

against one of the cool, long-legged columns of the Mountain house veranda, the well-remembered figure of good, kindly Calvin Bowker, the proprietor. He seemed to be in a deep brown study, and I remembered that when I passed through the place thirty years before, he stood in the very same spot, in the same attitude, and in the same brown study! My first impulse was to touch him, to see whether he was a living landlord, or a petrification. The mould of quiet years had gathered on him, but he was alive, and no doubt was living over. In his day-dreams, the time when the elder Bowker kept the old red hostelry across the road and a little farther to the west, and the boy Calvin tended bar and knew just how many fingers of Medford rum or cider brandy each customer required.



THE "NEW STATE" CHURCH

But if an old man, Berkshire born, would see how old is the new, and how new is the old, let him follow my example and foot it across Windsor on a summer day. He must not hurry, but take time to absorb the scene. He should even

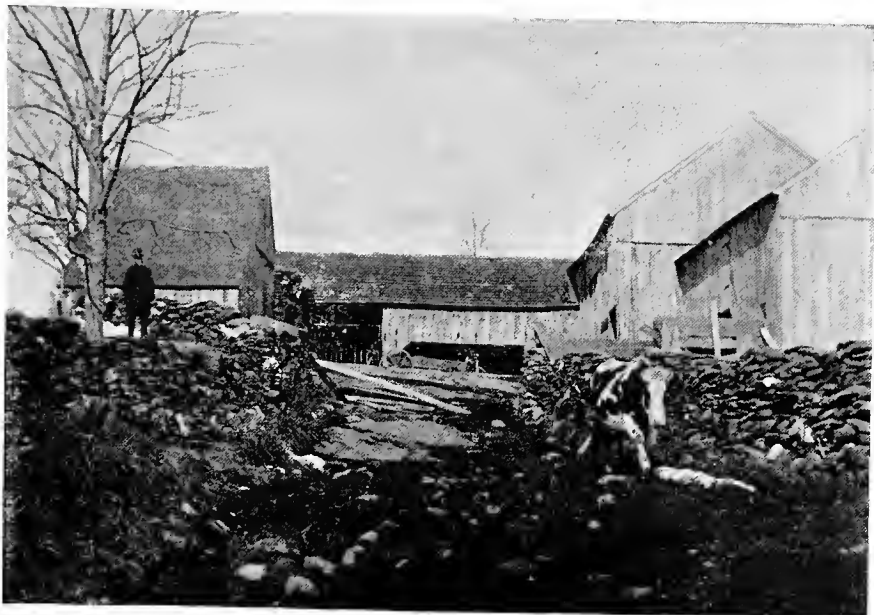


EVENING

climb the old church belfry, to widen his view, when he reaches "the Hill." If Solomon could have stepped out of his walls of cedar and ebony, and have looked on this landscape, with its eternal newness of nearby fields, abloom with clover and daisies; with Potter mountain and his fellow-Taconics lying like a resting caravan between Hancock and "Lanesberry;" and blue Greylock to the northwest, sleeping away "the still lapse of ages," the author of the song of songs could not have



ASKING THE WAY



A COW LANE

felt that he was in a stale and wearisome world. And yet, as I walked down a discontinued and grass-grown road toward Cheshire, there was such an intense melancholy and loneliness over it all, that the rollicking song of a bobolink seemed like a comic song among the tombs.

I missed, most of all, as I passed the "town," the blacksmith shop, where a rustic Socrates in the old days was wont to scatter bits of a quaint philosophy, as sparks flew from the ringing anvil. Certain artful ones who used to congregate there, had a peculiar way of freeing their minds in cases of bitter personal hostility, without actual



WORKING UP THE SPRING WOODPILE

collision. This way was, for each of two enemies to invent some cutting fable, vision or revelation about the other, which he would rehearse to the rainy-day group around the forge, in the other's presence and hearing. I will give a single illustration. Two Windsor farmers, X— and Z—, who had long been too hostile to speak to each other, had improved their opportunities alternately, in the above mentioned way, at periods of days or months apart. I will give one of these deliverances which I happened to hear. It was in haying time, a quiet rain was falling steadily, and a considerable company of men and boys was gathered, as usual, mostly barefoot and in shirtsleeves. There were forks to be mended, tubs to be hooped, heel wedges and bow-pins to be made, and a wrestling match to be settled. X— and Z— were both there, and both knew that the sturdy smith would allow no blows or loud abuse. X—, a big, brawny fellow, with a reputation for being "close as the bark of a tree," sat on the end of the water box, dabbling a little nervously in the blackened water. It was Z—'s "turn," and the company was mildly expectant. The blacksmith, as he lighted his pipe with a red-hot nail rod, opened the way by asking Z— what made him look so solemn?

"Wal, I'll tell ye," said Z—, "I hed the rot darnedest dream las' night thet ever a feller drempt. I drempt that some of the yerlins gut

out, 'n' whilst I was lookin' 'em up, I gut kinder lost in the woods, 'n' wandered 'round 'n' 'round a long spell. Finally I come to what I fust thought was Kingdom Come, for nobody talked about anything but souls. They told me it was the place where they furnished souls for such unfortunate people as missed gettin' one in the uezhle way. They kep' ther stock in a thunderin' big buildin' with shelves all 'round. The lower shelves, where the big souls was kep', was several feet wide, 'n' they gut narerer 'n' narerer, till, 'way to the top, where they put the little contracted souls, they wasn't more 'n two inches wide. I watched the crowd, comin' and goin', 'n' pricin' souls. Them on the



A MUD-TIME ROADWAY



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN



THE SLOPES IN MIDSUMMER



A COLD DAY



APRIL DRIFTS



PASTURES AND FORESTS

wide shelves come awful high, but the folks that gut 'em walked out like kings 'n' queens, with faces shinin', heads up, 'n' hands open. Them that gut the little ones sneaked out as if they'd stole somethin'. Bime by, who should I see comin' in but X—. You can all guess what he called for, 'n' you'd guess right, too. He wanted the biggest soul in the store, 'n' wanted it quick. But when he found he couldn't beat 'em



A LOOK BACK AT FLORIDA



A BRIDGE IN THE HOLLOW

down on the price, he kep' on tryin' cheaper 'n' cheaper ones, till he gut to the very top shelf. Them, the clerk told him, was fo'pence (6¼ cents) apiece. 'An' is them the cheapest you've gut?' says X—. Then the clerk ast the boss if they was any souls made for less than fo'pence. 'No,' says the boss, 'but ther's a few two-cent gizzards up stairs, if anybody wants.' X— said he'd look at 'em. So the clerk brought one down, 'n' it turned out to be jest a fit. Soon's X— gut it into him, he gut right down on his belly 'n' crawled out o' the store; 'n' the clerk slammed the door after him so hard that it waked me up, 'n' behold, it was all a dream! 'N' now I'm lookin' for some Joseph to interpret the 'tarnal thing!' But this was a story with too plain an application, and of course X— had his inning on the next rainy day.

E. R. B.



A HILLSIDE



A HILLTOP BARNYARD



LOOKING INTO THE VALLEY FROM THE OLD STAGE ROAD

the greatest thinkers, writers and preachers in the denomination, Rev. Washington Gladden and Rev. Theodore T. Munger.

Several other churches are close by. Of these I would mention the very handsome granite structure of the Episcopal, and the charming modern architecture and fine color of the brown brick Universalist church. The building last mentioned was still incomplete when I was last in the town. Just across the street a parish house was being erected by one of the church societies, and this afternoon they were dedicating it. Nothing but the ground floor was laid. Near the front stood a lonesome piano and at the back a large tent where, through the door, I could see a booth of figures. Near the street was a little group of people and one man among them was urging the others to come in to refreshments. I stopped to ask a question and was immediately invited to become one of the company. I confessed to being a stranger in town, but the man said that made no difference. He seemed to be making literal application of that portion of Scripture which commanded to "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." The invitation was so kindly and cordial, I was sorry not to accept it.

On the spur of a hill which rises abruptly above the town is Drury academy. It fronts no street, but is approached by a lane on one side and a picturesque, shadowed path on the other. On a fine terrace of the northern hills stands the large and fine-looking hospital of the town. On the neighboring hill to the east is a good-



EASTERN HILLS, FROM FLORIDA



FLORIDA CHURCH

sized park, and a second park of which the town is proud is on its southern borders down the Hoosac valley.

One feature of peculiar interest within North Adams limits is the natural bridge on the hill-top back of the village. It is in a little hollow and so secluded

NORTH ADAMS AND ADAMS

Of all large towns and cities in the state, I am of the opinion that North Adams carries off the palm for striking picturesqueness. You get slight hint of this from the railroad station, or from anywhere along the Fitchburg line. The railroad traverses only the depths of the valley basin in which the town lies; but follow any of the streets back to the base of the near northern hills and you begin at once to realize the Alpine beauty of the place. The streets which ascend the hill are alarmingly steep, and those which skirt its slope bring you almost directly above the roof-tops of the houses below. This in itself makes the hillside interesting tramping ground, but the glory of it all is the immense line of mountain domes southward. They are so near and so lofty that the view toward them from any point on these steep streets is magnificently impressive. A tiny tower on the ridge which reaches highest into the sky marks Greylock. East and west are other mighty ranges which are only less impressive than that to the south. The town in the hollow, with its masses of roofs, chimneys and spires, makes a pretty picture in contrast with the mountains, and some views which bring a big mill or other large building into the foreground are especially interesting.

Main street runs east and west on the lowest level. It is closely occupied by business and its blocks are as a rule substantial and well appearing. The new building of the Hoosac savings bank is particularly handsome. At the upper end of the street are the town library, the soldiers' monument and two large brick churches, the Baptist and Congregational. The latter numbers among former ministers two of



FLORIDA VILLAGE



THE FIRST TRACK THROUGH THE HOOSAC TUNNEL

names painted. Some were laid on very large with red paint, but none of the individuals whose names were recorded were persons of special distinction, so far as I noticed, and they could well be spared. In the wild gloom of the rock arbor to which I descended, a few rods below, the virtues of a certain baking powder are extolled and numerous additional names adorn the rocks. Thus do business, pleasure and nature



NEAR THE EAST PORTAL—HOOSAC TUNNEL



THE CENTRAL SHAFT



AT HOME



RUINS AT THE EAST PORTAL

that you might pass the place within a few feet and notice nothing unusual. Indeed, the first thing one notices is not the bridge but a great gap of perpendicular precipices opening before him where a tremendous hill of marble has been half quarried away and where, in the depths, are derricks and buildings and men at work. The view across this pit and the valley beyond to the eastern mountain ridge is very striking. Just back from the edge of the precipice a small stream from the north has cut its way far down into the rock and then roars along through its narrow, tortuous channel with the hollow, echoing tones which waters have when so shut in. A massive arch spanned the stream in one place, but the near banks were so high and the course of the channel so crooked, it is almost impossible to get a picture which would give a satisfactory impression of the place. On the rocks deep down I discerned a number of



THE DEERFIELD RIVER



THE DEERFIELD VALLEY, FROM ROWE

walk hand in hand. The whole place with its waterworn depths and low monotonies of the dashing stream had a strange, foreign aspect. It was in sentiment like the caverns pictured and read about, and not like anything one would think to find near home.

Before leaving North Adams, something should be said of the Hoosac Tunnel. The state burrowed it at a cost of \$10,000,000, and at the time it was finished its length of four and one-half miles was the greatest in the world. It was a tremendous feat of engineering. The passenger on the railroad is apprised of its approach, when traveling in the daytime, by noting the brakeman climbing

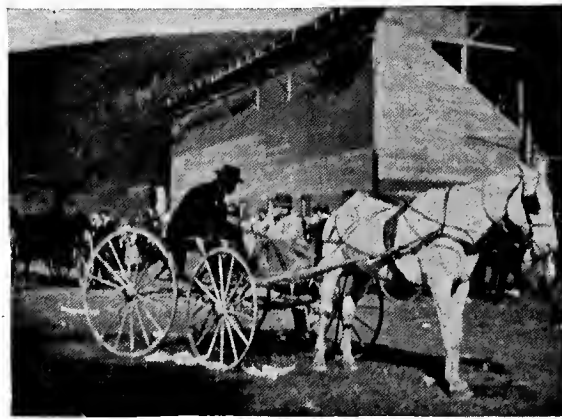
out into the sunlight again, up go windows, and doors fly open, the air freshens and by the time the brakeman has appeared with his paper and is flapping out the lights you have begun to enjoy life once more. There are people who will go through the tunnel and back just for a pleasure trip. It is a question with me whether people with a liking for such pleasures are safe outside of an asylum.

One of the prettiest rides on an electric road in the country is, I am sure, that from North Adams to Adams. It is largely through the fields, often with not even a country road alongside.



COVERED BRIDGE AT HOOSAC

Few stops are made and you go coasting along in the most reckless fashion, apparently, and the journey is most breezy and exhilarating. It is so like a pleasure trip that you do not mind the necessary stops in the villages, nor even such a pause as is caused when the conductor has to run on ahead and drive some cows off the track. As to the scenery, the quiet valley lands with the beautiful mountain ranges east and west are all that could be desired.



OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS ON CATTLE-SHOW DAY



NEAR HOOSAC TUNNEL STATION



A CEMETERY ON THE STAMFORD ROAD

up on the seats to light the car lamps, and making a journey through the coaches to see that all windows are shut. Then you suddenly plunge into darkness and see hazy lights flashing along the tunnel walls at short intervals. The atmosphere of the car becomes increasingly smoky and gassy. Your neighbor across the aisle covers his breathing apparatus with a handkerchief, and you think if things get much worse you will follow his example. The passengers are very quiet and some lay their heads down on the seat backs or support them on their hands and shut their eyes. Your anxiety not to have the mountain cave in on you changes to anxiety to get out as soon as possible. You are even willing to risk shaking the walls down by a little extra speed if that will bring things to a conclusion more quickly. But of a sudden you dash



IN AN AUTUMN CORNFIELD

Adams has several great mills in the valley along the stream, of which the famous paper-mill plant of L. L. Brown is the finest in situation, with the little tree-bordered lake on its southern side and Greylock rising up handsomely in the eastern view of it. The village possesses a number of fine churches and a very creditable town hall. Its best residence district lies on the eastern slope which rises steeply above the valley. The roads do not attempt a straight ascent, but climb diagonally, and the views all along are very impressive. Greylock lifts itself into the sky to the westward, in a simple, unchecked rise from the lowest depths of the valley. The outlook from any back yard on this eastern ridge is worth a handsome sum of money.

Below the chief village of the town are several others linked along the stream. Usually

these villages are groups of mill houses about a single large manufactory. The most populous is Maple Grove. It is well named, for its chief feature is the fine row of big maples which line its main street. Beyond the southernmost village the road circles up a steep-sided and most picturesque little valley. The wood has been newly cut off to the south and clears the view straight down into the cool depths where two streams curve through some bits of meadow. One stream tumbles down from a wooded ravine that opens far back up toward the western mountains. It seemed a pretty spot to ramble in if one had time, but then, in Berkshire, one is never far from these attractive nooks wherever he happens to be.

Aside from the jottings in this article, both North Adams and Adams have partial treatment in the series entitled "Rides About the County."

THE RIDES ABOUT THE COUNTY

WINDSOR JAMS, SAVOY, FLORIDA

When the pictorial treatment of Northern Berkshire was first under consideration it was thought that an extended series of winter pictures would be strikingly unique and interesting. To carry out this plan I as artist, started from the Connecticut valley, in a sleigh equipped for a several-weeks' absence. The day before had been snowy and this day, was windy. My route was, for the most part, through uphill woodland.



LOOKING TOWARD GREYLOCK FROM STAMFORD, VT.



THE SOUTHERN VALLEY FROM CLARKSBURG

road was drifted clear across to the tops of the fences. I pushed on till my horse was in so deep she could not move, when I concluded it was time to turn back. This was accomplished by unhitching the horse, stamping a path for her and then dragging out the sleigh by main force.

(Continued on page 73.)



A CLARKSBURG CEMETERY

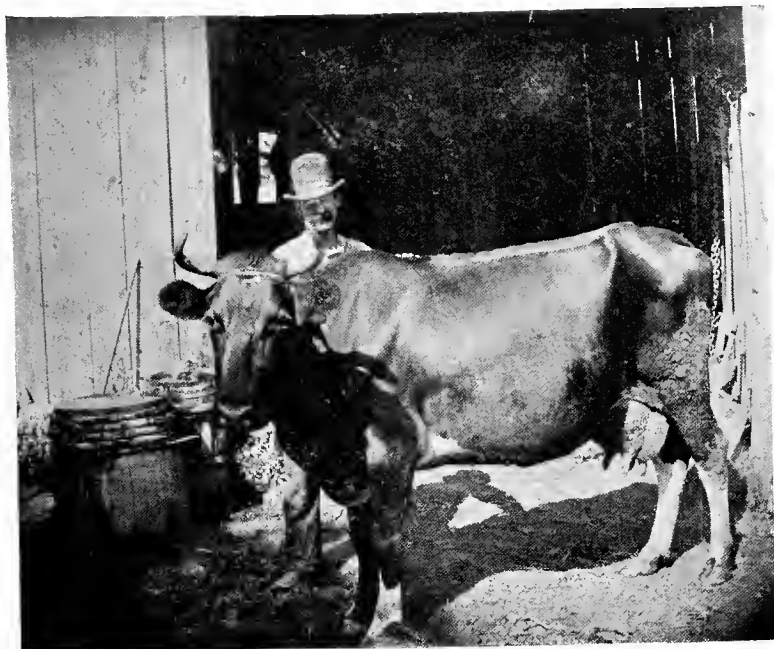
In the opens I caught dashes of the breeze and saw little winrows of snow ranging along over exposed knolls, but this was slight preparation for the state of things on the first high hill-top on the borders of Chesterfield. The wind was there a furious gale and the



RED BRIDGE POND



A SUMMER MORNING



HIS FAVORITE COW — PET HOLSTEIN

THE PET HOLSTEIN

Princess of the Low Countrie,
Turn your handsome, dusky face;
Tell me how you came to be
Far from all your race

Live your kin, remote or near,
In the land of dyke and dune,—
Windmills whirr and skies are clear,
Clacks the wooden shoon.



RED BRIDGE



DICKERSON

PASTURES AND HILLS BETWEEN NORTH ADAMS AND ADAMS



ON THE ROAD TO ADAMS



THE MAIN STREET IN ZYLONITE



ZYLONITE CHAPEL

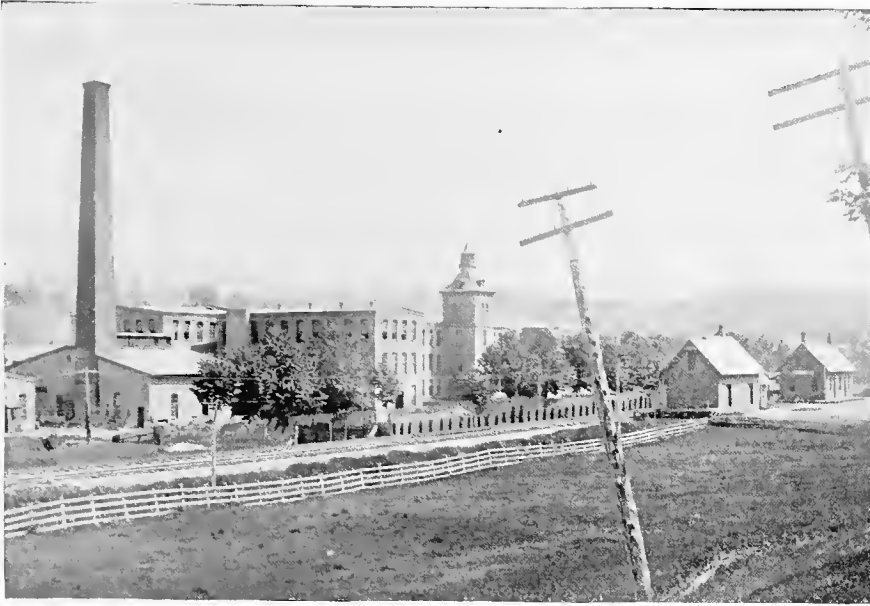
In your wide ancestral halls,
Blooms the rose at pane and door;
Snowy lace the curtains fall,
White the sanded floor.

Surely you do not belong
In this home of low degree.—
With its roof not half so long
As your pedigree?

Then the farmer sings her praise,
Boasts her wondrous yield of milk,
Praises all her gentle ways,
Strokes her coat of silk.

And the good cow never stirs,
Chews her cud quite placidly;
Royal ancestry is hers,
Yet content is she.

LAURA SANDERSON.



RENFREW MILLS

I went back six or eight miles and tried the Goshen road. All went well till I came within sight of the hill-top houses. There the hurricane and drifting snows held full sway and were savage enough to turn the sleigh over several times and shoot its contents out into the drifts. Chance brought along a friendly farmer and with his assistance I pulled through to the hotel. The next day travel was entirely suspended in those parts and I made friends with the sitting-room stove at the hotel and talked about the weather and the roads with such individuals as happened in. It was their unanimous opinion that I had better go home, that my undertaking bordered too close on hardship and the impossible. I accepted this advice and the following day, at noon, when the drifts had been rudely channeled, I departed. The winter was an unusually snowy one and the roads much worse drifted than usual, or the trip would not have been cut so short. As it was, Picturesque Berkshire had to content itself, as far as winter is concerned, with picturing



A STREET IN RENFREW



AN ADAMS SCHOOL BUILDING

some of the snowy aspects of town scenery as it is to be noted in Pittsfield and Williamstown.

The spring was a backward one and even in the valleys the snow long lingered. It was the last week in April when I again started. A buckboard was substituted for the sleigh and I had an artist friend for company. For some miles the roads were hard and even dusty, but we found Goshen hill sadly muddy and not yet free from shreds of winter's snowy garments.

We followed up the Cummington valley, and cool evening was settling down when we crossed the Berkshire line and began to look for a stopping place for the night. A farmer at Allenville accommodated us, and after a substantial supper we drew up about the kitchen stove with the family, including two dogs and an equal number of cats, and chatted away the evening. Just before bedtime, when we looked out of doors we noted that the moon was encircled by a hazy halo, and we retired with premonitions of a rainy to-morrow.

Sure enough, it began to mist at daybreak and by breakfast time it rained heavily. We staid indoors and read the local papers and thus learned what a good many people we had never heard of before were doing and something of



AN OLD FARM ON THE OUTSKIRTS



DRY BROOK



BUILDINGS ON UPPER PARK STREET

the short-comings of each paper's contemporaries. We also studied the pictures and mottoes on the walls and perused a county gazetteer. About the time we had exhausted these sources of entertainment the weather showed signs of clearing, and under the guidance of a young man of the house we visited the famous Windsor Jams. On the way we stopped at a busy sawmill. It was like a thousand others scattered along the streams among the hills,—low, spreading and unpainted, with an acre or so of log-piles about it. Within the circular saws were humming, a big beech log was being sliced into boards, and a quantity of short sections of spruce was being converted into barrel staves. It was astonishing how fast this barrel material was turned out.

To get to the Jams we followed the mill raceway back among the pastures and entered the woods. Here the snow lay in drifts and patches and there were places where it was fair sledging. The woods were all adrip with moisture, and if one chanced to jar a tree he passed under he brought a shower of water drops down on himself. Under foot the ground was soaked, too, and we had to fish our way very guardedly in the more boggy spots. We crossed a rude bridge which, on account of the rain, was half inundated. Our guide wore rubber boots and he slopped through the thin streams, sliding over the planks without hesitation. We followed with no more mishap than having a little water slide into our shoes. The woods here were very fine—tall, clean-trunked beeches and maples, mostly, with scattered groups of evergreens. To the beech bushes and the lower limbs of the full-grown trees clung withered fringes of last year's leaves, and they looked very ghostly among the somber tones surrounding.

We crossed a second bridge, climbed a rough hill and crept along the verge of the wooded precipice which, with the steep crags opposite, walls in the wild ravine. In the depths, hemmed in by the irregular, moss-grown cliffs and overhung by the scraggy trees that look almost as aged as the rocks themselves, is the roaring, foaming stream. I wanted to get a photograph from below and the guide and I essayed a descent. We slipped down the bank, clutching at convenient tree-trunks and branches, standing, sitting, creeping, as circumstances demanded. Everywhere were dead stumps, moss, rotting leaves and wetness, and the going down was no pleasure trip.

The torrent nearly filled the glen. Now and then a great boulder broke the stream and snow and ice jams lingered along the banks. As my guide was crossing one of the latter it collapsed and he made a sudden descent into the water. Luckily it did not come above his boot-tops. The stream tumbles through this rocky channel for a half-mile or more, and we climbed along the banks as far as the upper end before we turned back. It was not possible to keep along the bed of the stream, as is sometimes done in the low water of midsummer. Even then it is considered quite an adventure to make one's way clear through from end to end.

By the time dinner was eaten, the clouds were so shredded with blue sky we thought it safe to start. The little hamlet where we had spent the night was almost at once cut from sight by the turns of the half-wooded road which followed up the crooked ravine. We passed many little farmhouses on the way to Savoy Hollow, but most of them were deserted and with the run-down, faded fields about, all on the lifeless edge of spring, looked uncommonly forlorn. It was beautiful, too, and must be particularly charming in blossom time when

GREYLOCK

FRONTISPIECE ILLUSTRATION

Who fitly can declare
The glory and the value to mankind
Of the great hills that rear
Above the bustle of the busy plain,
Above the want, and sorrow, and doubt, and sin,
Above the struggle of toiling hand and brain,
The infinite consolations of their calm?
Round all the earth, down all the hollow years,
Since Israel's king lifted his weary eyes
To their eternal strength, and sought the balm
Of their sweet quiet,—yea, to this our day,
Shall men resort where these great preachers rise;
The everlasting truths which hold the world



GREYLOCK, FROM ADAMS

Teaching, in wordless sermon and silent psalm!
Come here where Greylock rolls
Itself towards heaven; in these deep silences,
World-worn and fretted souls
Bathe and be clean! Cares drift like mists away.
Reformers, hurrying the Millennium's dawn,—
Urging to-morrow's blossom to bloom to-day,—
Here gird your baffled, warring minds anew
With God's enduring patience! Linger here
When through light leaves the west wind whispering goes,
When summer's breath the warm pine filters through,
When tempests strike and shines against these sides
When terrible in its inaccessible snows,—
You who would learn the secret of the hills,
God give you grace to know it, and hold it true!

JULIA TAFT BAYNE.

the thickets of mossy and neglected old apple trees are in bloom.

The afternoon was only half-way pleasant. At times threatening clouds would gather and throw the earth into gloomy shadow, and then the warm sunlight would break free and flood the landscape. We found Savoy Hollow to be a wide vale flanked by high hills darkly wooded, with evergreens in places, and, again, with grayer forests, showing here and there wide patches of desolation where the choppers had recently been. A little stream makes a swift winding way through the low meadow land, and a village with two little white churches has its place where the valley narrows northward. The most striking buildings of the village were the old hotel with its quaint pillared front and a big, brown farmhouse which in its day was plainly a very pretentious mansion. Its sagging, two-story portico caught the eye, as did the remnants of old-style wooden ornaments along the eaves and about the windows. Indoors, the antique hall and best rooms and fireplaces have still much of their old-time flavor, and are well worth a visit.

The hills grew wilder as we went on, and the road rougher and more muddy. The horse could do little but plod, and in the worst places we got out and walked. At length we came into a lonely clearing in a spruce wood. In the midst of this rough acre was the town-house. Some one was shingling the roof; otherwise we might have thought it forsaken. It is so much the habit of the larger valley towns to choose their pleasantest sites for public buildings that this situation seemed unaccountable. The reason for it, so we were told, was that the villages of the township were none of them large and none central, and the placing of the town hall was a compromise.

Some distance beyond we began the ascent of a steep hill and half way up came upon Savoy Centre. It seemed a joke to call it the center of anything, for there were only two or three houses there and a school-house a quarter-mile down the western road, but the title is inherited and had some logic in it in the early days of the town. We hitched our horse to the wheel of a wagon standing in a farmer's yard, and climbed a steep hillside to get a view of Greylock, which we were promised could be had from there. We panted slowly upward through the drifted snow patches intermitting with the faded grass, and once on top sat down on one of the numerous boulders strewn about, and looked into the west. Across a wide valley rose some low hills and beyond their even horizon line there floated in the air the giant form of Greylock. It was distinct in color from everything surrounding and seemed in its gray blueness as much a part of the sky as of the earth. A tiny tower marked the highest summit. This tower has no interest as a matter of beauty, but

it was always mentioned in connection with Greylock by the people we spoke to along the way about the mountain. Indeed, we sometimes questioned if they did not think the tower more important than the mountain itself.

When we returned to the wagon we kept on in our course northward. The road did not lack the muddy features of those we had been getting accustomed to, but, as well, was generously supplied with snow patches. In wooded places these were quite extended, and at one spot, just off the road in an orchard, the snow piled well up into the apple-tree branches. The farms were few and far between, and in the whole afternoon's travel we met only one or two teams. It was remarkable in some places how subdivided the clearings were by stone walls, and it seemed to me it made the farms



THE L. L. BROWN MILL



AFTER THE BLIZZARD

look strangely foreign. At nearly every place we passed, a dog or two came out in front of the house to look at us, and in the main were very solemn and gentlemanly about it. They were a particularly wholesome, fine looking lot of dogs, I thought, and had many points in their favor as compared with the town and valley dogs. There were frequent twinklings of red sap buckets among the maple thickets along the way, but the season was nearly over and not much seemed to be going on about the rude little sugarhouses. Toward evening we passed the little Union church with its long line of horse sheds and adjoining school, and when the darkness began to deepen we commenced the descent of a long hill, with a magnificent valley view before us. Half way down was a picturesque group of farm buildings, and there we applied for shelter. The



A LOOK TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS

woman of the house was willing to take us in if the man at the barn was. I crossed the road to the building indicated, opened a door and entered a shed. I could discern a second door before me. It was open and within was pitchy darkness. This was discouraging, but from the blackness came the sound of milk streaming into a pail, and I ventured a salutation. When I asked for lodging the man hesitated to say "yes" to a stranger whom he had not even a sight of, but after some conversation and



FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH



CENTER STREET AND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH



ENTERING ADAMS FROM THE NORTH



CENTRE STREET BLOCKS



EPISCOPAL CHURCH

serious consideration he said he would attend to us when he finished milking. In time we got in out of the chilly night air and drew up by the briskly burning fire in the kitchen stove. We had maple syrup with our biscuit and butter for supper, that was so good I cannot forbear mentioning it. Indeed, at all the farmhouses I stopped the maple syrup seemed much thicker and more delicious than we get in the valley.



BAPTIST CHURCH



OLD QUAKER CHURCH

In the morning the first sounds were of some one stirring about the kitchen and a lone bird caroling out of doors. The sun shone clear in the east, but the air was very keen in the early day. The ground was frozen stiff and rocky and the snow was hard enough to walk on, and all the pools were glazed with ice. Everything, to the farthest distance, was sharply defined in the sparkling air. Our host pointed out the central shaft of the Hoosac tunnel far off across the valley where we could discern some stone work and curling wisps of smoke.

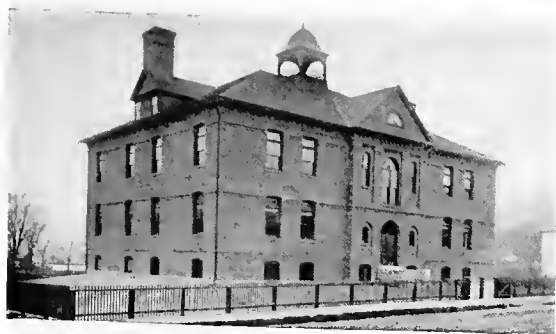
At eight we had hitched up and started. The way led down a rough, frozen road that would have shaken us up fully as much as was necessary even without the frequent thank-you-marms which broke its course. In places it was so icy it seemed best the horse should sit down and slide. We were fearsome she would take some less safe method of sliding, and at length concluded we had better insure ourselves against destruction by getting out and walking. We had no sooner reached the foot of the hill and crossed a little



METHODIST CHURCH



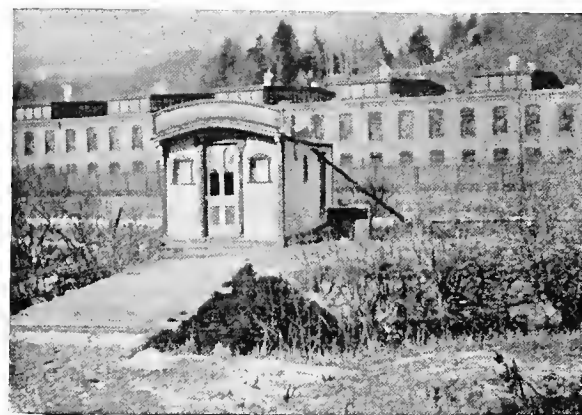
A MILL POND



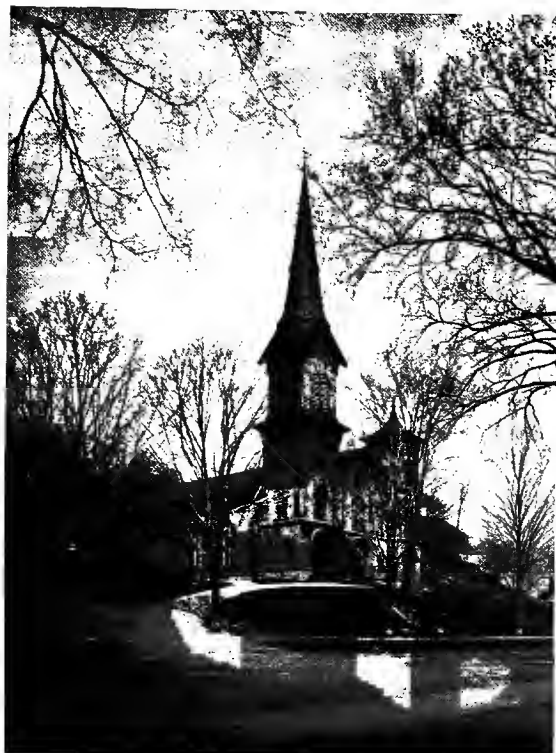
HOOSAC STREET SCHOOL-HOUSE



TOWN HALL



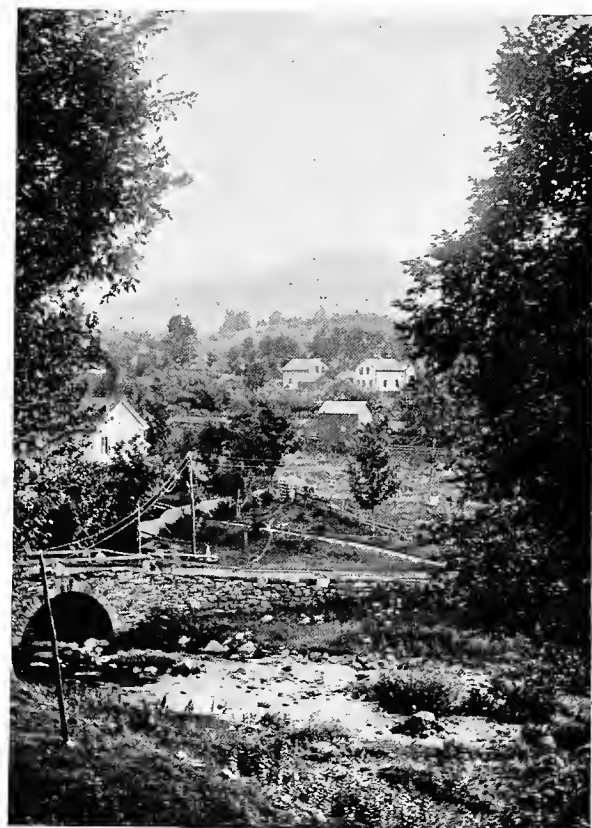
THE ONE-ARMED PHOTOGRAPHER'S DEN



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



SUSAN B. ANTHONY



A MAPLE GROVE VIEW

side. All along we had beautiful Swiss views into the southern valley, with a magnificent wooded mountain slope on its farther side.

At length we came to a spot in the road where an extensive snowdrift still held forth. In the midst of this we had to make a turn on to a side road, and that turn was in the nature of the apex of a sharply pointed wedge, with not the least sign of relief in the way of a rounded corner. We studied the matter while the horse stopped and went to sleep, but the solution of the difficulty by any natural method was too much for us. We alighted; my companion woke the horse and engineered her while I lifted around the back end of the vehicle.



PARK STREET

bridge that spanned a swift stream, then the road began to ascend rather more steeply, if anything, than it had come down. It was necessary to make frequent stops to rest the horse until we came to milder territory, where the road turned eastward and skirted the hillside. By the wayside here was a small cemetery, barren and treeless and hemmed in by stone walls. It had not even picturesqueness in its decrepitude. Luckily this type of cemetery, which has neither tree, shrub nor vine to relieve its bareness, is not numerous.

When, a little later, our path began to descend we were astonished at the roadway drifts we encountered. They were channeled through, or we should have been shipwrecked in them, for they were five or six feet deep. The inhabitants calculated that the last of them would not disappear before June. The road led into a deep ravine where a picturesque, covered bridge spanned a little river. Beyond, it made a long ascent up and around a great, rocky pasture hill-



HILLSIDE HOMES



ST. CHARLES CATHOLIC CHURCH

We were shut in by a patch of woodland, but as soon as we left it we were among brown fields again and on ahead was a little village. It was Florida—just two or three houses and a mite of a church on a great hill. In all our journeying about the township I looked in vain for aught that would give reason for its name, unless it was oppositeness, just as school children will sometimes nickname a very fat fellow "Sliver." But if Florida lacks flowers, it has some wonderful views, and there is perhaps no town in the county more interesting to make a circuit of in a drive. Immediately beyond the church the road dips sharply east and north, and you look down into a beautiful, great valley, beyond which are immense blue hills rising one after the other and rolling away to the horizon. In the deepest depths of the hollow we caught glimpses of the Deerfield river, saw tiny trains creeping along their sinuous tracks, and heard the faint whistling of the engines. The railroad seemed an invader and lent the scene an



MAPLE GROVE



ADAMS—A ROAD ON THE EASTERN HILL



THE SOUTHERN OUTSKIRTS OF MAPLE GROVE

air of mysterious strangeness. Indeed, the rough vastness of the region gave one the feeling that it should naturally be an unbroken solitude, entirely given over to its native wildness.

The road skirted the hillside and the views were very fine all along. At length we came to the old stage road over the mountain and began a steep ascent. Three lines of telegraph poles straggling along the way gave it quite a metropolitan air. Toward the crest of the rise the road went through a rough and horribly muddy pasture to avoid the snowdrifts with which the main highway was blocked. We had been through mud a-plenty before, but nothing like this. The pasture was a waste of soggy moss through which many wheels had ploughed a wide, black track of deep, sticky mud. I walked. My companion drove along the trail of his predecessors and nearly disappeared, horse



MAPLE GROVE—THE SCHOOL BUILDING



ON THE WINDSOR ROAD—A CHOPPER'S LUNCH



WINDSOR—SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE WINDSOR HILLS



TESTING BOW AND ARROW



WINTER—ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL



A ROADSIDE COMPANION

and all. Then he tried the mossy borders, and, though the wheels cut in less deeply, the vehicle pitched about so violently over the rough hillocks that I begged him to get back into the mud again. We were thankful when we came once more to comparative terra firma on the main road, and there we gave our panting horse a rest. In time, progress over the rolling, half-wooded

mountain top brought us to a spot where the blue western valley opened before us. Here the telegraph poles left the road and pitched straight down through a narrow and brushy clearing into the valley. On a grassy knoll here we ate our lunch, while the horse investigated a bag of meal by the roadside. It was a wonderful down-look. The great valley basin sweeping away to the great hills westward, the tiny farm buildings dotting the fields at the foot of the slope, and, in the lowest level, North Adams' outreaching streets and



WINDSOR POND



THE OLD CLEVELAND HOUSE



BENEFICIARIES OF THE FRESH AIR FUND



WINDSOR POST OFFICE

dwellings veiled in the smoke of its chimneys, combined to make a scene of impressive beauty. Greylock's serrated ridge loomed up vast to the south, but, unhappily, was nearly hidden from this point of view by a fringe of birch woods.

The steep, downward plunging road brought us after a little to a sharp turn, where we emerged from the woods and had the monarch range of Greylock straight before us. It was a very clear but mellow day and the outlooks from the long loops of the roadway as it zigzagged down the mountain side were delightful. I felt sure a ride over the mountain on the outside of one of the old coaches must have been a great treat.



SUNSET IN HAYING TIME

were touches of green along the water courses and on protected southern slopes.

I ate my lunch on the square before



ARRIVAL OF A FRESH AIR BOY

a deserted log house. The windows were gone, so I looked in. The cracks between the logs were chinked with mortar and the interior was divided into four little board-partitioned rooms.

As I went on I began to get glimpses of a big white church with a handful of houses about it on the great, bare hill-top southward. The spring was late and the fields were, for the most part, brown and withered, but there



PRIMITIVE FARM BUILDINGS

PERU, HINSDALE, DALTON, BERKSHIRE

On the warm, bright morning of May eleventh I was toiling up the roundabout hill road from Cummington to Peru. Now it led through the woods, and now across pasture fields. The farmhouses I passed were few and far between, and some of these were deserted. At other spots where houses had been were only a dilapidated barn or two left, or perhaps a pair of broken chimneys and a cellar hole. I passed a stone school-house where the children were out at recess and, in a ragged, half-treed district beyond, found



A BROOK IN SPRING



EARLY SPRING



AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE



WINDSOR HILL



SAWMILL — EAST WINDSOR

Peru church. A small boy and a small girl came from a near house to investigate. They were particularly interested in the horse's nose-bag, out of which it was eating. But after they settled to their satisfaction what it was for and what I was there for and what my camera was good for, they went back to the shadow of their house and played get dinner with a small table and a set of little dishes.



THE ROAD NEAR THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

Three men were plastering the weather-worn horse sheds with flaming circus bills. The leader of the trio wore a stovepipe hat and a linen duster. I wondered whether they had to get permission before putting up the bills. The custom of decorating country horse sheds is a common one among circus people, but the attitude of the members of these same churches toward the circus is so doubtful that they will seldom go to see more than the street parade. This use of the horse sheds seems therefore out of harmony.

You can hardly mention Peru to any one without their informing you that the rain which falls on one side of the roof of Peru church finds its way to the Housatonic river, and that which falls on the other side to the Connecticut. Everybody who writes of Peru tells the same story, and, in accord with this time-honored custom, I have told it, too. Another interesting point is the fact that this is the highest village in New England, it being 2,200 feet above the level of the sea.

At present it is but a scattered congregation which gathers at the old church, but in the palmy days of a half-century ago this was one of the largest assemblages in the county. When meeting time drew near, the vehicles came in platoons from every approaching road and the church was crowded to the doors. The



THE CHURCH



LOOKING NORTH TOWARD WINDSOR CHURCH



THE STREAM BELOW EAST WINDSOR



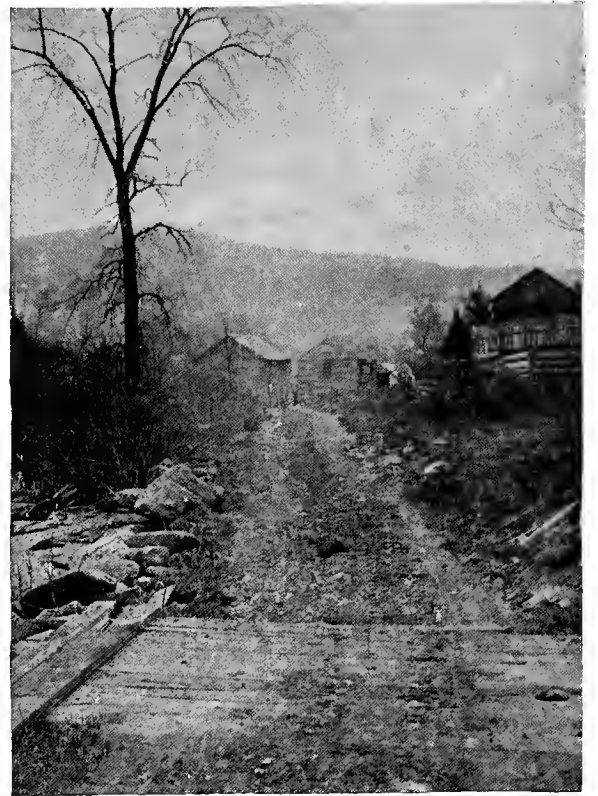
"IN THE BUSH"—DISTILLING OIL FROM SPRUCE

minister, too, was one of the leading lights of the county and received as large a salary as any preacher in Pittsfield.

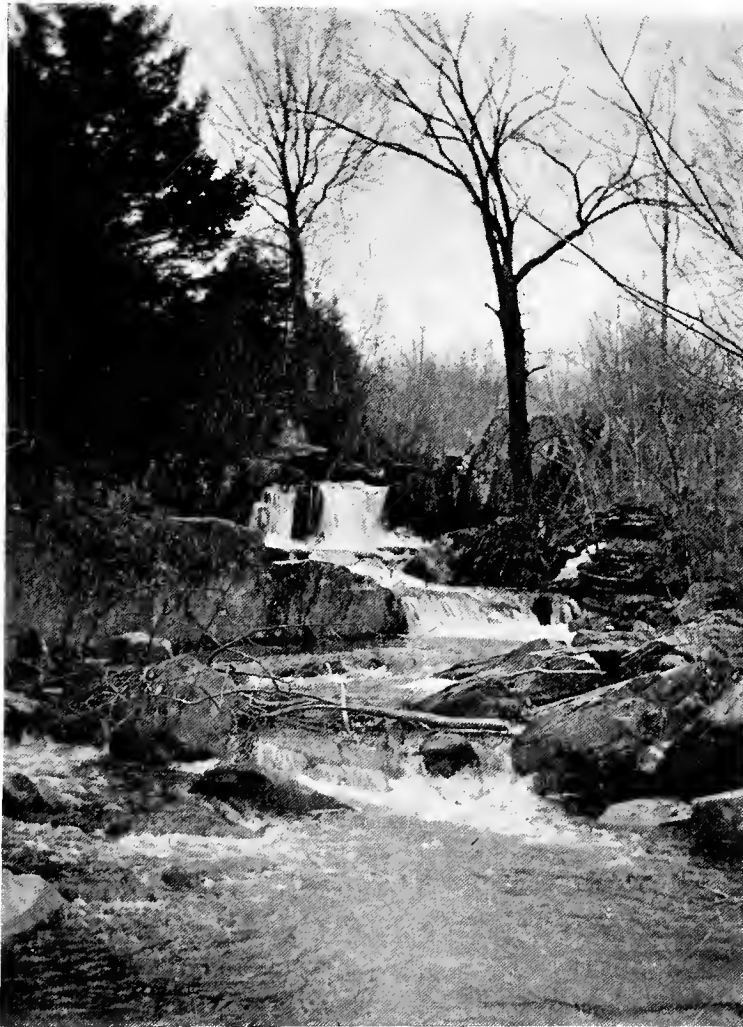
I took the Hinsdale road and half way down the western hill stopped to get a picture of the old Ford mansion. The dwelling was a large one of the dignified and handsome architecture of seventy-five

years ago, screened on its hillside terrace by a fine group of trees. It was a pity to see it so warped and decayed and broken-windowed. From here there was a fine view of the western valley where lay Ashmere reservoir with its prettily irregular shores spreading its blue mirror at the foot of the slope.

By the time I was fairly down the hill I was in the borders of the pleasant village of Hinsdale. It is in reality a good-sized town with its center near the railroad station and reaching out its scattered suburbs over the mild hills near, and in frequent groups along the stream on the way to Dalton. Its homes are comfortable and neat in appearance and cheerful in surroundings. Down the pleasantly picturesque valley on the Dalton road



DOWN THE ROAD



A BROOK AT EAST WINDSOR



WAHCONAH FALLS—II



WAHCONAH FALLS—I



EAST WINDSOR



PERU — THE PLACE OF A FARMHOUSE



PERU VILLAGE, FROM THE NORTH

on. When nearly out of sight I heard him calling after me, and stopped to find out what the trouble was. He wanted to know if he had broken the glass. It is curious, but no one who saw my camera could refrain from some reference to breaking the glass, any more than those acquainted with Peru could refrain from telling where the water which fell on the roof went to. I thought this boy was going to prove an exception to the rule, but to my sorrow found I was mistaken.

Dalton lies well down in the valley, in part along the stream and in part along high adjoining terraces. It is an eminently thrifty place, notable for the several big mills, fine, modern public buildings and numbers of comfortable and even costly homes. Of the mills those of ex-Lieutenant Governor Weston and of Z. and W. M. Crane, paper manufacturers, have an especially wide and enviable reputation. For many of its good things the town is deeply indebted to those public-spirited citizens.

Above the Crane mill is a beautiful reservoir half surrounded by the amphitheatre of a wooded hillside. The mill itself is a large, handsome structure on a meadow level with a pleasant profusion of trees about. If you drive up the



A DESERTED CABIN

are a number of large mills. One of these was naught but a windowless shell of gray stone walls. North of it stood a dreary looking acre of fence frames that had once been in use, for hanging cloth on.

By the stream, above one of the mill villages, a boy was seated on a log fishing. He was having dull times there in the sun, I thought, and he acknowledged that he wasn't having much luck. However, he said another boy caught a two-pound trout there in the morning, and he was laying for a mate to it. I made his picture and drove



SUNDAY SCHOOL



THE END OF RECESS



AN OLD-TIME RESIDENCE ON THE WESTERN ROADWAY



PERU CENTRE

slight hill past the mill you come into a wonderland of pretty lawns, and curving streams crossed by rustic bridges. Beyond, where the gravel paths converge, is a beautiful stone mansion, like a fine manor house in an English park.

From here I went on toward Berkshire up a level, monotonous road hedged in by bushy, new-grown woods. As I approached the village the road dropped down a hill and here were little brown houses with narrow yards around them and potato patches at the sides and, in the north, Greylock loomed up in handsome outline.



THE STORE ON PERU HILL



HER OWN HEN

The highway led along the borders of a fine, smooth pond, across which, to the east, was a handsome mountain ridge. On ahead were houses and a green hill and beyond that some heavy chimneys rose, from which curled up black smoke clouds.

After I had found lodging and had eaten supper, I walked up over the hill to the big, red-painted huddle of build-

ings belonging to the glass company. Around them are many heaps of various-colored slag and broken glass. Within, at this time, all was vacant and gloomy except at the furnace where the fiery eyes of the imperfectly closed doors were glowing. On a bench, just outside the door, sat a man smoking a pipe, who went in at intervals to take a look at the furnace. He said that in the morning, sometime between midnight and dawn, they would begin glass blowing.

In a building below I witnessed the process of casting glass for heavy, opaque windows or roofing. When I had fairly got into the gloomy depths of the structure a man accosted me and then drew nearer.

"I came near thinking you were some one else," he said.

"Well," I replied, "perhaps I am some one else — I never was here before."

"So ye are," said he, taking a closer look, and added to a friend, "I thought it was Pat Hurlihy, sure."

As I was not acquainted with Mr. Hurlihy I did not know whether to feel flattered by this mistake in identity or not. But now, along came three men bearing a big pot of molten glass. They poured the

glowing fluid on a long, iron table and other men ran a heavy roller over it. Next a man with a long, iron lance cut off the ragged end and slipped the blade of his instrument under the limp sheet to loosen it. Then it was slid off on a second table and pushed from that into an oven and kept there seven days tempering. I took a look into the fiery furnace whence they dipped the glass, but it was so hot and dazzling I did not fancy getting very near. The dim, high-raftered place with its strong contrasts of light and shade made a striking and weird sight.

The next day opened hot and clear, and the dews and mists of the night were soon dissipated. Two strolling musicians were in town. One had a bagpipe with its long droning monotone and medley of short notes, and the other produced more lively melody on a fife. They had probably spent the night in some cranny at the furnace, as I was told tramps frequently did. On the pond a handsome flock of speckled geese and a brace of mottled ducks were paddling about. They looked very pretty when they pad-



A HOME CORNER

dled along in mid pond, and very ridiculous when they came in shore and keeled up with their heads out of sight, and I suppose grubbing in the mud below. After breakfast I drove up the long western hill, through the fields and some patches of fine woodland toward Lanesboro.

LANESBORO, NEW ASHFORD, SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN, HANCOCK

After the long ascent from the Berkshire side, the hill, at the base of which lies Lanesboro, dips steeply into a long valley. On the lowest level are broad meadow lands, through which wanders a stream of the most crystal clear water imaginable. The village strings along the base of the



PERU CEMETERY



THE VIEW FROM SNAKE HILL



THE OLD FORD MANSION



OLD HOUSES ON THE WAY TO HINSDALE

eastern hill, while scattered farmhouses dot the slope across the meadow. The homes looking from beneath the elms and maples appeared pleasant and well kept, and the region as a whole seemed uncommonly fertile and thrifty. This effect is counteracted to a degree by the vacant cones of two charcoal kilns in the meadow and by a silent, towering iron furnace in the middle of the settlement.

Special interest attaches to Lanesboro as being the birthplace of the famous humorist "Josh Billings." His real name was Henry W. Shaw, and the old Shaw homestead, where he passed his early years, still looks down from its position on a

high plateau of the western hill. It is a large, substantial building with a wing on either side and many outbuildings.

Josh Billings is remembered as a reticent boy who cared little about the companionship of other boys, but preferred to go around by himself. His father was the richest and most prominent man in the village. Indeed, Squire Shaw's reputation was national. He was a man of marked ability, knew more theology than the minister, and more law than nine-tenths of the lawyers, and



HOUSEKEEPING ON THE LAWN

the town always elected him to the Legislature when he wanted to go. In Boston, if his support was gained for a measure, that measure was considered as good as passed. He was a forcible speaker, and he could shed tears and work on the feelings of his audience and be inside as cool as a cucumber. The squire frequently came down to the store where the post office was and sat for an hour or more to talk politics. The villagers were always glad to listen,



A STRANGE TEAM ON PERU COMMON



CAUSEWAY AT THE ASHMORE RESERVOIR



LOOKING DOWN PLUNKETT STREET



HINSDALE, FROM THE EAST



BRIDGE BELOW HINSDALE BROTHERS' MILL

for there was wisdom and depth to what he said. He would have made a far greater reputation had he not loved money better than political honors and given business precedence. In his younger days he was a democrat, but later became an ardent Clay man, and it was understood that had Clay been elected to the presidency, Squire Shaw was to have been his secretary of state.



HINSDALE—NEAR THE STATION



A VILLAGE ROADWAY



THE PARRISH MILL



HINSDALE OUTSKIRTS

York and his lecture tours, he still made Lanesboro his summer home. He boarded at the hotel and liked to sit around and talk to such listeners as gathered. Once in awhile he would go fishing, but he did not like to exert

himself much. He had not been brought up to habits of systematic work and was physically lazy. In figure he was a broad-framed man, over six feet tall, spare, bony and round shouldered. After he began to write he let his hair grow long and cultivated oddity. He was a keen judge of character and in his humor was not a little thought and wisdom.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



THE TOWN HALL



MAPLE STREET, LOOKING WEST



SUMMIT OF WARNER HILL

It was his desire that he should be buried in the Lanesboro cemetery, and that his grave should be marked by a block in the rough from the marble quarry in the town, on which there should be simply his and his wife's names. When he died the Lanesboro quarries were no longer worked, and a great, rough boulder was brought from Pittsfield. There it is, halfway up the hillside in the neatly kept cemetery among the village homes.

Not far from this stone is one of the old table monuments, beneath which rests the body of Johnathan Smith, a man who wielded great influence in the last century in helping establish the republic. I deciphered and noted down the ancient lettering on the marble slab. It reads thus:

In Memory of Mrs Esther Smith
Consort of Col. Johnathan Smith
Who departed this life
June the 12th
1797 in the 53d year of her age.
also
Of Col. Johnathan Smith
Who died Sept. the 9th
1802,
In the 62d year of his age.
When you pass by remember me,



RAYMOND'S BLOCK



BERKSHIRE KENNELS



A GAME OF MARBLES



MAPLE STREET, LOOKING EAST



THE MONROE EMMONS HOUSE



LOOKING INTO THE VILLAGE FROM THE STONE DAM



A FAMILIAR FIGURE



CATHOLIC CHURCH

*As you are now so once I was,
As I am now so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me.*

I went up the pleasant Lanesboro valley over an increasingly steep road. The neighboring hill ranges became higher and more rugged and tumbled, and held in their hollows many beautiful but lonely little intervalles. When I passed over the last rise and began to dip downward I had some fine mountains in view and in the midst of them, on an irregular terrace, I came upon the very picturesque little town of New Ashford. A small, white church marked the village center. Next it was a brown, unpainted school-house and as I passed the children looked up from their books and out of the open windows to discover who



THE LIBRARY



MOONLIGHT AT HINSDALE BROTHERS' DAM

was passing and his business. The farmhouses were scattered, and the adjoining fields and pastures were exceedingly hilly and the mountain slopes very near and steep. It is doubtful if there is a place in the county more interestingly varied in its scenery. Down the northern road is a white-stoned cemetery on a high knoll, and a little after you come upon a quaint, weather-worn little mill in a hollow, that has below it a deep, rock-walled ravine. It is well worth one's while to get out and clamber down the hillside for a look up at the tiny mill

perched far above with an attendant hemlock tree; and then into the deep, gloomy hollow whence come faint gleams of foamy waters.

The road pitches along down a fine, half-wooded valley that in time opens out wider and affords handsome views of the big hill ranges along the north. At South Williamstown I made a turn westerly and southward. The village by the stream which winds around the hillside is very pretty, and the mountain views on every hand are very charming. The place has a church, a hotel, a store and on a fine hill a great, vacant school building. Everything was very quiet, though I witnessed one incident which narrowly missed being striking in more senses than one. It



THE PLUNKETT RESIDENCE



THE LONE FISHERMAN



IN THE BUSINESS CENTER—HINSDALE



ROAD TO PLUNKETT'S RESERVOIR

was all about I was not near enough to guess, but, as I said, it came very near being striking.

Now I began to travel down the Hancock valley. The town is fifteen miles long and three wide, and lies between two mighty hill ranges. The road undulates along over the little side spurs that jut down into the valley from these hill ranges. On the top of every rise is a house and nearly every one made a

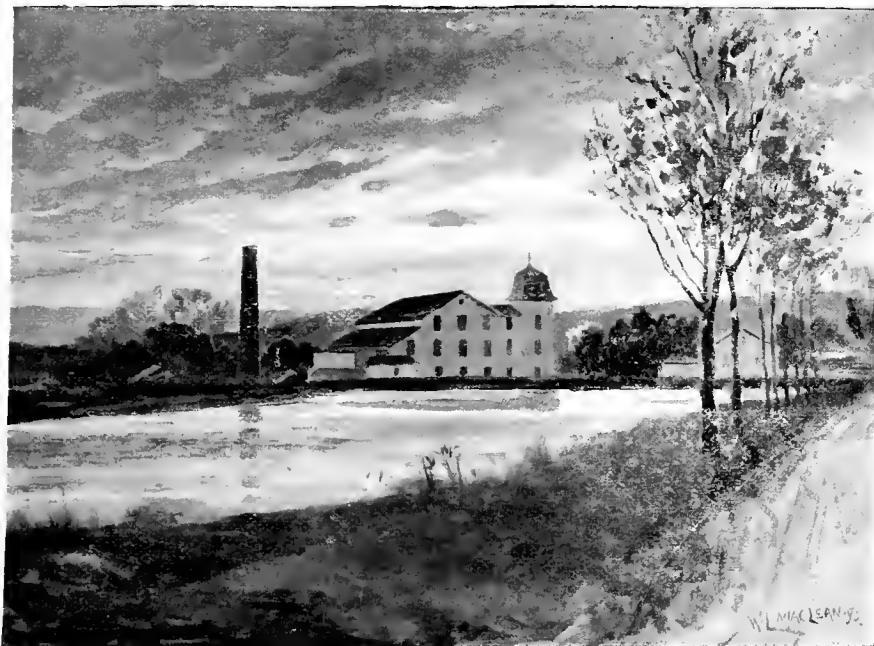


RUINS BELOW THE VILLAGE

was this. A small colored boy was playing about the door of one of the humbler homes. Suddenly and without warning a colored woman with a pipe in her mouth and a broom in her hand rushed violently out of the house door. She made some wrathful ejaculations and flourished the broom, while the small boy made haste to scamper down the road. What it



HINSDALE BROTHERS' MILL



THE KENFREW MILL



ENTERING JERICO



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—DALTON

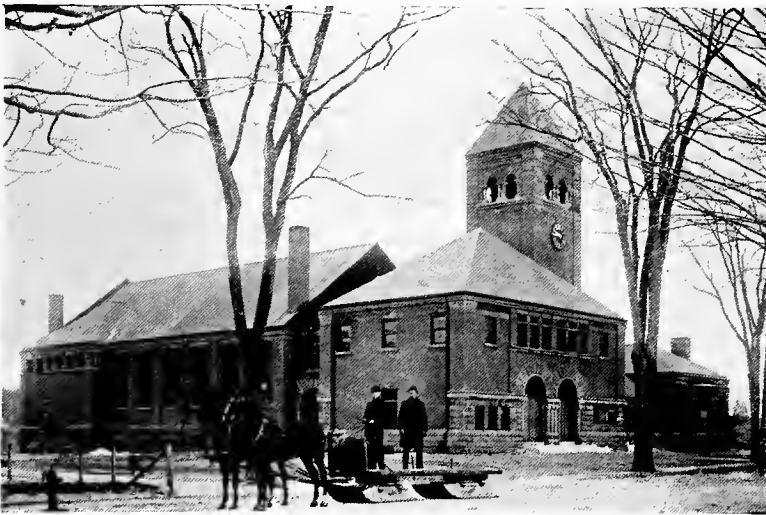


EVENING—DALTON, FROM DEPOT STREET

picture in contrast with the surrounding nature. It was a pretty piece of farming country. At the rear of some of the houses I noted there was a great kettle swung up from the ground on a rail. I was curious enough to ask what it was for, and learned they were made ready for the spring soap boiling.

The sun disappeared early behind the western ridge, though for hours its mellow light continued on the eastern slopes. I asked a man I overtook on a load of boards how far it was to Hancock Centre, but he said the town was so strung out 'twould be hard to tell where the center was. I persevered, however, and at length the valley took a westward turn and let in the sunlight on a little village. There on the level were a white church, a small stone mill and rows of little mill houses crowding close up to the sidewalk. Down the street the valley broadened out into a wide interval of mellow farming country.

I concluded to drive over to Lebanon Springs to spend the night. While jogging along a lonely stretch of road I was approached by a man riding a white



THE TOWN HALL



MAIN STREET ON THE "FLAT"

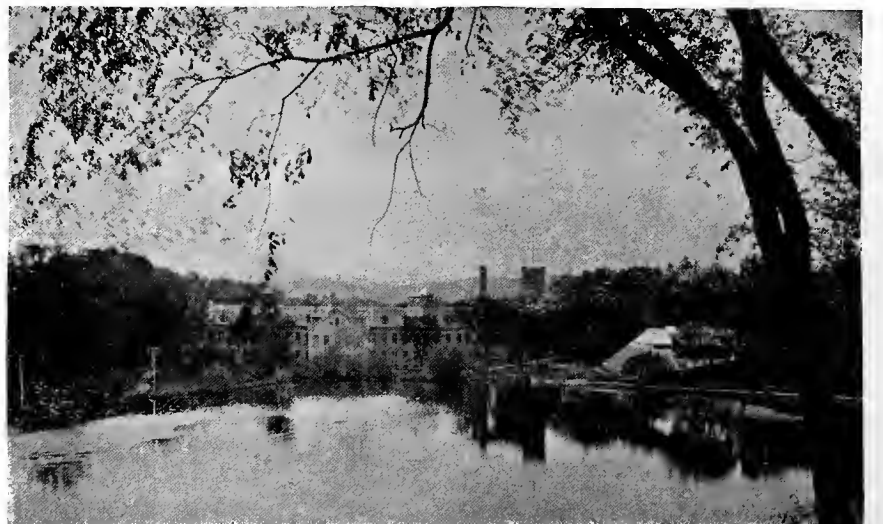
horse and leading a colt. My horse pricked up her ears and of a sudden made a violent jump to the side of the road. This sharp cramping with the suddenness of the stopping had like to have thrown me out. As it was I managed to keep my seat and clung to the reins. The harness had broken and the thills had shot above the horse's back in a most alarming manner. But the man on the white horse stopped, my horse quieted down a little and I got out and held her while he drove past. Then I mended the harness with some cord I carried and journeyed on once more.

THE BEGINNING OF SUMMER

On sloping hills the daisy blossoms show
Their harmony of blended sun and snow;
And from cool sweeps of meadow sweetly ring
The choral notes that joyous warblers sing.



THE HIGH SCHOOL



CRANE POND

"GREYLOCK OF GREYLOCK"

Deacon Hiram Brown, son of "Sweet Billy Brown" of Cheshire, born in the "Notch" in 1797, was a unique and admirable character, well worthy a page in local history. He reached a sweet and green old age of ninety-four years, and has lately been gathered to his fathers. His life was a checkered one, but marked by singular purity and philanthropy, and his earnestness and rare sweetness of character left their impress on his handsome countenance. Greylock mountain looks immediately down on his early home, from which circumstance and from his flowing white hair, he was known in the home of his declining years — Elmwood, Ill., — as "Greylock of Greylock." A good part of his life was spent in Cummington, Mass., where he was foremost in religious matters, and from 1845 to 1860 was the leading spirit in that region in the anti-slavery and anti-sectarian movements, for which Cummington was a rallying-point at that time. He was the intimate friend of Garrison, Phillips and Pillsbury, and Garrison pronounced his hospitable home "the greenest spot on all the Green mountains." As an off-hand speaker and debater, the hearer had no fear that he would blunder. He was quick of thought and sympathy, and by nature a leader. His grace of manner, native courtesy and ready wit, notwithstanding his entire lack of school education, opened wide all doors to him; but nothing could seduce him from the thorny path of the reformer. The following autobiographical sketch of his apprenticeship is given just as it fell from the old man's lips without a moment's previous notice to him:

"I was born in 'the Notch,' Cheshire, Mass., October 24, 1797, and am now nearing my ninety-fourth milestone. My father, William Brown, better known in Berkshire county history as 'Sweet Billy Brown,' failed in business, and there being a large family of us, I was apprenticed to Mr. Crane, paper maker of Dalton, 1809! I was then only twelve years old and remained until I was fourteen. I could not be spared from the mill to go to school.

"At Carson & Crane's I was employed as layboy, and after the firm dissolved, remained with Crane. Dalton then had one meeting-house and one store. I was small of my age and had to stand on a stool to reach my work. It was my part to take the sheets off the felts, when they came out of the press, and also to size the paper by dipping a half-quire at a time in



THE Z. AND W. M. CRANE MILLS



WINTER ON THE CRANE GROUNDS

a tub of thin glue, which I made from leather scrapings from the tanneries. The paper was then hung in a loft, surrounded by shutters, to dry. There were no rollers to calender the paper, but three or four girls inspected it and went over it with broad knives, scraping off the "nubs," and then it was pressed again, but not ruled. They made all kinds of writing paper and music paper, but the whole output was only about ten reams a day. The power for the beater was an overshot water wheel on the brook, and there was a splendid spring of pure soft water. The vat man dipped the pulp from the vat on to a screen, and shook it till it was in the right state to be turned over on the felt; and a great deal depended on the vat man's skill at his part of the work. We made good, honest paper and it was mostly sold in Albany. Peddlers brought in a large share of the rags, some of them smelling bad enough; but the best came

from the Shakers. These were mostly linen and were always clean and sweet.

"I lived in Mr. Crane's family, and had a lonesome, homesick time of it. Sundays, in the summer, I used to go off into the woods to cry. Once in a long while I walked across the hills to 'the Notch,' to the mingled joy and grief of my mother.

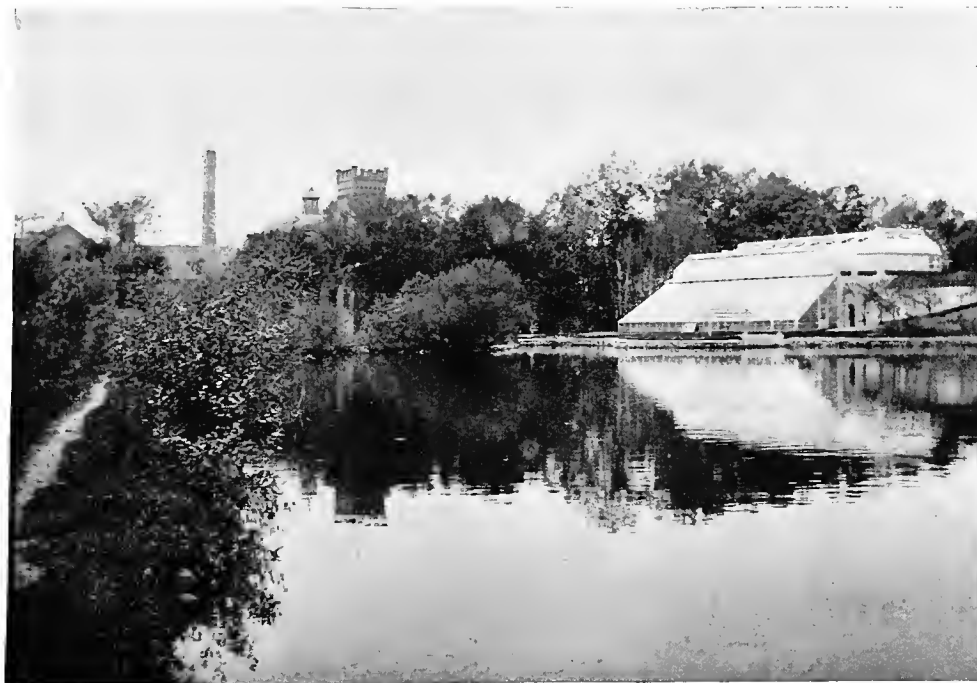
"The law of the state allowed apprentices to choose a new trade at the age of fourteen, and as my life in the paper mill had been a hard one, I changed and became a clothier. Even at Dalton there was always some fun or some kindness to lighten the time. The last of my old playfellows at 'the Notch,' my cousin, John Stafford (Stafford's Hill), has just passed away, and I stand like a lone, leafless tree on a bleak landscape. I have had many steep pitches to climb, and have made some sacrifices for freedom of mind, and the freedom of the slave, but, on the whole, life has been sweet and good, and this has been, and is still a good world to live in."

The following poem, written as a birthday song, and repeatedly sung on the anniversary by his neighbors, is the composition of his son, Edwin R. Brown, a native of Adams, now of Elmwood, Ill.:—

BIRTHDAY SONG — (Air: *Sally Horner*)

The man of Cheshire once was fresher,
Ere he grew so grey,
But, I'm thinking, while we're drinking
To his health to-day,—
Though the fire once burned higher,
In his youthful veins,
That his living and his giving
Bring him precious gains;

So we greet him as we meet him,
With a round of cheers,
Telling once again the story
Of the rolling years.
Pass him sweetly, years that fleetly
Glide his white head o'er,
And, for Greylock of old Greylock,
Bring your richest store.



SUMMER NEAR THE CRANES' MILLS



ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES—"PRIEST" JENNINGS' HOME



A RAINY DAY

Many sorrows left their furrows
On his frosty brow;
Many a pleasure, many a treasure
Cheered his heart, as now;
Smiling, weeping, true ways keeping,
In Truth's battle strong;
Living cleanly and serenely,
Life is sweet and long.

So we greet him, as we meet him, etc.

Swift the rolling years go bowling—
Who knows whence or where?
Ends, or middle, life's a riddle,
And a mystery rare.

But there's beauty, and there's duty
In this world of ours,
And their wooing and their doing
Grace the passing hours.

So we greet him, as we meet him, etc.

Sunset nearing, never fearing
Is the patriarch true,
Living longer, love grows stronger
Still from me and you.
Hands are grasping, arms are clasping—
Ready! you and I,
And to Greylock of old Greylock
Drink a bumper dry?

So we'll greet him, as we meet him, etc.



THE VILLAGE, FROM THE STREAM



CURTIS AVENUE



RESIDENCE OF ZENAS CRANE



THE CHAMBERLAIN HOUSE



RESIDENCE OF EX-LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR WESTON



ON THE ZENAS CRANE GROUNDS

There we began at once the ascent of a ragged ravine. A young growth of trees clothed its sides. Over its black, mossy rocks a little stream was making the steep downward descent in a series of silvery cascades. In the spongy, treacherous soil, among the trees of the stony banks of the ravine, many wild woodland flowers flourish, particularly wake-robin and the delicate little flower known from its peculiar shape as "Dutchman's Breeches." For half a mile or more we toiled up the steep mountain side. Then, all at once, we came into a little opening where lay a small lake. Here on the mountain top the



THE IRVING HOUSE

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

BERRY FOND, POTTER MOUNTAIN, CHESHIRE, WINDSOR

The sky had had a murky look the night before along the west when I drove into Lebanon Springs, and this morning, about breakfast time, it began to rain. I sat in the hotel office and read a Springfield *Republican* of the day before and listened to the tale of a traveling medicine man who had a shiny two-horse cart at the barn. Two other gentlemen came in and sat while they smoked a cigar apiece and settled it to their satisfaction that the world's fair was "the greatest beat out."

The rain did not fall very earnestly, and after a time some straggling beams of sunlight encouraged me to start. On the previous evening I had made the acquaintance of a young man, whom I overtook on the road, and gave a ride, and who had offered to pilot me up the mountain to a picturesque cascade he knew of. I called on him this morning and he and his brother went with me up a steep side road and across the pastures to the woods.



THE POND AT THE WESTON MILLS



WILLOWS - ZENAS CRANE GROUNDS



A VILLAGE VIEW - MAIN STREET



ON WEST MAIN STREET

wind was blowing a gale, and the waves on the little sheet of water ran into whitecaps that fiercely lashed the stony shore as they broke against it. The trees about were strangely twisted and misshapen, showing how windy a situation it was. Back on a low, bare ridge was an old cellar hole where once was a house, and there were traces of an old road winding down the steep hillside through the woods. It



THE OLD STONE MILL

seemed a wonder any one should think of building on such a bleak, desolate height and so inaccessible. But every hill-top had once its home, no matter how exposed or how toilsome the way to it.

At the edge of the pond lay two battered old boats filled with water, and I learned that fishermen sometimes resorted here to catch bullheads. The pond is one of the bottomless kind, but my companions said its reputation had been injured for them by soundings they had taken, which proved twelve feet to be its greatest depth. At the time A. T. Stewart's body was stolen, some years ago, a story appeared in a leading New York paper to the effect that four men, shortly after the theft, had been seen bearing a mysterious burden up this mountain side. On arrival at the pond they had gone out in a boat and lowered their heavy object into the water. The tale created considerable excitement till it was traced back to a man whose reputation as a romancer was such that the story was immediately discounted about one hundred per cent.

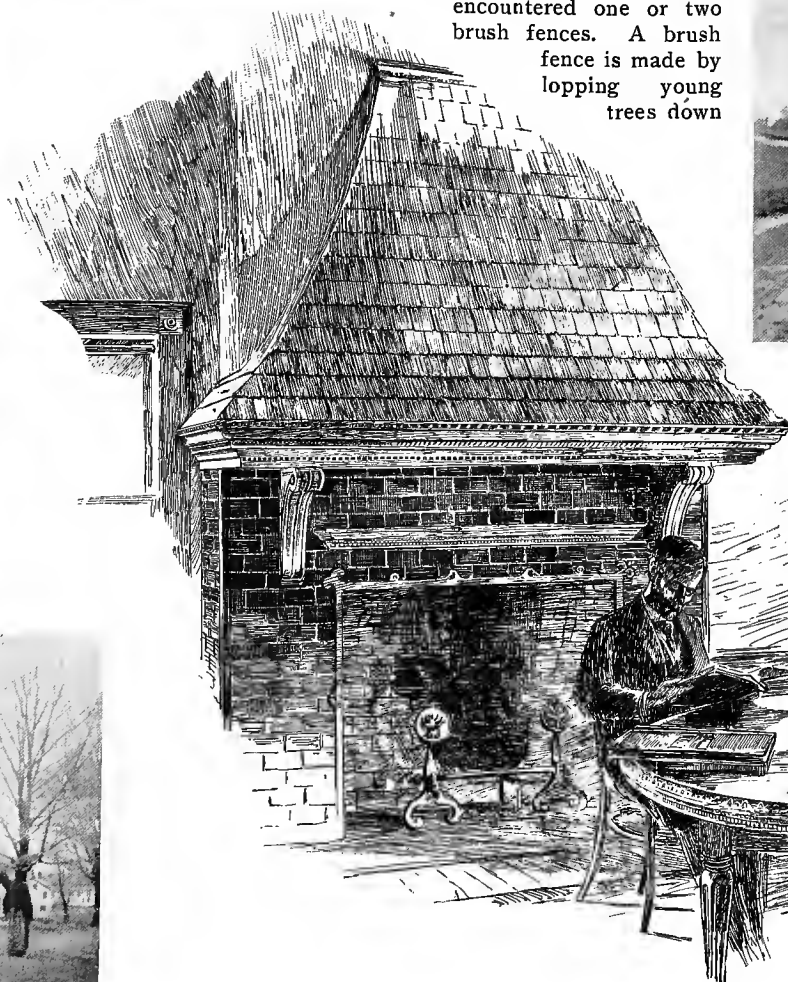
We followed the faintly marked old road in going down the mountain, and thereby encountered one or two brush fences. A brush fence is made by lopping young trees down



IN DALTON CEMETERY



WATCHING OUR ARTIST



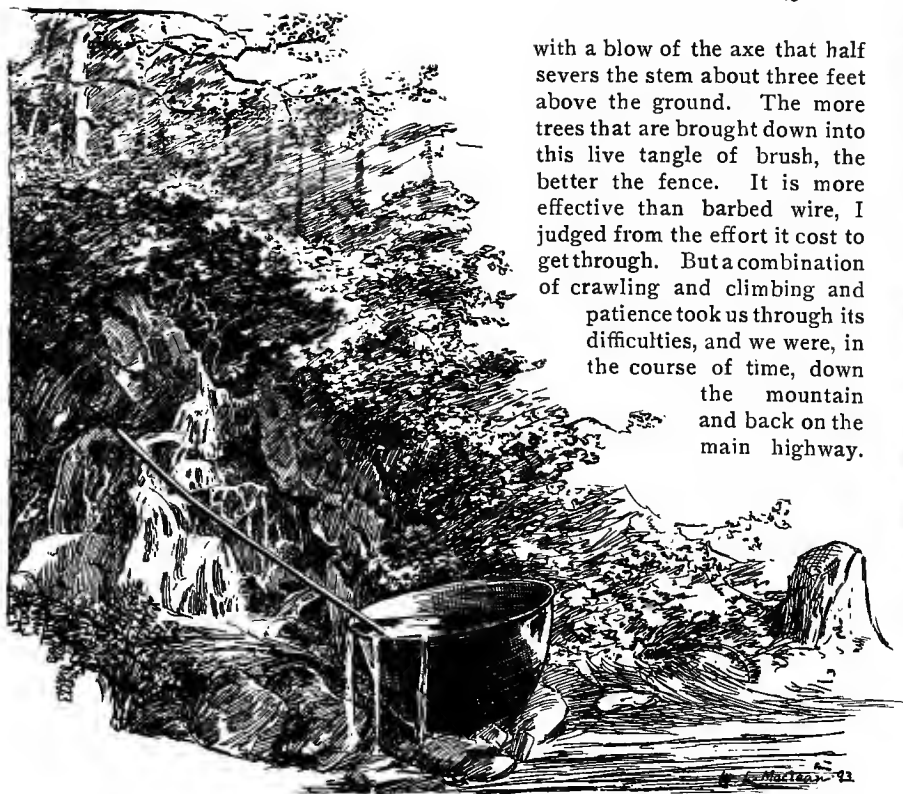
IN THE LIBRARY



THE RAILROAD STATION



EPISCOPAL CHURCH



BETWEEN DALTON AND HINSDALE

with a blow of the axe that half severs the stem about three feet above the ground. The more trees that are brought down into this live tangle of brush, the better the fence. It is more effective than barbed wire, I judged from the effort it cost to get through. But a combination of crawling and climbing and patience took us through its difficulties, and we were, in the course of time, down the mountain and back on the main highway.

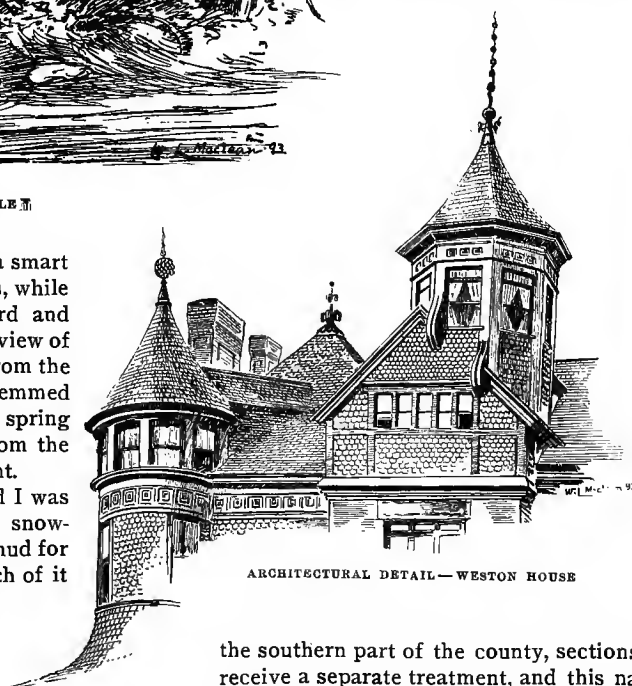
I went on alone. At Hancock I was overtaken by a smart shower and drove under the horsesheds and ate my lunch, while I waited for it to pass. Afterwards I went eastward and climbed the long, zigzag road up Potter mountain. The view of the western valley basin kept getting finer and finer. From the summit I looked back on the great sweep of lowland hemmed in on three sides by the mighty wooded hills. Its fresh spring greens were flooded with a sudden burst of sunlight from the threatening blue cloud-drifts. The effect was magnificent.

The road here turned a corner round a hillock, and I was struck by a chilly eastern wind, and found a good-sized snow-drift by the wayside, with an attendant patch of soggy mud for the horse to toil through. The mountain top was much of it mossy and brushy pasture land, but with no sign of flocks or habitations, save one or two old cellar holes. I soon began to skirt the hillside in descent, and there was a great sweep of blue valley before. Northward was Greylock, lost in clouds, but lesser ranges lent variety to the landscape, and two shining lakes of dainty outline lay directly eastward. Shreds of sunlight were wandering here and there over the wooded hills and green fields, and to the south a shower was trailing its delicate gauze over the spires and roof-tops of Pittsfield. The road as it descended the hillside passed through some fine groves of large trees, and along the borders of several barren, ragged slopes of cut-off land.

During the three days following I was about Pittsfield and in



A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE WESTON MILLS



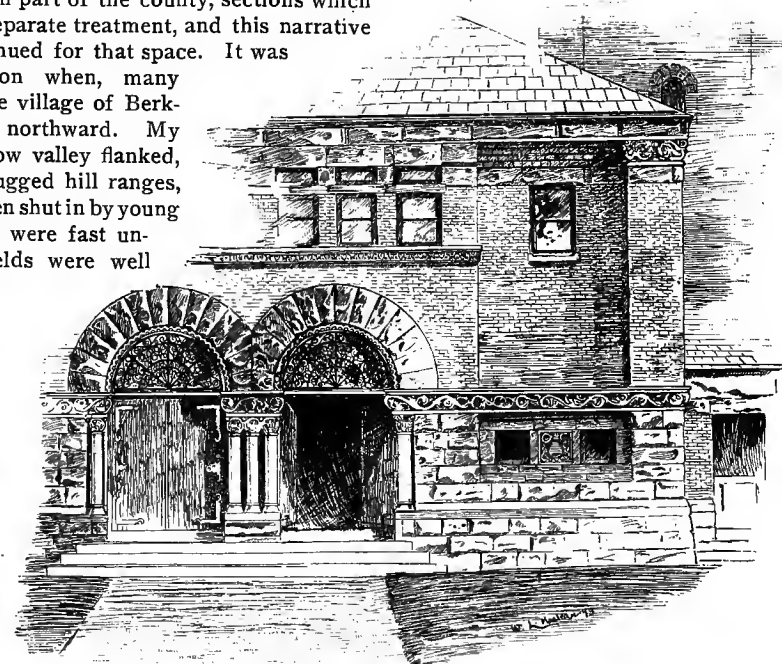
ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL—WESTON HOUSE



ZENAS CRANE

the southern part of the county, sections which receive a separate treatment, and this narrative is discontinued for that space. It was

a clouded afternoon when, many days later, I left the village of Berkshire on a journey northward. My path led up a narrow valley flanked, east and west, by rugged hill ranges, and the road was often shut in by young woods. The leaves were fast unfolding and the fields were well



ENTRANCES TO THE TOWN HALL



A SKETCH FROM CRANE AND COMPANY'S DAM

carpeted with green. Along the brook and in the wet meadows were thick growths of cowslips bright with yellow blossoms.

As I approached Cheshire the road bordered a long, narrow lake, choppy with waves and gloomed by the overhanging clouds. Midway the lake was crossed by a low, picturesque causeway to a spot where was some kind of a mill with two or three spans of horses on the roof, furnishing power by walking up the endless incline of a tread-mill. The day was one of the lowery



A BARTONVILLE VIEW



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH



THE LONG BRIDGE



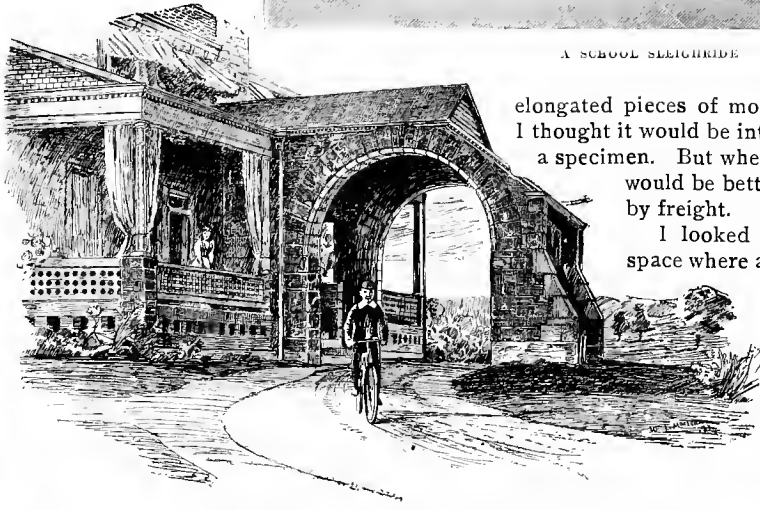
WINTER AT THE WESTON MILLS

sort that is supposed to give fish an appetite for the baited hook, and I saw a number of fishermen and fishergirls scattered alongshore, trailing their lines in the waves.

On the road I met a team drawing a load of sand that was so white and so like sugar it made one's mouth water to look at it. The sand is found in Cheshire in great creamy cliffs and mining and preparing it for the glass workers is a chief industry of the town. Cheshire



A SCHOOL SLEIGHRIDE



PORTE-COCHERE OF THE ZENAS CRANE RESIDENCE

elongated pieces of mossy and pebbly granite rock. I thought it would be interesting to bring away one as a specimen. But when I lifted a bar I concluded it would be better to order my specimen sent by freight.

I looked into the furnace through a space where a board had departed, but was not thereby much enlightened as to the process of iron-making. Not far from the piles of pig iron are some waste fields filled with heaps of slag, and above the building much powdered charcoal scattered about and then acres of great piles of cord wood. Among



PITTSFIELD AND DALTON STAGE



THE EAGLE

village has a pleasant situation on the broken valley hills at the northern end of the reservoir I had been skirting. Its roads concentrate at a stone bridge which spans the stream easterly. Near this is an iron furnace—a monster building, silent and weather worn, which has not been used for months and may not be again for years. On the level near the stream are many piles of pig iron in gray bars. Each had a broken, rusty end, but otherwise had the look of



WINDSOR FALLS

these woodpiles are several large, white cones where the wood is burned to charcoal. Several men were wheeling barrows of the four-foot sticks up an inclined causeway to an upper door of one of these kilns and I followed after to investigate. In the black interior was a man packing the wood in solid from base to apex. It held fifty cords, he said, and took twelve days to burn it. A cone above was burning and I got to leeward of the smoke, went up close and looked it over. It was tightly closed, save for a few chance cracks and some small openings near the bottom where an occasional brick had been taken out. You would expect fifty cords of wood to make some noise in burning, but all I could hear was a faint sizzling of sap. Nor was aught to be seen save the smoke puffing out at the vent holes and a black ooze

creeping downward from the cracks. As for heat, that was only perceptible when you approached very close.

Cheshire has four little churches in its village group, a number of quite handsome residences among the cottage houses which are the rule, and several interesting old ones. It began to rain while I was touring the town and I hastened to a hotel. The most remarkable feature of my stopping place was the presence in the best room of two pictures in elaborate frames which were identical in size and subject. It is a mystery to me still how it could have happened that the place should possess these twin luxuries.

The weather, next day, was still threatening in spite of the papers promising fair and everybody's saying they thought it was going to clear soon. Had the weather been more promising, I would have made my trip more extended. As it was I took my way up the steep road of the eastern mountain, which led toward home. In a rough, cut-off clearing I came upon a chopper sitting on a log eating dinner from his tin pail. I made his picture, pie in hand, and he was very anxious I should send him a print.

He said, "I know who'll be tickled to see that picture! It's my daughter."

The road went on, up and up, through the woods much of the way, till, after long hours, I came out on Windsor hill.

On the height, the highway was still a slough of mud in spots, and was badly washed in other places, and was at its worst in the shadow of the little store at the crossroads.

The twenty-foot snowdrift I had seen on the pasture slope two weeks before still held its own and looked as if it would last half the summer. The inhabitants of the hill could doubtless snowball on the fourth of July if they chose. At the school-house, within sight of the drift, many of the boys were barefoot.

I continued down hill through the woods by a fine dashing stream. The thank-you-marms of the road proved too much for the string with which I had mended my harness and I was alarmed to see the thills, on a steep descent, shoot up over the horse's



RESIDENCE OF MRS. J. B. CRANE



RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARSHALL CRANE



OFFICE OF W. M. CRANE, AND OLD CRANE HOUSE



ON A BACK PLAZA



SOME OLD STONES



RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN D. CARSON



LOOKING TOWARD PITTSFIELD FROM THE CEMETERY



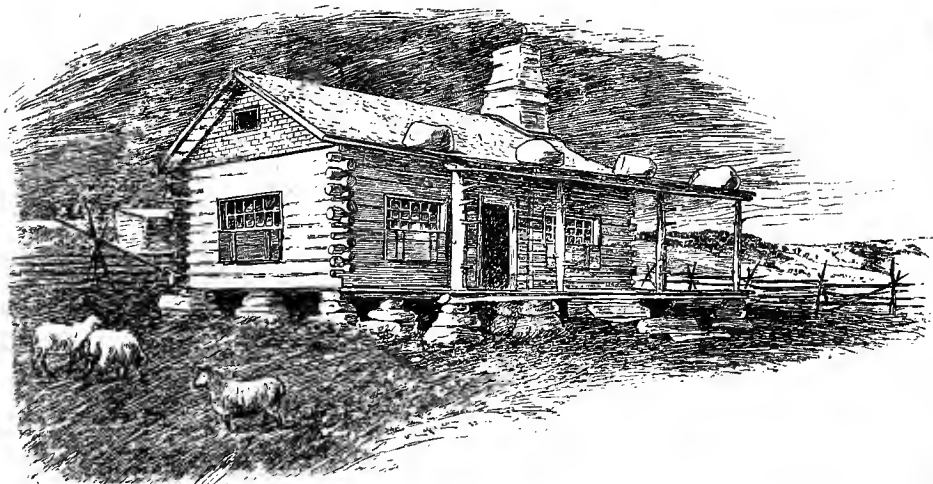
OLD TOWN HOUSE AND METHODIST CHURCH



UPPER MAIN STREET — WESTONVILLE



BUSINESS BLOCKS NEAR THE WESTON MILLS



THE WESTON CHALET ON MOUNT WESTON

crossed the county line than the sun, as if in mockery, burst forth with great splendor and the clouds all about seemed to melt far back toward the horizon. The wet, sunlit landscape, framed by the uprolling, vapory cloud-masses was very beautiful.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

WINTER AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

Summer dwellers lose much of the beauty of the Berkshire hills in winter. The northeasters bank the snow up against the locked doors and barred windows of the homes of the city comers, who always go away with the birds. But here and there are homes where the smoke curls out of the chimneys and where the walks are kept well shoveled between the front gate



BAPTIST CHURCH

head. But the horse is one of the kind that is always glad to stop, and nothing serious was the result.

Again the horse stumbled and one of the lines unhitched from the bridle. At the same moment my umbrella caught in the wheel and made a great clattering. However, nothing broke, even with these complications. When peace and order was restored it began to rain hard and so continued till I reached the valley bottom. But no sooner had I



THE CRANE MILL, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT PAPER IS MANUFACTURED



OLD BERKSHIRE MILLS



BY THE POND SIDE—BERKSHIRE



GLENNON WOOLEN MILL—DALTON

and the door. These are the homes of "the stayers"—the people who live here throughout the year and who love nature in her winter dress as well as in her summer one.

A walk through the woods on one of the still, cold days of winter, over the crust of snow, is exhilarating and full of interest, especially if one walks as Thoreau suggested, "like a camel, which is said to be the only beast that ruminates when walking." The leafless trees are hung with icicles, which sparkle in the sun like jewels, and the evergreens laden with snow are a beautiful sight. "The lady of the woods"—the white birch, with its silver sheen, stands in front of the background of evergreens; pretty patches of green and brown moss lie on the cold, grey rocks. No sound is heard to break the solitude except the wood chopper's axe, or the "haw and gee" of the farmer as he drives his oxen down the mountain road, with his load of firewood. We go up the elevations and we feel that we have reached one of the table-lands of the journey, and it becomes a mount of vision for us. The tints of the sunset sky are never more ethereal than at the closing of a cold winter's day, and the moonlight of a winter's night is marvelous in its beauty. True, in a sense the "country stayer" is shut in, and leads a more inward life than in the other seasons of the year. John Burroughs, speak-

ing of being drifted in with the snows of extreme weather, says: "The snow has been so heavy that for days the only morning paper I had was the sheet of fresh fallen snow in front of my window, which recorded the events of the night before to any one who had the eye to see them." "To any one who has an eye to see them," the beauties of winter in Berkshire will be held at as high a value as the glories of the summer time. To such "the winter of discontent never comes." "God exhibits himself in a frosted bush to-day, as much as he did in a burning bush to Moses of old." S. T. P.



BERKSHIRE GEESSE

BERKSHIRE GLASS SAND.—"Godfrey Greylock," in his book called "Taghconic," thus describes the sand in Berkshire, which is used for making glass:

"It was white and fine as the purest snow that is driven over our mountains. The imagination can conceive of nothing more brilliantly white than this mass glittering in a July sun. Strangers exhaust their rhetoric in their attempts at comparison—the driven snow, salt, loaf sugar, the silver fleece, the fleecy cloud, are all impressed into the service. One very young gentleman likened it to his lady's bosom!"

"They tell a story of one, Mr. R., of Lanesboro, whose good lady had a box of this sand placed upon a shelf, close by a similar box of salt; but the two getting somehow transposed, Mr. R. gave the sand to his horses, for salt, for some days, before he discovered his mistake—for the beasts made no mention of it, although undoubtedly they had it on their tongues."



GREYLOCK—LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MILTON FARM

WILLIAMSTOWN AND ITS COLLEGE

The first time I saw Williamstown was in the winter. In the morning, at sunrise, it had been biting cold and the snow was so solid and stiff it would hold one up, but as the day advanced the snow softened and the roads became slushy. The village of Williamstown is a mile distant from the station, and to get there I took the coach which I found in waiting at the platform and hung on while the vehicle pitched along over a road chiefly remarkable for the number of cradle holes it got in to the road. The voyage ended in safety at the Taconic Inn and I at once began to explore the town. It is made up of one long, wide street, along which the houses and churches and college buildings cluster thickly, and of a



ON THE POND—BERKSHIRE

type, and seems in peculiar harmony with the country landscape.

Williamstown has a remarkably charming situation. Its main street rambles up and down the several hills on which it is built and by which it is elevated above the meadow lands surrounding. Its horizon line is an unbroken circle of noble mountains. The wide, chief thoroughfare is a park of well-grown elms, and the village, as a whole and in detail, looks well kept and thrifty. Among the comfortable homes are several wooden stores, one or two brick blocks, and two commodious summer hotels, but most prominent, of course, are the college buildings. Of these there are not far from twenty and, besides, a number of well-built college fraternity houses. The proportion of new buildings of goodly size and handsome architecture is larger



A MORNING VIEW OF BERKSHIRE VILLAGE

number of side streets on which the dwellings soon become scattering till the streets are merely country roads running over the adjoining meadows and hills. Even far out there are occasional fine summer houses and in the main village are many of them. Of these the new Proctor house is especially notable and to my thinking there is not a more beautiful mansion in the country. It is in the large, square, white-painted colonial



THE CHAPEL



THE ROAD TO BERKSHIRE

than fortune blesses most colleges with and their aspect is increasingly pleasing by reason of the fine setting the old town affords.

The college began work just a century ago this year. 'The president and a single tutor did all the teaching and old West college served for dormitory, chapel and recitation rooms and whatever other purposes were necessary. It was the only building the college possessed. West college still stands and in spite of its age shows no signs of decrepitude. It has the appearance of being one of the kind that never wears out, and may be expected to at least last several hundred years to come, though it may be necessary to occasionally replace the stone doorsills which the passing feet wear away grain by grain. This building stands on the highest knoll of the village, in the middle of the street, as if it were a fortress of defense to which the people might flee in case of assault.



BALANCE ROCK—LANESBORO



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND METHODIST CHURCH — LANESBORO

In front of West college I met a man who said, in response to my inquiry, "Yes, Garfield used to room in this building. He and my uncle used to sweep it out. Garfield was poor and besides sweeping had to cut wood to help out."

Besides President Garfield, such men as Bryant the poet, several members of the famous Field family, William D. Whitney the noted philologist, Prof. A. L. Perry the political economist, and many others of scarcely less reputation are among the college graduates.

Near the depot is a village so different from the one I have described, it seems hardly a part of the same town. The little Hoosac river wanders along through the hollow here and beneath an old-time covered wooden bridge. Close by is a great brick mill with



THE SOUTHERN END OF THE VILLAGE



CROSS ROCK



LANESBORO VALLEY



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



OLD COAL KILNS



A FARMHOUSE



GRAVE OF JOSH BILLINGS



BIRTHPLACE OF JOSH BILLINGS



BAPTIST CHURCH

attendant rows of white wooden houses. While in this neighborhood I saw a horse flying along a side street, dragging a vacant sleigh. It turned a sharp corner and in a flash the sleigh tipped over and went scraping and plunging along on its side. As it dashed on toward the town, men and boys came into the street and began chasing and yelling. As nearly all the yelling was in the horse's rear he went none the slower on that account. In the evening at the hotel the comment on the runaway was in this wise: "He was a young horse and that's his third time running away. He's spoilt now. He's got the notion 'o running and he'll do it every chance he gets — might just as well sell him to the horse railroad. He'll never be safe anywhere else."

The college boys about town, in the main, wore the slouch hats that have recently become the fashion, and they were a curious study — I mean the hats

rather than the boys. The way in which they were put on the head was very expressive. Some had a serious tilt forward; some a jolly or free-and-easy position on the back of the head; others had a don't-care or desperate twist sidwise. Without doubt they to some degree expressed the mental attitude of the wearer. They certainly had much more character than the stiff derbies which still linger, or the little caps some wore that stuck to their heads like a clamshell to a clam.

It was prime snowballing this particular day and the boys were improving the occasion to the best of their ability. Every time a class came from a hall and began to scatter on the street, the fellows who broke off from the main gang went in a storm of flying balls. Whenever one took a side path he made a dash to gain a safe distance, and then turned



ON THE VALLEY ROAD



LANESBORO CEMETERY



GRAVE OF JONATHAN SMITH



HENRY W. SHAW—"JOSH BILLINGS"

THINGS I DON'T HANKER AFTER TO SEE.—A boy under fifteen with over fifteen bad habits.

A man who has more hair under his nose than knows under his hair.

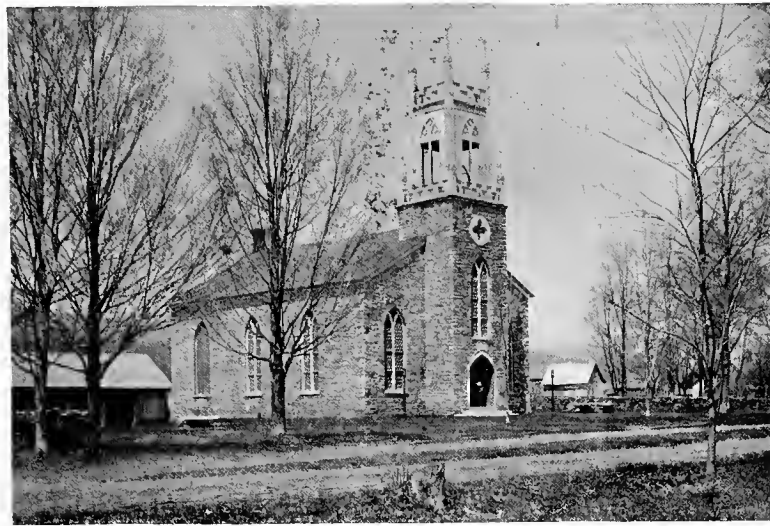
It is not only highly natral tew luv the femail sek, but tis highly pleasant.

Verry few people enjoy munny, bekause tha kant git enuff uv it.

Dew a good turn whenever you can even if you hav tew turn sumboddy's grinstun tu dew it.

The word "kolide," used bi ralerode men, haz an indefinit meaning tew menny folks. Thru the kindness of a nere and dear frend, i am able tew translate the wurd so that enny man ken understand it at onst. The term "kolide" is used tew explain the sarcumstance ov trains of cars triing tew pass each uthor on a single trak. It is ced that it never yet haz bin did suckcessfully, hense a "kolide."

Josh Billings.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH

to return the fire. Once a fellow threw a snowball through a glass case on a lamp-post. The sound of breaking glass seemed to exhilarate the students' souls and they joined in a general fusillade of the partly dismantled lamp. I understood, however, that such performances were exceptional and that the students, as a rule, were very considerate of other people's property.

In the afternoon I was astonished by the sight of a student running in a wild sort of fashion through the sloppy streets straight along the middle of the way. He was bareheaded and his long hair was flying in a breezy tangle. Except for his black stockings he was dressed in a complete suit of white. I watched him out of sight and wondered what was the matter with him. He



A DISTRICT SCHOOL-HOUSE NORTH OF LANESBORO



THE SCHOOLBOY

tains looming along the horizon make a grand frame for the quiet beauty they inclose.

This time in town I made views of the house of President Hopkins, who for so many years was at the head of the college and whose thought and teaching have been an inspiration to so many of the students who were in his classes. In an evergreen grove beyond this substantial dwelling is a monument which commemorates the fact that on that spot



AN OLD TIMER

had such a look of serious concern on his face I concluded he could not be out for pleasure.

I visited Williamstown again in June. It was a debatable question whether it was more beautiful then than in winter. The snows bring out all the graceful contours of the hills, and the trees without their leafage allow one many delightful views of the mountains that are hidden in summer. Nevertheless, nature is sleeping in snowtime and many prefer the world of green into which it is transformed a few months later. The town is then enveloped in foliage and, from without, the towers and a few high roofs are about all there is to be seen. The village street with its lines of fine old trees and clean lawns is like a park, and the grassy slopes and meadows around, with their symmetrical, isolated elms, are no less delightful, while the blue moun-



GOVERNOR BRIGGS



ON THE ROAD TO NEW ASHFORD

the American Board of Foreign Missions made its start. The story is, that in a neighboring field the students, in the early days of the century, were in the habit of gathering to pray. Once a thunderstorm drove them to the shelter of a haystack, and while the rain drenched the landscape, the thought and purpose came to "preach the gospel to every

creature," that later was carried into execution by several of the party, who were among the first and most notable of our foreign missionaries.

It was commencement time and the seniors, who were to leave next day, had "high jinks" that night, whatever those may be. At any rate, I was given to understand that "high jinks" were somewhat devious and mysterious in their nature and that they lasted till after midnight. The latter fact was not



A MOUNTAIN VIEW—NEW ASHFORD



IN A PASTURE

conducive to the early rising of the participants, and in the morning breakfasts were hurried and some running was indulged in to get to chapel on time. The seniors on this occasion wore gowns, and little caps with a square top piece and a tassel, and one of their number said the class looked very fine all up in the front seats at chapel. My chief impression of the gowns was that they were not very good to run in.

The morning was mild, the fields were dewy and blue mists were trailing about the hills. By the time the sun had fairly gained possession of the valley realm about I betook myself to the depot to await the next train east.



AN AUTUMN BEAN STAGE



A DAY'S FISHING



A FARM IN THE VALLEY

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE IN LANESBORO

Embowered in spreading elms and maples, it stands on a hill set apart for the purpose in the original allotment of the land, and before a single house had been built in the township. Its square belfrey, surmounted by the traditional white-painted spire, overlooks a rich valley bounded on either side by sentinel hills. The meeting-house itself, a plain, brick



NEW ASHFORD HILLS



ON THE ROAD WEST OF THE VILLAGE



NEW ASHFORD



NEAR THE TOWN

structure, has outlasted for many generations those who originally raised its walls and offered praise and prayer within them. What praise that was—"in the use of the Old Hundredth hymn"—lustily rendered by bass viol, violin and chorus choir! With what vigor and skill the well-remembered leader guided his singers through the intricate mazes of the anthem or brought out their full lung power in "Crown Him Lord of all!"

To-day the broad white doors stand hospitably open as they have on so many Sabbaths past, and the bell peals out its summons, echoing and reverberating from the eternal hills, which caressingly, protectingly shut in the little hamlet on every side. Indeed, they seem to join in the everlasting psalm and to ring in the day when the "mountains and hills shall break forth into singing"—and shall echo the joy of the whole earth as they have so long echoed its groaning and woe.

With other summer guests, and the few remaining descendants of the sturdy founders of this church, we ascend the steps of broad, white flagging, cut from the neighboring quarries, and enter the ancient sanctuary. The bell has ceased its measured tolling and the audience—painfully small in comparison to olden times—is seated in a solemn hush. Here was our childhood's home; yet by very few among those there are we recognized and bid welcome with kindly greeting—still for us the whole room is filled with the presence of those who worshiped there in years gone by.

We are again seated in the old family pew where once our childish feet swung helplessly, guiltless of any contact with the floor and where we whiled away the "seventhly and eighthly" sermons and "long prayer" by counting over and over again the diamond-shaped panes in the old windows. Perhaps these were open in the drowsy summer afternoons and a buzzing fly or wandering bee would saunter in, greatly to the delight of restless youngsters; or, yielding to the soporific influences of the place and hour, our little heads sank lower and lower till, pillowed on father's arm or on mother's lap, we slept, blissfully unconscious of the "decrees" of "election, justification" and the terrible realities of sin and sorrow which make the message of a Saviour so infinitely precious to human hearts. The old church has been much changed since that unconscious child slept there. A fine new pulpit has supplanted the high box affair with its immense sounding board behind it. The galleries and the old square pews



A PICTURESQUE RAVINE



AN HISTORIC BARN



SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN HILLS

squire's family — "a rosebud garland of girls" long since blossomed into the fullness of reliant womanhood.

The squire, a distinguished-looking man, with massive brow, sits at the end of the pew, with gold-headed cane between his knees. Here was a man whose fame was by no means local, who had been a member of the chief legislative council of our land, and a personal friend of men whose names will be forever enrolled among their country's most valued sons.

Nor is the squire's the only name which would be known, should we mention it here; for, not far away sits a young lawyer who afterwards became the governor of his state. And so, from out these old white churches on the New England hillsides have gone forth noble men and women with stalwart faith and consecrated zeal to become bone and sinew of city churches; to plant the faith of their fathers in new states and territories; to maintain all that



THE ROAD NORTH OF NEW ASHFORD

vanished long ago, and even those which replaced them, are now old. The diamond-paned windows, too, are gone and the greater comfort of the neat inside blinds hardly atones to us for the loss of the old-fashioned windows — our solace through the weary sermon-time.

We miss them as we do the faces of our early friends, and how the well-known forms arise before us as we sit in the old place to-day! In memory's vision, before us sits the



LOOKING INTO SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN



A ROADSIDE VIEW



A MANSION ON THE HILL



THE CHURCH AT SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN



SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN

is best and truest in our American life, and to hand down to future generations the priceless heritage of a God-fearing ancestry.

At the other end of the squire's pew sits his sweet-faced wife, who counts the welfare of this zion above her "chief joy." She is the president of the ladies' society, of the missionary association, and, next to those of the minister's wife, her opinions are sought and respected. She would merit the title of lady in its original derivation of "loaf-giver," did she not by rank or blood.

Behind her is another dear old "mother in Israel." Always can that placid face be seen in its place and with it is associated in our memory the slowly waving palm-leaf fan of summer days, and the little foot-stove carried on her arm into the unwarmed pew for winter comfort. At this moment the faint odor of fennel and caraway steals across our senses and a white hand

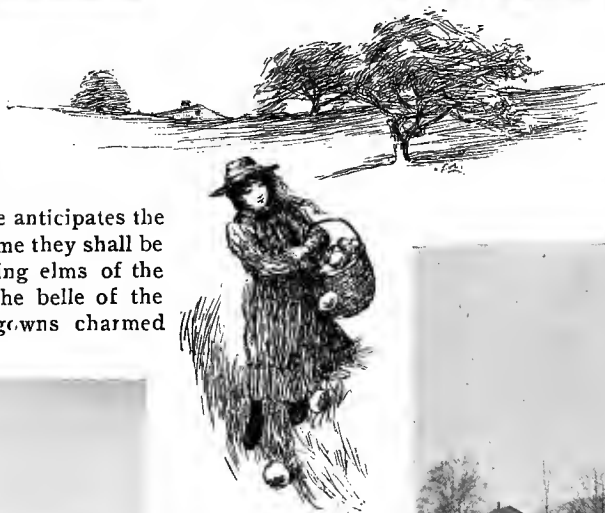


HANCOCK—DESERTED



A LOOK TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS

surreptitiously reaches us a few sprigs. Across the aisle is Deacon T., his grey head and broad shoulders bent in prayer; Deacon D. comes slowly down the aisle with contribution box in hand, and Deacon S. sits with keen black eyes fixed on the parson, for, with theological lance in rest, he anticipates the passage at arms that shall ensue the next time they shall be slowly pacing together under the branching elms of the village street. There is sweet Lucy T., the belle of the village, whose pretty face and dainty gowns charmed



AUTUMN

scenes of her happy girlhood. How the shadows throng around the pastor's pew!

Here sits the minister's young wife whose thoughts are distracted from her husband's best efforts by anxiety lest the young olive branches at her side may, by some more outrageous prank than usual, cause an exchange of knowing



A LOG HOUSE BETWEEN HANCOCK AND LANESBORO

our childish fancy. Poorgirl! The desire of half the county, she married a worthless fellow at last and now occasionally wanders back in widowhood and sadness to visit the graves of her parents and the

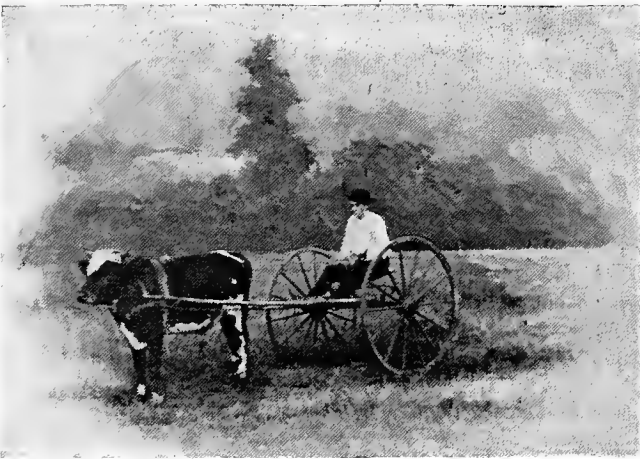


A VALLEY SAWMILL



THE WILLIAMSTOWN ELM

looks among the sages, as if to say: "Minister's children! What else can you expect?" As this vision fades, the saintly face of another minister's wife is seen. Rapt with an almost more than mortal beauty, that eager, uplifted countenance inspires the burning words of faith and zeal which fall to us from her husband's lips and in her own sweet daily life she is to us a "living epistle, known and read of all men." Here also sits a little auburn-haired girl who has since traveled far from her father's first parish and has served her father's God and her own, for many years as a missionary in India.



IN TRAINING

In the pulpit, instead of the young student-preacher whose bodily presence occupies it to-day, a succession of shadowy forms rise and fade away before us as dissolving views on a panoramic canvas. Here stand grave men, high-browed and stern, whose arrows theologic are hurled with a zest; men whose reputation has been by no means circumscribed and whose influence none can measure. Fatherly faces smile kindly down upon us and the white hands raised in benediction have often patted our childish heads.

The young student is

nearly through his sermonistic effort, (we fear we cannot even tell what the text was,) and the doxology, wheezed out by the little cabinet organ in the corner, recalls us as in an awakening from a dream to the present, but we feel that we have to-day almost "joined the choir invisible!" have worshiped in the old meeting-house with the "great majority."

If this visit has taught us anything, it is the necessity of "strengthening the things that remain."

All honor to the brave few, diminished in numbers by removals and death, who are striving to keep the candle alight in the old place; and shall not those whose paths may stretch far from the old church door, but who tenderly recall the old associations of the ancient house of God, encourage by prayer, sympathy and perhaps financial aid these feeble churches in the hill towns? There are still lost sheep on the hillsides and the watch-fires of pure religion should be kept alight on the mountain tops.

ANNA M. FULLER.



TWILIGHT



THE HANCOCK ROAD



BETWEEN SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN AND HANCOCK



AMONG THE HANCOCK HILLS



THE WILLIAMSTOWN ELM - SPRING

and woe to him who could not hold it, or who failed to "heel in" and "point out" properly. If one lacked muscle, he must make it up in keeping a keener edge on his scythe. There must be three strokes between mowers; anything more was lagging, anything less was crowding. From overwork and exposure farmers broke down in strength earlier in life than now, and had to take their place with the children in spreading swaths and carrying drink. While whetting the scythes, which had to be done every few rods, there was lively banter and brag among the mowers, much of it theological, but there was very little profanity. I remember being with such a gang, where "the old man" had been sent back on one occasion a quarter of a mile, for a jug of the favorite drink — sweetened water and ginger, with a dash of vinegar. The old man in this case was a good deacon, with a countenance of such profound solemnity and gravity, that, as Charles Lamb would have said, Newton might have deduced



A DIP IN THE ROAD

PROFANITY WITH PROVOCATION

Before the days of the horse mower and reaper, it was always an interesting sight to see half a dozen stalwart mowers swing off on a big meadow, keeping stroke with military precision, and taking turns in the lead. It was the incarnation of democracy, each one being a leader in turn. The pace was set by whoever was leader for the time being,



A CIDER MILL



IN HANCOCK VILLAGE



HANCOCK HOMES



HANCOCK CHURCH

"I'M RISING NINETY-FOUR"

[See also page 91]



"GREYLOCK OF GREYLOCK"

The patriarch of Elmwood, bending low with weight of years,
His handsome face a record true of countless smiles and tears,
Passed down the street with feeble step, the setting sun the
while

Touching with gold his snowy hair, symbol of Heaven's smile.
A traveler paused beside him, with, "Your pardon, aged sire,
I come from good old Berkshire, and your blessing I desire"
"God bless you, then," the old man sighed, "'Twas there I
dwelt of yore,
Tell the boys at 'Cheshire Corners' that I'm rising ninety-four.

"They'll be coming from 'The Kitchen,' from 'The Notch,'
and 'Stafford's Hill,'—
'Twas in 'The Notch' that I was born, I see the old home
still.—

Tell them, if down at 'Wolcott's Hall' they dance the 'Money
Musk,'

I'm with them in the spirit, though my body's but a husk!
Take a message to my brother George, 'twill do his old heart
good;

Tell my sister,—"here the old man stopped, a moment doubt-
ing stood,—

"Alas, how I forget myself! they all have gone before,
While I alone am waiting, and I'm rising ninety four!

"Take an old man's greeting to his friends, if any yet remain
In the dear old town of Cummington, for there with might
and main,

the law of gravitation from it. Just as he reached the group of mowers, who were mopping their brows and casting out tobacco quids, preparatory to a good swig, the bottom dropped out of the jug. The old man stood a moment, looking in a dazed way, alternately at the bottom on the ground, and the empty shell in his hand, and then slowly ejaculated to himself, "That—beats—the—devil!"

One or two of the more impenitent sinners among the mowers smiled a little, but the rest were horrified at the good deacon's unheard-of profanity. They could hardly have been more shocked if the minister, in taking his sermon from his pocket on Sunday morning, had pulled out a deck of cards with it. The deacon made proper confession the next Sunday, but claimed great provocation!

E. R. B.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.—The following facts, though remarkable, are not solitary; several similar cases are recorded.

In 1806 a strong and beautiful bug ate its way out of a table made from an apple, tree which grew on the farm of Major General Putnam, in Brooklyn, Conn., and which was brought to Williamstown when his son, Mr. P. S. Putnam, removed to that town. It was cut down in 1786, sixty-five years after it was transplanted, and if the tree was then fifteen years old, it was eighty years old when it was cut down. As the cortical layers of the leaf of the table are about sixty, and extend within about five of the heart, as the inner ones are quite convex, about fifteen layers have been cut off from the outside. In 1814 a third bug made his way out, the second having appeared two



ON THE SHORE OF BERRY POND

or three years before. The last bug came forth from nearest the heart, and forty-five cortical layers distant on the supposition of its age, from the outside. The tree had now been cut down twenty-eight years. Of course the egg must have been deposited in the wood seventy-three years before. This bug ate about three inches along the grain, till it emerged into the light. The eating of the insect was heard for weeks before its appearance. These facts were given by Mr. Putnam, in whose possession the table still remains, and were first published in the *Repertory* at Middlebury, Vt., in 1816. One of the bugs, preserved for some time by the Rev. Dr. Fitch, "was about an inch and one-fourth long and one-third inch in diameter; color dark glistening brown, with tints of yellow."—*History of Berkshire*, page 39.



A GLIMPSE OF CHESHIRE RESERVOIR



OUTLET OF BERRY POND

We fought the demon slavery, and there the prophets came,
To kindle in that mountain nook fair freedom's sacred flame."

A gleam of joy illumined then the sage's wrinkled face,
As sunshine tints a ruin old with transient glow and grace;

"Ah, glorious days were those," said he, "but I shall fight no more;

I'm weary, and would rest me, for I'm rising ninety-four."

The old man's voice grew weak and hoarse, a tear bedewed his cheek,
His eyes put on a far-off look, as he went on to speak,—

"My dear ones, they are sleeping in the mountain graveyard lone,
The Hoosac sings their lullaby when gentle south winds moan;

Remember poor old 'Greylock,' sir, if e'er you pass the spot,
For they were true and tender, and shall never be forgot;

If friends of mine are living still, O bless them o'er and o'er,—
How gladly would I meet them—but I'm rising ninety-four!"

E. R. BROWN.
Elmwood, Ill., 1893.

MARK AND ALBERT HOPKINS

The brothers Mark and Albert Hopkins were united, not simply by kinship, but by intellectual affinity and by an intimate and life-long participation in the same successful undertaking. Their inheritance from ancestry was of a positive and commanding type. The New England temper, in its more liberal and cultivated form, came to them as a birth-right. They were, by the inevitable drift of their lives, men of refined and earnest sentiments, of large and generous intellectual activity. Their native gifts, their early surroundings, their later training, and the duties which enclosed them all lay in one direction. They seemed to find, to create and to take possession of a world congenial to them as they went forward.

The field of their activity was not an ambitious, nor apparently a wide one, but they rendered it most memorable and serviceable. Born in Stockbridge,—the one in 1802, the other in 1807,—they were both graduated at Williams college, were soon associated in instruction in the institution, and spent their lives in Williamstown. The younger brother became professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in 1829; and the older brother, of moral philosophy and rhetoric in 1830. Albert Hopkins remained a professor till his death, in 1872. His work in later years was confined, first to natural philosophy and astronomy, and at length to astronomy.

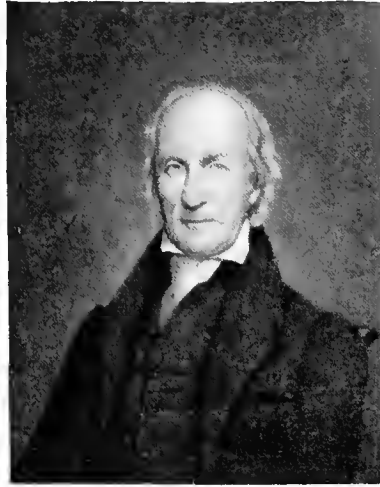
Mark Hopkins became president of the college in 1836, and retained this office till 1872. His chief line of instruction was moral and intellectual philosophy. This work he continued after his resignation, till his death in 1887.

No two men have been more completely identified with Berkshire county, have more perfectly expressed its best phase of life, have more rejoiced in its liberal gifts or more freely added to them, than these two brothers. The college, the best-known and most influential institution in the county, owes much of its growth and power to them. They were admirably fitted to work together, and to perform successfully the particular task which fell to them. The progress of the college was simply the unfolding of their own powers and preferences.

Neither of them was desirous of any more prominent position than that he held, or any more conspicuous service than that he was rendering. Their successes were slowly accumulative through long lives, and in the end they found, even beyond anticipation, that they had built up a college ready to carry on to remote periods their labor and their memory.

They were fortunate in their surroundings. They were able to exert a powerful personal influence over young men. They had, also, the wisdom to see that this was an ample and adequate task for any man to perform. They were appreciative of the high character of their work, and rendered it with unfailing enthusiasm.

There were points of striking contrast, as well as of agreement, between them. They supplemented each other in giving character and strength to the college. They were both possessed of an even, spiritual temper, but the one on the emotional and prophetic side, the other on the intellectual and practical side. The one called out



ELDER LELAND



TOWN HALL AND BAPTIST CHURCH, CHESHIRE

insight by insight, by a quick, flash-like response to the import of spiritual things; the other deliberately unfolded and enforced the reasons of faith, and made faith seem wide, rational and constructive. In the one case, the emotion gave rise to rapturous vision; in the other, the reposeful vision called out firm and sufficient belief. Both men were steadfast in their spiritual moods, but the strength of the one was more instinctive, and of the other more reflective. Both loved to come in contact with men, met them easily, and impressed themselves strongly on those they met, but the words of the younger came forth from a more personal and pungent atmosphere, one charged with more electric and spiritual impulses. The older brother took a wider, more social pleasure in men and delighted in a play of thought that readily included both the jocose and the serious. He did not so much bring a controlling temper with him, as give scope and vivacity to the temper already present.

Professor Hopkins was strongly drawn to nature, delighted in its study, and entertained a genuine enthusiasm for its beauty. Dr. Hopkins, while sensitive to physical objects, sought persons rather than things, was social in his nature, and formed his habitual pleasure in keeping step with the thoughts of men. The philosophy of the one was natural philosophy; and of the other, moral philosophy. Professor Hopkins strove to bring the inspiration he formed in the world to men as an immediate revelation; President Hopkins endeavored to widen the processes of mind till they enclosed great fields of light.

The one brother was active, athletic, full of physical impulse; the other was slow, physically sluggish, and used his large resources simply as so much fuel with which to maintain mental heat and vivacity. Both owed much to bodily endowments. Professor Hopkins, tall, erect, firmly knit, with a sharp eye and overhanging eyebrow, made the impression of reserve penetrative power. Dr. Hopkins, large of frame and deliberate in movement, with an open, intellectual and genial face, imparted dignity to speech, and used



UNIVERSALIST CHURCH



A CHESHIRE CORNER

his physical gifts as a favorable pedestal from which to win the eyes and ears of men.

The college, slowly gaining breadth and reputation, chiefly by their influence, owed them a very different debt. In instruction, its leading obligation to Professor Hopkins was an earlier and wider interest in natural science than might otherwise have fallen to it. But this influence was by no means so extensive or superior as to have assigned him the position he actually held in the college. His true kingdom was a much larger one. It lay in the world of spiritual impressions. He himself possessed, and so carried with him, a sense of nearness and reality in connection with the higher and more fugitive convictions of his faith altogether unusual. No one approached him in this respect. In all that touched the religious life of the college, as an actual experience of spiritual things, he ruled and ruled alone. It was not easy to shake off the sense of invisible relations in a college or in a community in which he

(Continued on page 113)



A CAUSEWAY ACROSS THE RESERVOIR



ON THE EASTERN HILL SLOPE



HOMES NORTH OF THE VILLAGE



A HOLIDAY



CATHOLIC CHURCH



A PET LAMB



METHODIST CHURCH



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE SCHOOL BUILDING

MARK AND ALBERT HOPKINS

(Continued from page 111)

was present as their constant witness. He had the true prophetic spirit, the same in all ages—vision, the product of personal life, personal life momentarily renewed by vision. His character was so faultless that it brought no limitation to his words, even in close contact with sharp-eyed and critical young men. Faith in him as a man enabled him to bear the prophetic mantle as he rendered to us spiritual things. Rarely has one ever inspired more awe, or awakened more suddenly overpowering belief than he speaking from the mount of revelation. There was that in him also which addressed strongly the imagination and grew in successive classes as a mythical conception of the man. For many years he did not so much guide, as constitute, the religious life of the college. He maintained a daily prayer meeting in which the petition of our Lord found most direct answer,—Give us this day our daily bread. Professor Hopkins, like his brother, was especially fitted to deal with young men, and it is hardly possible to find another example of so peculiar, so protracted and so powerful an influence as that which he exerted over the students of Williams college.



CHESHIRE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS

and fully to him. The alumni of Williams college have been remarkable for their loyalty to the institution, and the secret of it has been in a large measure in their personal relations of its earlier years. Nothing is so significant to life as life itself; and without it, the accessories of life are one and all burdensome.

The Dr. Hopkins work, in its variety and amplitude, gathered about this one center. He was primarily a teacher, and so a preacher and a philosopher. His sermons were addressed in the same wide and awakening way to the minds of men. His books, were lectures on themes he had handled in the recitation room, and his influence everywhere was that of one who knew how to quicken and guide in a clear, practical way the intellectual processes of his own generation.

Every man of power strikes the circle of his life around some dominant center. It includes or excludes spaces



FEEDING THE SHEEP

Dr. Hopkins was much superior to his brother as an instructor. His powers all culminated in the recitation room. He brought to it a genial interest in young men, a pleasure in making and guiding their thoughts,—slow or nimble as they chanced,—a large, free and fearless handling of the topics of discussion, and a sportive satisfaction in the responsive attitudes different minds were taking in the rapid fling of the truth, backward and forward. In the active rebound of thought he showed the dexterity and pleasure of a boy playing his ball against a barn. Many teachers have given more information than President Hopkins; few indeed as much impulse as he. He was not avaricious of knowledge. He preferred rather the power of the mind itself, and he made of instruction an intellectual gymnastic in which his pupils put their strength to instant exercise. If this end—effort directed toward the truth—was reached, he cared little what particular opinions and facts had furnished the occasion for it. He belonged to that earlier school which is always passing out of vogue and always returning into vogue according to the measure of our personal powers, that school in which life and life only is relied on to beget life. With the immense accumulation of the material of knowledge which has overtaken us, the pupil is often put to the hard work of harvesting facts, till eager in acquisition and slow in assimilation he says to himself, I must pull down my intellectual barns and build greater that I may have where to store my goods. The person knowing was always greatly superior with Dr. Hopkins to the thing known, and he never undertook to add dignity to moderate endowments by loading them down with stuffed panniers.

This spirit made his exercises delightful even to the less eager minds, and few teachers have called out the respect and personal attachment which fell so readily



LOOKING INTO THE VILLAGE FROM THE SOUTH

here and there as they stand related to the superior tendency. The elaboration of truth, not as a fine-spun theory, an abstraction personal to the thinkers, but as a spiritual process and practice between men and men, was the crowning faculty and force of Dr. Hopkins. To this work he gave himself, where this work is most fascinating and far reaching, in the training of young men. He overlooked many things. He took little satisfaction in accumulation—the material of knowledge so easily becoming the rubbish of knowledge—or in handling the details of life, but he chose, with the clear election of a large mind, that good part which the progress of years shall not take from him.

Berkshire has no more picturesque features, in its social unfolding, than these



THE IRON FURNACE

INDEX TO TEXT

EDITORIAL

| | |
|---|--------|
| INTRODUCTORY, | PAGE 5 |
| NOTABLE MEN AND WOMEN IN BERKSHIRE, | 8 |
| PICTURESQUE WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS COMPLETE, | 9 |
| SOME FACTS ABOUT BERKSHIRE COUNTY, | 12 |
| TRIALS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS, | 13 |
| WHAT THE BOOK IS AND IS NOT, | 7 |

CONTRIBUTED

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| A BERKSHIRE COUNTY EEL STORY, | A. E. Bartlett, 27 |
| A GREYLOCK PILGRIMAGE, <i>Elbridge Kingsley</i> , | 6 |
| A STORY WITH AN APPLICATION, | Edwin R. Brown, 65 |
| GREAT ORIGINS IN BERKSHIRE, | H. M. Plunkett, 52 |
| GREYLOCK. A Poem, <i>Julia Taft Bayne</i> , | 74 |

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| GREYLOCK OF GREYLOCK, <i>Edwin R. Brown</i> , | PAGE 91 |
| "I'M RISING NINETY-FOUR," <i>E. R. Brown</i> , | 110 |
| MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE, <i>Anna L. Dawes</i> , | 30 |
| MARK AND ALBERT HOPKINS, | Prof. John Bascom, 111 |
| PROFANITY WITH PROVOCATION, <i>E. R. B.</i> , | 109 |
| TEACHING IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL, | Henrietta S. Nahmer, 36 |
| THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, | Harlan H. Ballard, 24 |
| THE DEAR OLD HOMES OF BERKSHIRE, | Susan Teall Perry, 18 |
| THE OLD MEETING HOUSE IN LANESBORO, | Anna M. Fuller, 105 |
| THE PET HOLSTEIN. A Poem, | Laura Sanderson, 72 |
| THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY, | Clifton Johnson, 19 |
| Pittsfield, | |

| | |
|--|--------------|
| North Adams, Clarksburg, Adams, Cheshire, Windsor, | PAGE 45 |
| North Adams and Adams, | 68 |
| Windsor Jams, Savoy, Florida, | 71 |
| Peru, Hinsdale, Dalton, Berkshire, | 80 |
| Lanesboro, New Ashford, South Williamstown, Hancock, | 84 |
| Williamstown and its College, | 100 |
| TWO ECCENTRIC MINISTERS, | 114 |
| WINTER AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, | S. T. P., 98 |
| WOODLAND TRAMPS, <i>Arthur Harrison</i> , | 42 |

SELECTED

| | |
|---|----------|
| AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF SCENERY, | PAGE 115 |
| A PEN DESCRIPTION OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, | 11 |
| OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, | 114 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

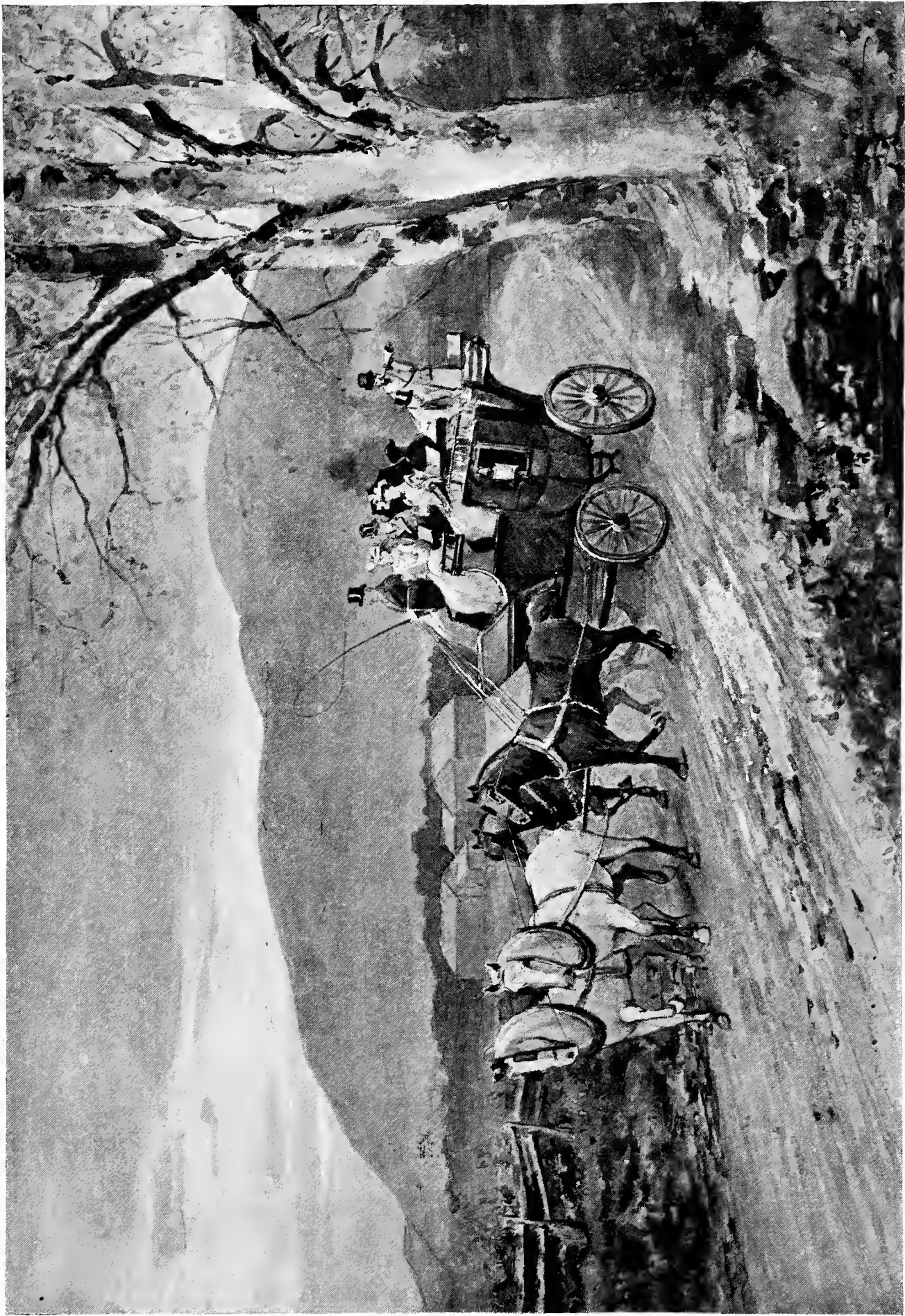
FRONTISPIECE. Greylock.
Elbridge Kingsley.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES DESCRIBED

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| ADAMS, | PAGE 72-78 |
| Blackinton, | 46-47 |
| Maple Grove, | 77-78 |
| CHESHIRE, | 110-115 |
| CLARKSBURG, | 71 |

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| DALTON, | PAGE 90-99 |
| FLORIDA, | 68 |
| HANCOCK, | 107-109 |
| HINSDALE, | 86 |
| HOOSAC TUNNEL, | 70-71 |
| LANESBOROUGH, | 99-103 |
| Berkshire, | 99-100 |
| NEW ASHFORD, | 104-106 |
| NORTH ADAMS, | 34-50 |
| PERU, | 83 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| PITTSFIELD, | PAGE 6-33 |
| SAVOY, | 62-67 |
| WILLIAMSTOWN, | 51-61 |
| South Williamstown, | 107-109 |
| WINDSOR, | 79-82 |
| Allenville, | 81 |
| Windsor Jams, | 61 |
| East Windsor, | 82 |
| Windsor Hill, | 81 |
| Wahconah Falls, | 82 |



A PLEASURE PARTY RETURNING FROM "THE DOME"

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE

PART II—SOUTH

Complete in Two Parts, with 1200 Illustrations



PICTURESQUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THE W. F. ADAMS COMPANY

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Picturesque Berkshire

Published by the Picturesque Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass.

CHARLES F. WARNER, Editor and Manager.

This work is published in two parts, showing north and south sections of the county. Uniform with previously issued volumes of the "Picturesque" series. Price, Family Edition, in one volume, Cloth, \$4; each part separately bound, \$2 each. Holiday Edition, both parts, \$6. The book will be sent, post or express paid, on receipt of check or money order.

Address

THE W. F. ADAMS COMPANY,
OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE,
Springfield, Mass.

Other Publications of the Picturesque Publishing Company
Northampton, Mass.

Comprising the four western counties in Massachusetts (with
Berkshire as above) as follows:

Picturesque Hampshire.

In one volume, uniform in style with Picturesque Berkshire.
Cloth, \$2.

Picturesque Franklin.

In one volume, uniform with the above named. Cloth, \$2.

Picturesque Hampden.

In two parts, showing east and west sides of the county. Family
Edition, in one volume, Cloth, \$4; in separate parts, also Cloth,
\$2. Uniform with the series.

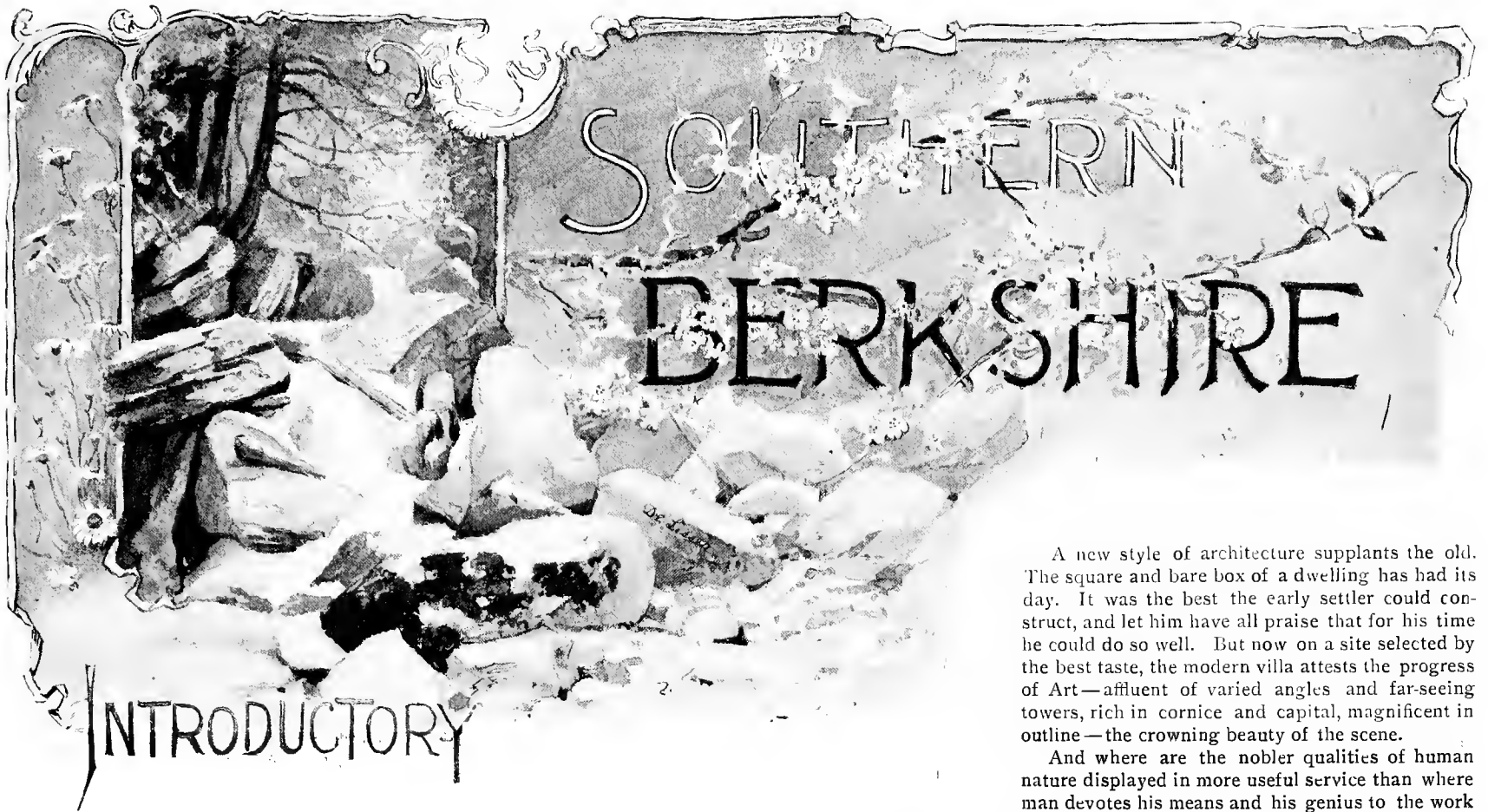
Any of the above named publications will be sent on receipt of
price named, in the form of a check or postal note.

Address

THE W. F. ADAMS COMPANY,
OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE,
Springfield, Mass.

IN PREPARATION:

"Picturesque Worcester," "Picturesque Catskills," "Picturesque
Detroit," "Picturesque Boston."



The traveler, passing from the northern to the southern part of a pleasant land, leaving scenes which have lighted the eye and thrilled the sense, will often find himself unexpectedly confronted by new visions of loveliness, surpassing any he has left behind. His past impressions are by no means obliterated; on the other hand, his joy in the treasures of beauty which his eye caught up and engraved on his memory is intensified by the newer visions. For in the illimitable capacities of the sense of beauty, no object once seen can be suppressed, but all objects cling together in one harmonious impression.

In this Second Part of PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE, in which we traverse the southern section of the county, we trust that those whose eyes dwell on these pages, as well as those who have studied the First Part, will find open to them the happy experiences of the fortunate traveler.

No doubt the settlement of Berkshire involved almost incredible hardships. The wilds were subdued in the face of constant perils from the savage foe. The pioneer, as he with immense labor made a clearing in the primeval forest, doubtless deplored the extra toil which the removal of these huge growths cost him, before he could prepare his land for the seed. But Nature, in her exuberance, took no thought of human ease. Yet is there not great wisdom manifest in the distribution of her favors? Are there not compensations to atone for the hardships she imposes?

The toil-worn farmer in his hillside home, glancing over his cultivated acres, and remembering how the swinging axe had to precede the plough, how the consuming fire had to complete the work the axe begun—



A GLIMPSE THROUGH A NOTCH IN THE MOUNTAINS

but still happy in the pride he feels in his native hills; still conscious of the vigor with which the free mountain air had nerved his arm; of the priceless health with which his children had grown to hardy manhood and beautiful womanhood—does he think he would exchange places with the pioneer of the prairie, with its inevitable malaria, its sickly atmosphere infected with chills and fever, and without a single hill in sight to relieve the dreary monotony of the dull, flat and painful expanse? The plain may have grown no timber to be first cleared away, but it is destitute of



THE MODERN LENOX VILLA

mountain breezes and inspiring summit-views, and all those charms which bring calm content to him who dwells where the deadly cyclone can never paralyze him with its midnight dread. So the Berkshire farmer may gaze on fields made fertile by toil. Labor has won its triumphs; the wildness of Nature has been tamed, and he may cast no look of regret at sunnier and warmer lands.

But the landscape is not yet complete in its possible beauty. And now comes Art, with its hand-maid Wealth to complete the picture. The more generous instincts of our common nature are not to be stifled in the crowded marts of trade, and the glare of Fashion cannot blind the eye to the glories of the hillside, the cloud and the sunset. An intelligent sense of beauty, armed with the ample resources elsewhere garnered, now surveys the scene, and splendid improvements are to adorn the barren wastes.



A COMFORTABLE FARMHOUSE

A new style of architecture supplants the old. The square and bare box of a dwelling has had its day. It was the best the early settler could construct, and let him have all praise that for his time he could do so well. But now on a site selected by the best taste, the modern villa attests the progress of Art—affluent of varied angles and far-seeing towers, rich in cornice and capital, magnificent in outline—the crowning beauty of the scene.

And where are the nobler qualities of human nature displayed in more useful service than where man devotes his means and his genius to the work of adorning the face of Nature, and applying the pruning knife to the lavish excess with which she has loaded the green earth? Here an obstruction is to be leveled, there an unsightly ravine to be filled—prosaic methods, to be sure, but very poetic in results. In one place are terraces; in another, lawns. And, when impertinent objects are cleared away, a new landscape appears, the very shimmer of which is the breath of undreamed-of rapture.

And so the natural adornment is made more lovely by the touch of Beauty. Man does nowhere seek, indeed, to "gild refined gold," or to "add a new perfume to the violet;" but his labor may fairly challenge admiration when he brings the hidden gold from its native recesses to glisten in the sunlight, and clears away the dead leaves that have choked the violet, that it may unfold its matchless loveliness and send its fragrance heavenward.

Nor are these beauties entirely covered by title deeds, for the humblest citizen of Berkshire is entitled to feel a personal pride as he gazes on the wonderful developments of Nature and Art in these hills and valleys. As the summer visitors throng to these abodes—and nearly every town is enlivened by their presence—the darker cares of life fly before their advent. The resources of refined taste are devoted to the forms of recreation which the season invites.

Nor can it all be confined to an exclusive world. The passing "Tally-ho" summons girls to the windows of farmhouses and boys to the farm fences. And while Music sends its notes out on the still night air, and Beauty whirls in the

rapture of the mazy dance—while the hills re-echo the sounds of pleasure—it is not to be forgotten that the native youth and maiden are sharers in all this free and fair delight.

Thus it is to be hoped that in a winter home in the distant city, the pages of PICTURESQUE

BERKSHIRE will become a memento of happy hours passed in this beautiful land, while in many a farmhouse fond eyes will linger on the beauties of familiar scenes.

SONG TO BERKSHIRE

Tune: "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET"

Dear Berkshire, dear birthplace, the hills are thy towers,
Those lofty fringed summits of granite and pine;
No valley's green lap is so spangled with flowers,
No stream of the wildwood so crystal as thine.
Say, where do the March winds such treasures uncover?
Such maple and arrow-wood burn to their full,
As up the blue peaks where the thunder gods hover
In cloud-curtained Berkshire who cradled us all?
Then here's to old Berkshire,
To granite-ribbed Berkshire,
To cloud-curtained Berkshire who cradled us all!

The voice of her fame is in tongues without number;
It laughs through the torrent, it lurks by the cave;
The brown matted sod, where the weary limbs slumber,
Is sweet with the praise of the shrewd and the brave.
In legends long hallowed, in jest and in story,
The rude scattered hamlets their founders recall,
And love follows close on the footprints of glory
In broad-bosomed Berkshire, who beckons us all.

THE SOUTHERN "SENTINEL"



known throughout the country, perhaps, in print, "the Dome" and its contiguous territory was generally visited by admirers of Berkshire scenery some time before Greylock, probably because accommodations for summer visitors were sooner offered in the southern part of the county, and the picturesque views in the vicinity of the mountain are not equaled in any other section of it. Rough and primitive as the

MOUNT EVERETT, or "The Dome," as it is more popularly called, has become possessed of much the same affection and pride of the people in its vicinity that Greylock has with its friends in the north part of the county, and all the inhabitants of the county glory in them both. While Greylock is more widely

tion at Mr. Spurr's place in Mt. Washington, and furnish interesting reading.

THE DOME

Ascend the Dome—Taconic's topmost height,
And gaze upon the billowy land below.
A Land of Hills! that bursts upon the sight
Like the great deep, swol'n with convulsive throes,
The hills, like waves, seem heaving to and fro.
While gazing as from some tall vessel's mast,
Thine eyes sweep o'er that circle's gorgeous show,
Till, objects crowding on them thick and fast,
They shrink before a scene so volumed and so vast.

C. P. D.

Dr. Timothy Dwight, in his "Travels in New England and New York," thus speaks of the mountain:

"Taconic, clad at this time in misty grandeur, partly embosomed and partly capped by clouds, particularly ornaments the landscape. Its sides are not precipitous, nor its summit angular, but it is everywhere limited by lines which are flowing and graceful. This fact has always appeared to some to sensibly diminish its magnificence; still it is a highly sublime object."

Rev. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, president of Amherst college, ascended the mountain in 1845, and thus wrote of it and the little town in which it lies:

"The height of Mount Everett (the Dome) is rather more than 2,600 feet. It is surprising how little



VIEW SOUTH, OVER THE HOUSATONIC VALLEY, FROM GROUNDS OF JOHN E. PARSONS, LENOX

A health to old Berkshire,
To honor-crowned Berkshire,
To broad-bosomed Berkshire, who beckons us all!

In camp or in court or as fortune may find us,
Like children we turn to the purple-topped Dome;
We go where we must, but our hearts are behind us—
Thy name is of childhood, thy breath is of home!
The long shady street in our dreams we remember,
The smooth sloping orchard, the vine-mantled wall,—
In dreams we return with the snows of December,
To sound-hearted Berkshire, who waits for us all.
Then here's to old Berkshire,
To old, happy Berkshire,
To sound-hearted Berkshire, who waits for us all!

DORA READ GOODALE.

Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze at once
Here on white villages and tilth and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent and the wind,
And eagle's shriek.

William Cullen Bryant.

accommodations were, at first, when Milo Smith opened his hospitable farmhouse to city boarders, a hearty welcome and clean, wholesome quarters and food, with plenty of pure air, were sufficient to encourage the annual hegira of hundreds of transient guests every summer to the town of Mount Washington, and to inflame them, almost invariably, with an ambition to emulate the example of Longfellow's youth, who climbed as he cried "Excelsior!"

Greylock and "the Dome" have been often called the "twin sentinels of the county," and their representation in the northern and southern parts of this work comes quite as a matter of course. Doubtless thousands who have visited these mountains will appreciate their "counterfeit presentments," impossible even, as it is, to here convey any idea of the sensations connected with a close actual acquaintance with their charms. The visitors to "the Dome" comprise a multitude—many of them famous men and women—some of whom have left their names and records of their impressions in the visitors' books near the mountain. In one of them may be found the following: These books may be seen now, upon applica-

is known of this scenery in other parts of Massachusetts. I doubt whether nine out of ten of our intelligent citizens beyond Berkshire county are not ignorant of the existence of such a township within our limits. And even in the vicinity, very few have ever heard of the scenery of that place, which almost repays a lover of nature for a voyage across the Atlantic."

For many years the mountain was called "the Peak," and it is thought that a colony of Swiss, located at its base, gave it that name. Catherine Sedgwick refers to the mountain, in her story, "The Boy of Mount Rigi." When President Hitchcock visited it he gave the name "Mount Everett," to the disgust of many. Dr. Orville Dewey made many protests, and Miss Sedgwick wrote the following lines thereupon:—

Oh, call it not Mount Everett!
Forever 'tis the Dome
Of the great temple God has reared
In this our Berkshire home.

And let the name the red man gave
To all this mountain range
So sacred be that other term
Shall seem an utterance strange.

Taghconick — what that name imports —
Has been but vainly guessed,
As Urim let it reverence claim,
Worn on that rugged breast.

OUR ARTISTS AND OTHER HELPERS

The "Picturesque" publications have, in their inception and progress, been singularly fortunate in the esteem and interest which has been extended them by some of the foremost artists of the country. Prominent among such artists the management are pleased to have placed such a name as that of Kingsley, the painter-engraver. He has constantly incited to high ideals in this line of work, and his suggestions have helped forward, so that the experiment is now made of issuing PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE as a purely art work. It is well understood that the claim for this of an art work, will be disputed by some; such a heterogeneous mass of pictures, it will be said, cannot be considered an art collection of great value. But that depends upon the plane of effort upon which one stands. One may sigh for "more worlds to conquer," and, like Archimedes, for a place to put his lever, but he can only console himself with the thought that "All things come to him who waits." One thing at a time must suffice the accomplishments of the "Picturesque" publica-



ON MAIN STREET

tions management, and it is believed to be a step forward that this book is issued without anything savoring of advertising in its pages. Mr. Kingsley has inspired to this end, and in so far he has been a friend and helper. Of the part he has taken in engraving for all these publications, what need be said? "It is Kingsley!" That is enough, except that it might also be said, in allusion to his magnificent frontispiece of Greylock, here is something which must ap-

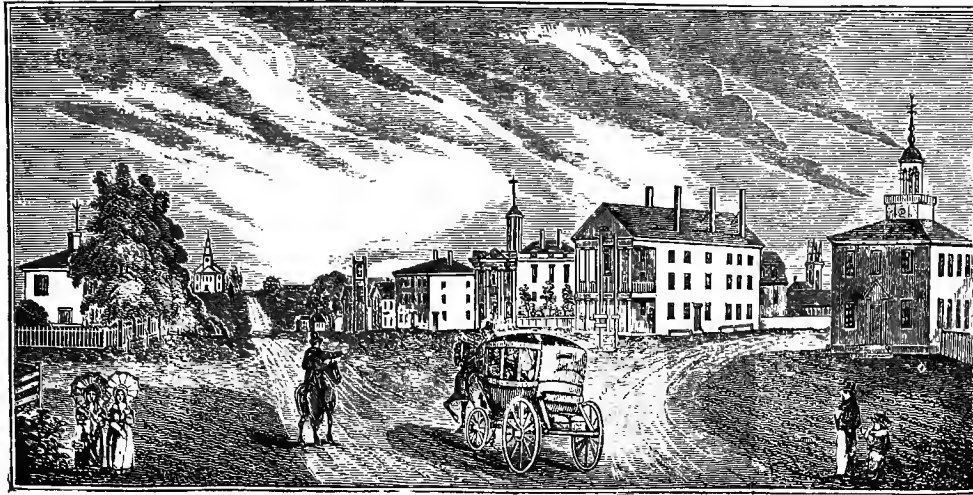


THE EGGLESTON MONUMENT

peal to every son of Berkshire. Never, it is believed, has this subject been better treated. Kingsley's Greylock must take its place among the best of the engraver's works.

The artistic motive power, so to speak, of this work was in the hands of Clifton Johnson of Hadley and R. Lionel DeLisser of New York, in the order of the books. Mr. Johnson's work in other "Picturesque" publications has given him reputation, and his name is now becoming a familiar one in the world of letters, through his contributions to the leading magazines and some excellent books of the day.

The Southern Berkshire country is to be congratulated that so excellent an artist as Mr. DeLisser has been enabled to picture its charms. He has literally ransacked this beautiful section, and only lack of space prevents the use of many more pictures than are even now seen in his crowded Second Part. It is, however, a representative and carefully selected



OLD-TIME LENOX

graveing Company for the excellent results achieved with the now favorite half-tone process. The notion was long ago exploded that only New York concerns could do justice by such work, and the quality of the illustrations in this work will long be referred to with pride by every son of Berkshire.



THE OLD COURT-HOUSE—NOW THE CHARLES SEDGWICK LIBRARY

Without good printing, however, the book would be a failure. Good paper, fine engraving and interesting text would all be spoiled except for care in "the art preservative of all arts," and so tribute is rendered to the printers, the Clark W. Bryan Company of Springfield, Mass., who were constrained by all the ties of self-interest and kinship, as "to the manor (Berkshire) born" to make this book, in mechanical execution, the crowning one of the series, as it certainly must be conceded to be.



ON CLIFFWOOD STREET

lot of work, and in none of the "Picturesque" books has the varied life of the people and their institutions been more carefully pictured.

Walter Cox and William L. Maclean of New York and Frederick Knab of Chicopee have contributed striking pen and ink work, and we are indebted to J. L. Wariner, Esq., of Pittsfield, H. F. Keith and Isaac Spurr of Mount Washington, H. S. Goodale of New York, S. S. Wheeler and the Berkshire Mutual Insurance Company, also of Pittsfield, the Sedgwick Institute and Artist Costello of Great Barrington, and Prof. Dodd of Williamstown, for many originals, and to many others for single rare pictures.

Credit is due to the Boston En-

Henry Ward Beecher thus wrote, in his "Star Papers," of scenes in Lenox, some of which are pictured in these pages:—

"If one spends July or October in Lenox, they will hardly seek another home for the summer. The old church stands upon the highest point in the village, and if in summer one stands in the door, and gazes upon the vast panorama, he might, without half the Psalmist's devotion, prefer to stand in the door of the Lord's house, to a dwelling in tent, tabernacle or mansion."



THE OLD CHURCH



NEAR THE CURTIS HOTEL

THE "PICTURESQUE" SERIES

For the convenience of those who desire to know something in detail about the other "Picturesque" books of Western Massachusetts, it may be said that "Hampshire," the first book issued, has Northampton, the "Meadow City," for its center of description. This is the seat of Smith college, for women, and the center of a great educational influence. Within a radius of eight miles there are more institutions of learning than in any similar area in the United States. The scenic beauties of the place and its surroundings have been commemorated in song and story by many famous writers, and the beauties of the Hampshire hills are considered by many fully equal to those in the other western counties. Here William Cullen Bryant, Charles Dudley Warner and J. G. Holland were born, Jenny Lind lived several summers, and Jonathan Edwards first thundered forth his anathemas against sin and iniquity.

"Little Franklin," often so called, was represented in the second book issued of the "Picturesque" series. The beau-



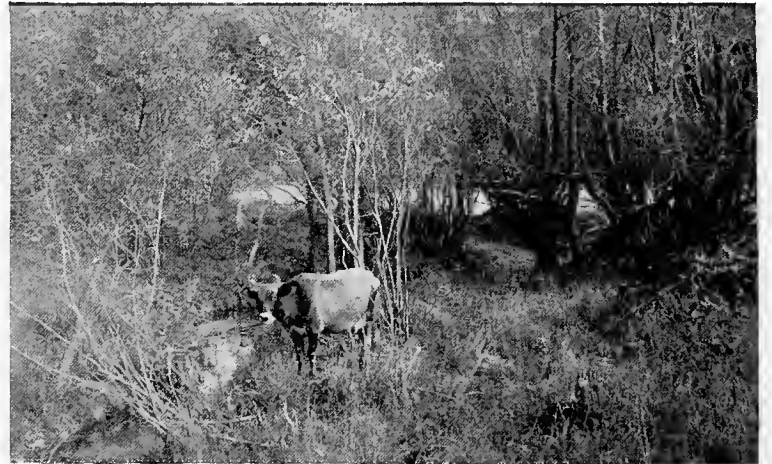
THE OLD ACADEMY

a very interesting manner, and Holyoke, as a manufacturing place, is made to show many hitherto hidden artistic places.

Elbridge Kingsley contributed a frontispiece to all these books, and Clifton Johnson had the general art management. It would seem that no private or public library in New England ought hereafter to be considered complete without the series. Information as to price, etc., will be found on the back of the title-page of this book, and all editions are limited.



THE BIRCHEN ROAD TO THE DEPOT



A SCENE NEAR THE DEPOT

tiful inland town of Greenfield is the shire seat of this county, and the hill towns about are rich in beauty. Indian history, too, gives the Deerfield valley a deep tone of romance and tragedy, and the book is one of the most artistic of the series.

"Picturesque Hampden," the last of the series issued before the Berkshire books' publication, is in two parts, one taking Springfield and the other Holyoke for centers of description, each with those towns on each side of the Connecticut river to which they are related. Inland city life is here depicted in



LENOX STATION

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT

It was not long after the throwing of the tea into Boston harbor, in 1774, that many patriotic towns and cities all over the country took measures to discourage or "boycott" all importations of Great Britain. Among these towns was Lenox, and its example in drafting and securing the signatures of its citizens generally to a pledge was what led to similar action elsewhere. The paper circulated in Lenox reads as follows and was called

"THE LENOX COVENANT"

"Whereas, the Parliament of Great Britain have of late undertaken to give and grant away our money, without our knowledge or consent, and in order to compel us to a servile submission to the above measures, have proceeded to block up the harbor of Boston; also have or are about to vacate the charter and repeal certain laws of this province, heretofore enacted by the General Court, and confirmed to us by the king and his predecessors: therefore, as a means to obtain a speedy redress of the above grievances, we do solemnly and in good faith covenant with each other—

"1st, That we will not import, purchase, or consume, or suffer any person for, by or under us, to import, purchase, or consume in any manner whatever, any goods, wares, or manufactures which shall arrive in America from Great Britain, from and after the first day of October next, or such other time as shall be agreed upon by the American Congress; nor any goods which shall be ordered from thence from and after this day, until our charter and constitutional rights shall be restored, or until it shall be determined by the major part of our brethren in this and the neighboring colonies, that a non-importation or non-consumption agreement will not have a tendency to effect the desired end, or until it shall be apparent that a non-importation or non-consumption agreement will



CHURCH STREET, FROM WALKER

not be entered into by the majority of this and the neighboring colonies, except such articles as the said General Congress of North America shall advise to import and consume.

"2dly, We do further covenant and agree that we will observe the most strict obedience to all constitutional laws and authority, and will at all times exert ourselves to the utmost for the discouragement of all licentiousness and the suppression of all disorderly mobs and riots.



THE TOWN HALL



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

"3dly, We will exert ourselves, as far as within us lies, in promoting peace, love and unanimity among each other, and for that end we engage to avoid all unnecessary lawsuits whatever.

"4thly, As a strict and proper adherence to the non-importation and non-consumption agreement will, if not seasonably provided against, involve us in many difficulties and inconveniences, we do promise and agree, that we will take the most prudent care for the raising of sheep, and for the manufacturing all such cloths as shall be most useful and necessary, and also for the raising of flax, and the manufacturing of linen, further, that we will, by every prudent method, endeavor to guard against all those inconveniences which might otherwise arise from the foregoing agreement.

"5thly, That if any person shall refuse to sign this or any similar covenant, or, after having signed



A VIEW (IN A NATURAL FRAME) OVER LENOX—SOUTHWEST FROM PIAZZA OF JESUP PLACE

it, shall not adhere to the real intent and meaning thereof, he or they shall be treated by us with all the neglect they shall justly deserve, particularly by omitting all commercial dealing with them.

"6thly, That if this or a similar covenant shall, after the first day of August next, be offered to any trader or shopkeeper, in this county, and he or they shall refuse to sign the same, for the space of forty-eight hours, that we will, from henceforth, purchase no article of *British* manufacture or East India goods from him or them until such time as he or they shall sign this or a similar covenant.

"Witness our hands, dated at Lenox, this 14th day of July, 1774.

The above was signed by over ninety heads of families in Lenox.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LENOX

To recollect Lenox,—"Lenox the Beautiful," as it has been called by an enthusiastic admirer,—means to recollect the most popular, and at the same time most beautiful autumn resort in America. What nature has left undone to make the place attractive has been supplied by the hand of man, so that to-day the countless magnificent summer homes vie in wealth and beauty with those of Newport, Bar Harbor, and the other famous resorts. An English tourist, who had made a circuit of the world, once said of Lenox that it is the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth. This is a good deal to say, but those who live there and those who have passed seasons in its borders all agree that Lenox the "Beautiful" well fits it.

So long as my recollections of Lenox do not date back to 1769, when the first church was established there, and when the name was taken probably from Charles Lenox, the Duke of Richmond, I shall not attempt to go into the early history of the town. Instead, it will be my province and pleasure to give my impressions and recollections extending back ten or more years. I shall never forget when in the early morning in the latter part of



CATHOLIC CHURCH



VIEW ON MAIN STREET, WEST



STABLE ON THE JESUP PLACE, LENOX

September I approached Lenox. There was a chill in the air, but coming from the lowlands it seemed so clear, pure and invigorating that to inhale it was like old wine. But the beauty of the scene was so impressive that I thought little of the air. The approach to the town is hardly attractive. Leaving the train on the Housatonic railroad, the tourist finds himself with only a small and decidedly unattractive wooden station in view. The town is two miles away, but the drive, especially in the early morning, is delightful. Through a thick forest, with great shade trees nearly arching over the road, past cornfields and acres of golden grain shining in the morning sun, by orchards with gnarled old apple trees,—not perhaps the oldest inhabitants can tell how old,—thickly hung with late fruit; up the winding hill road all the way, until one enters the main street of the town. And all during the ride, especially if it be for the first time, new beauties of landscape are continually unfolding to the view, until one wonders how so many varieties of view can be gathered together in one section. But until the tourist reaches the town he sees only nature—nature unadorned. It is reserved for him until he reaches the town to see architectural and an artificial beauty. There the two are com-



THE FRELINGHUYSEN PLACE



RESIDENCE OF MORRIS K. JESUP



THE ANSON PHELPS STOKES PLACE—"THE HOMESTEAD"

be so favored, rent some one of the cottages or mansions for the season, or better still for a term of years. During many seasons of the past the latter was a popular mode for life in the town, as many cottagers were absent in Europe, and some of the most attractive cottages were let with advantage to tenant and owner.

I need scarcely speak of the past when

I say that the well-regulated society person can no more neglect a visit to Lenox during some part of the season than he can omit to observe Lent or to speak French at



W. B. SHATTUCK—"BROOKHURST"

dinner. So fashionable is the place that the society butterflies are watched as closely as the hands on the dial of a clock, and the people who are within the charmed circle know as surely, and can indicate as clearly, when the fashionable people are to arrive. The surface of the town is delightfully diversified in the north and western sections by picturesque hills and valleys, and the Lenox mountain, on the border of Richmond, in the eastern part. Here is found the deep and wide gorge known as "the Gulf." Nature has indeed spread her favors with a lavish hand through the section, but none have received richer gifts than Lenox. It was formerly the shire town of the county, but the removal of the court-house to Pittsfield did not take with it many of the old and noted New England families. Much of the wealth, culture and refinement of the county remained there, and they still remain. Now, as in the olden time, the lover and student of nature goes to Lenox for his summer and autumn pleasure.



THE W. B. BACON PLACE

Both my reader and myself are losers because my recollections do not extend back to the days when Nathaniel Hawthorne, Dr. Channing, Charlotte Cushman, and other noted persons of the past frequented

bined. Perched high on a broad and fertile plateau, and overlooking the beautiful hills and vales of Berkshire, stands Lenox, the pride and glory of those who are fortunate enough to live within its boundaries, and the Mecca of the thousands who go there each summer and fall because it is fashionable, and who in order to do so flock to the hotels, or if they



RESIDENCE OF WM. D. SLOANE—"ELM COURT"



THE LANIER PLACE — "ALLEN WINDEN" — LENOX



THE BISHOP PLACE — D. W. BISHOP — "INTERLAKEN"



THE JOSEPH W. BURDEN PLACE



THE WOOLSEY PLACE — "CLIFFWOOD"



CORNER OF THE HAVEN RESIDENCE

the Berkshire hills. But next to remembering the celebrities is to remember those who remember them, and that it is my good fortune to be able to do. Nathaniel Hawthorne went to Lenox from Salem in 1850, and the three years which followed are designated as the "productive period" of his life. Certainly he accomplished a vast deal in a literary way during the years he was at Lenox and the subsequent period of his life at Concord. Perhaps more was accomplished during the time he lived among the hills than at any other period of his wonderful life. After having written the book that made him famous, "The Scarlet Letter," he buried himself among the hills, and produced in rapid succession "The House of the Seven Gables," begun and finished while he lived in Lenox; "The Blithedale Romance," drawn from experiences found elsewhere, but put into shape there, "The Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," "Tanglewood Tales," "The Snow Image," and his short "Life of Franklin Pierce."

Only recently I saw a letter written by Hawthorne to his publisher in October, 1850, and it recalls my last visit to his quaint, homely little cottage. It seems by his letter that the famous novelist drew inspiration from the hills when the leaves were turning, for he writes as follows:

"I shan't have the new story ready by November, for I am never good for anything in the literary way until after the first autumn frost, which has somewhat such an effect on my imagination that it has on the foliage here about me, — multiplying and brightening its hues; though they are likely to be sober and shabby enough after all."

Before it was burned down it was my pleasure to visit the little red cottage, perched high on the hills, and near the famous Stockbridge Bowl, in which Hawthorne lived during this fruitful, if not eventful period of his life. All that could be said for the dwelling was that it was picturesque. It certainly was not comfortable, and the successful novelist of to-day, his son Julian, for instance, would not live there for a day. The few rooms were close and inconveniently arranged, and the only charm came from the view of the surrounding hills. That was perhaps enough to compensate for the discomforts the family must have found in the cramped and narrow quarters. Yet, Julian tells me the family was happy there, and that his father worked through the day, and sometimes far into the night. There are those still in Lenox who remember distinctly the famous author. To one of these I once went for information regarding his life while in the Berkshire hills. I was told that he lived almost entirely by himself, that the people of the vicinity saw very little of him. Occasionally he went to Lenox to buy provisions, or for something he needed, as he did to Pittsfield, but the villagers saw little if anything of him socially. He wore his hair long, and, in the words of my informant, "always appeared to be thinking." To think was considered almost a crime in those early days of American literature, and it is needless to say that among the people of the vicinity Hawthorne was anything but popular.

This anecdote of Hawthorne was told to me, and is now printed for the first



S. G. WARD'S RESIDENCE — "OAKWOOD"



MISS C. FERNISS' PLACE — "EDGECOMB"



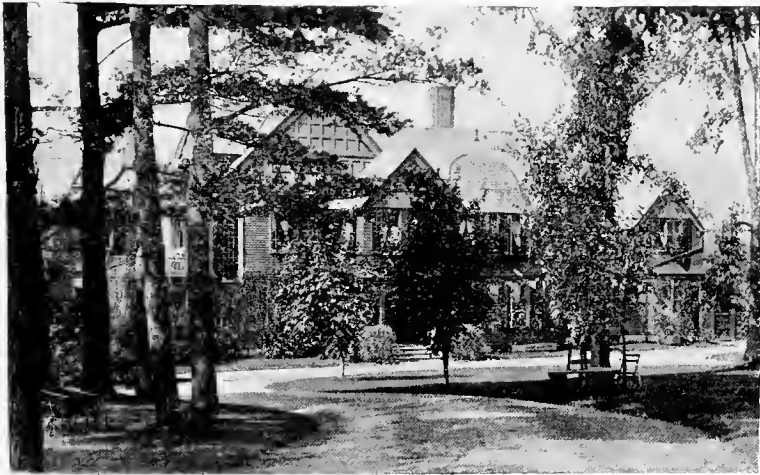
A GLIMPSE OF THE PHELPS STOKES PLACE



THE GOODMAN PLACE — "YOKUM"



ENTRANCE TO THE MCKIM COTTAGE



THE FOLSON PLACE—"SUNNY RIDGE"



LOWER ENTRANCE TO THE WOOLSEY PLACE

time. He was far from rich in the goods of the world when he lived in the little red cottage, and so long as he could not afford to keep a carriage he walked when he had to go to Lenox. But he was a good deal of a pedestrian, his health was never better than during the time he lived in the hills, and he in no way objected to a long tramp in the bracing autumn air. One morning when he was returning from Lenox, laden with bundles and baskets filled with purchases of household goods, he met a farmer who asked him to ride. "Ride," he said, looking squarely in the farmer's eye, "ride, why, only the rich man rides. Did you ever hear of Adam riding? It is a new fashion, and I belong to the older generation." Then remembering his natural courtesy, which he extended to every one, he added, "I thank you, but I love to walk, and I love your beautiful Berkshire hills."

But now the little red cottage, which was in later years visited by so many people, has been destroyed, and all



MRS. DE P. CAREY'S PLACE—"GUSTY GABLES"

and the lovers of the beautiful. To watch the foliage during the summer months, as green as the sea, take upon itself the richer and more beautiful coloring, is always a delight. To go to Lenox to see the leaves turn has grown to be an expression widely known among the people who frequent the fashionable resorts, and the expression means a vast deal to the lover of nature and nature's ways.

It is in the glorious autumn days when the coaching parades come, when the finest turnouts of the section are brought out, and when the fashion and beauty of Lenox is best displayed. The tub parade never ceases to be a novelty, and its never-



THE LIVINGSTON PLACE—"OSCEOLA LODGE,"

that is left of Hawthorne in the Berkshire hills, are the memories of him, and they are fast becoming so dim that it will take only a very few years to entirely obliterate them.

It is not wonderful that the visitors to Lenox are enthusiastic over the beautiful hills. They have a charm peculiarly their own,



THE LENOX CLUB HOUSE

taking as they do the pleasure-seekers from the larger seaside and northern resorts when the summer season closes. It is doubtful if any other northern resort could hold out sufficient inducements to draw the great number of tourists who go there every autumn. Once there they stay. The beauty of the place is enchanting. When the visitor goes there in the summer he cannot and will not depart until he sees the leaves turn. This is the delight of the hills. The great stately maples, the hickories and oaks, all take upon themselves different colorings;

the maples the brightest scarlets and yellows, the hickories dull browns and bronzes, and the oaks the richest maroons and sober tints. Looking off over the broad sweep of valley below the plateau upon which the town rests, the scene during the autumn days is a most wonderful and picturesque one. Skilled and noted painters have gone to the hills from time immemorial to transfer to their canvases the rich and beautiful colorings of the foliage, and some of them have succeeded, but the task has been a difficult one, and they have gone away little satisfied with their work. Perhaps nowhere in the world is the autumn landscape coloring so rich and beautiful as in the vicinity of Lenox, or, to put it more broadly, throughout the Housatonic valley and the Berkshire hills. The panorama seems all the time changing,—always offering special pleasures and novelties to the lovers of nature,



RESIDENCE OF EGMONT SCHERMERHORN

ending variety gives to it a continual charm. I shall never forget the first tub parade I witnessed in Lenox. It was in 1883. It seems as though the later ones were not so brilliant, and that



COL. R. T. AUCHMUTY—"THE DORMERS"



THE BARCLAY PLACE — "BONNIE BRAE"

HOME

Outside fall the snowflakes
lightly;
Through the night loud raves
the storm;
In my room the fire glows
brightly,
And 'tis cozy, silent, warm.

Musing sit I on the settle
By the fire-light's cheerful
blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long forgotten
lays.

Heine.



THE PASTURE GATE

THE LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL OF 1820

Grandmamma was ten years old when she went to school at the Lenox Academy. Schoolmasters were very severe in those days; they never allowed a scholar to be spoiled because of sparing the rod. But about this time a new schoolmaster came who did not believe in corporal punishment. He had many novel ways of punishing the offender. One morning, very soon after he had entered upon his duties, he introduced "Ichabod" to the scholars. "Ichabod" was a round stick of wood, two feet long; it was dressed in a grotesque manner and had a foolscap on its head. Any scholar who broke a rule of the school, or did anything to offend the teacher, would have to take "Ichabod" and go to the "Court-house," (Lenox was the county seat at that time), and make a bow, or a courtesy, to the judges and the squires. For a number of days the sight of "Ichabod," standing in the corner, was enough to keep every scholar right up to the standard. Any boy or girl would far rather take a good whipping than go with "Ichabod" to the court-house. One afternoon while the teacher stood in the middle of the room, with a pin between his thumb and finger, waiting for the scholars to become quiet enough to hear the sound of its dropping on the floor, grandmamma broke the silence by laughing aloud. How could she help it when the boy who sat nearest to "Ichabod," stuck a piece of broken pipe in the mouth of the grotesque figure while the stern man's back was turned. "Eliza!" thundered out the deep voice of the schoolmaster, "take 'Ichabod' and go to the court-house." Poor little Eliza! There was no demurring from the demands of those who were in

they did not so abound in variety and beauty. It was more of a novelty then in this country, there having been few if any held, and all who took part seemed to vie one with another for beauty and artistic effect. Then, as now, there were all sorts of equipages in the parade; the drag, the dogcart, the tallyho, the stately landau—all figured in the great procession—and all were decorated, not only with the rich and varied flora of the section, but with banks and clusters of blossoms from the private and public green-houses of Lenox and the surrounding towns. Added to this was the turning and turned foliage of the "thousand hills," crimson, maroon, yellow, brown and gold. The perfectly groomed horses, the handsome women in gay and becoming costumes, and the elegant and well-dressed men, all formed a most attractive part of the picture, and one which one who has seen it is not likely to soon forget. The tub parade seems to herald the close of the society season, for after it many of the cottagers and visitors go away. But even though the season closes, Lenox has its charm. Many of the stately old mansions open their doors during the winter season, and when they are opened out of season the visitor finds all the hospitality and comfort of the southern or colonial home. But to its friends,—to those who appreciate it,—Lenox is always hospitable, and its guests are always welcome.

ALBERT HARDY.



BUTTERNUT COTTAGE—MRS. H. KUHN



THE OLD MILL

authority in grandmamma's time. Obedience was inculcated in children's education from their earliest years.

Eliza took "Ichabod" in her arms; not a scholar dared even to give her a look of sympathy, although she was a great favorite, not only with her young companions, but with her elders as well, because of her bright, cheery disposition.

Eliza was a pretty child, and as she stood in the door of the court room and made her courtesy to the honorable body, they looked very stern and wise. They had heard of the new schoolmaster's mode of discipline and were bound to stand by him and uphold his form of government. Grandmamma turned and



NEAR WOOD'S POND

went out as soon as she could, feeling that she was disgraced for evermore in the eyes of those wise men, but one of the judges, with his quill pen stuck behind his ear, came out and followed the little girl down the steps and asked her what her offense had been. "I laughed out loud, sir," little Eliza replied, hanging down her head so the curls almost hid "Ichabod." The judge patted her gently on her head, and



IN THE SHADE AT STEADMAN'S BROOK



CROSS-ROADS—LENOXDALE AND LEE

said, kindly: "Well, child, don't do such a thing as that again in the schoolroom, but laugh as long and as loud as you want to outside of it. The Bible tells us that 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.'" Grandmamma's burden of disgrace was made so much lighter by these words and the merry twinkle in the judge's eye, that she felt she had not committed an unpardonable sin after all. She marched back to school with a much livelier step, and a sort of triumphal look on her face, that indicated to her companions that her punishment had not been greater than she could bear.

The Lenox academy is just the same outwardly as it was in those earlier days, I am told. So it could be used for an illustration to this article, and an old-fashioned little schoolgirl pictured to go with the incident, which is strictly true. The old court-house is still there and I believe is used for town business.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

AN UNLUCKY TEA PARTY

When the "Tea Question" was at its height in the hands of our government, Rev. Stephen West, who succeeded Rev. Jonathan



RUINS OF THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE

into the lap of his guest. Close-fitting small clothes and stockings proved a poor defense, and for a few moments the words and demeanor of the victim were anything but clerical. Yet Rev. Stephen West was revered so much for his great piety, that it is related that at the time of Shays' rebellion, his was the only house not molested. His power over the children was so strong in its influence for good that a little boy who had to go at nightfall through the woods after his father's cow, and who was a very timid boy, kept up his courage by constantly repeating: "Old Dr. West! Old Dr. West!" sure that nothing would harm him while he possessed such a protection.

NIGHT

How beautiful is
night!
A dewy freshness fills
the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor
cloud, nor speck,
nor stain,
Breaks the serene of
heaven;
In full orb'd glory
yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark
blue depths;
Beneath her steady
ray
The desert circle
spreads,
Like the round ocean,
girdled with the
sky;
How beautiful is
night!

Southey.



GOLDEN-ROD



THE BRIDGE AT STEADMAN'S BROOK

Edwards in the church at Stockbridge, was invited to the house of a brother divine in an adjoining town. This divine was very fond of "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate." Patriotism and divinity went hand in hand and tea had been banished from the table of these good parsons in the county. No tea was mentioned in the invitation to take "supper." On arriving Dr. West was confounded by the steaming urn on the table, with its tempting odor. But the persuasion of his brother divine and the circumstances induced for once a compromise. The doors having been carefully locked and the curtains drawn, they proceeded to the enjoyment of the tabooed beverage. Scarcely had the first sip crossed their lips when a loud knock at the door upset their pleasure and the urn as well, which, in his attempt to conceal, the sleeve of the host caught and turned its torrid contents



READY FOR THE TUB PARADE

THE OLD COURT-HOUSE

The old court-house in Lenox is an object of especial interest and is one of the very few buildings of the olden time which have been preserved to the present day. Erected in 1815-16, of brick, two stories in height, at a cost of \$26,000, of which the town of Lenox contributed \$3,500, it is of a style of architecture simple and beautiful. This cost does not seem a large sum in this day, especially in comparison with the more costly marble court-house in Pittsfield, but relatively it is quite as much, and in the eyes of many the building is not less attractive. It took the place of a still more simple wooden structure known then as the "Old Court-house," built in 1788, when the sessions of the courts were removed from Great



FOUR O'CLOCK TEA

Barrington to Lenox, which became thereafter the shire town. The courts were held in this building from the time of its erection till the removal of the county seat to Pittsfield in 1868. Soon after it was vacated by the courts and county officers, it was purchased of the county by Mrs. A. C. Schermerhorn, a public-spirited lady of New York, who resided in an elegant summer home in Lenox. She gave to it the name of "The Charles Sedgwick Library and Reading Room," in token

of her regard for Mr. Charles Sedgwick, for a long time clerk of the courts, a man greatly respected and loved by all the people of Lenox and the county. It is now generally known as "Sedgwick Hall." Mrs. Schermerhorn placed the title in five trustees, for such uses by the town as are indicated by the name given it. She died soon after the purchase, and her son, Mr. F. Augustus Schermerhorn, and her daughter, Mrs. Col. Auchmuty, put it in complete repair. Later, the old court room, being deemed unsafe for large assemblies, Mr. Schermerhorn built an addition for that purpose known as the "Assembly Room." The preservation of the building for many years yet to come has been thus secured and in a manner highly appreciated by the town.



HENRY WARD BEECHER

This old court-house will, while it remains, be associated with the early history of the Berkshire bar and with a manner of social life long since passed away. The conditions under which the early life of that bar became so charming have disappeared, and the like will never return. Lenox was then a small, quiet village filled with a delightful social life of its own, of people of culture and distinction. During all that time the town was without railroad, telegraph, or telephone. Lawyers, in court time, gathered there for the week and sometimes longer, and while there, formed with the people of Lenox a social circle unusually attractive and brilliant, spending their leisure hours out of court in entertainments and social intercourse where wit and repartee of rare quality enlivened the passing hours.



EVENING ON LAUREL LAKE



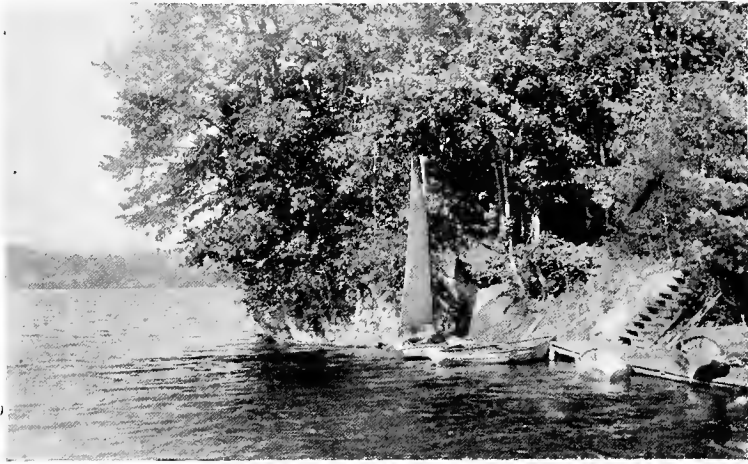
AFTER THE TUB PARADE



NEAR THE METHODIST CHURCH

The bar of the county, in those days, took high rank in that of the commonwealth for the learning and ability of its members, and this building has been the theatre of many forensic contests of great interest, taken part in not only by lawyers of Berkshire, but also by those of the old county of Hampshire and of the adjoining county of Columbia in the state of New York. The records of these contests and the traditions of their unwritten history would form material for rare and entertaining story.

Contemporaries who yet survive give most interesting descriptions of the distinguished actors of those times, and of striking characters among the officials and other *habitués* of the courts when they were held here. The sheriff, arrayed in blue coat with gilt buttons and buff waistcoat, with cockade in hat and drawn sword in hand, going in and out by the side of the judge—the crier in wig, and himself as time-worn as the walls of the building, opening and closing the daily sittings of the court with as much formality and solemnity as if the portals of the temple of justice itself opened and



A LOOKOUT ON LAUREL LAKE

shut at his command—and the venerable doctor of divinity, the lofty rhetoric of whose prayers invoking, at the beginning of each session, the guidance and blessing of the god of justice upon all engaged in its administration, was like the music of a deep-toned organ—these and other unique and worthy personages, who contributed so much to the respect and awe which the courts of justice in olden time inspired—



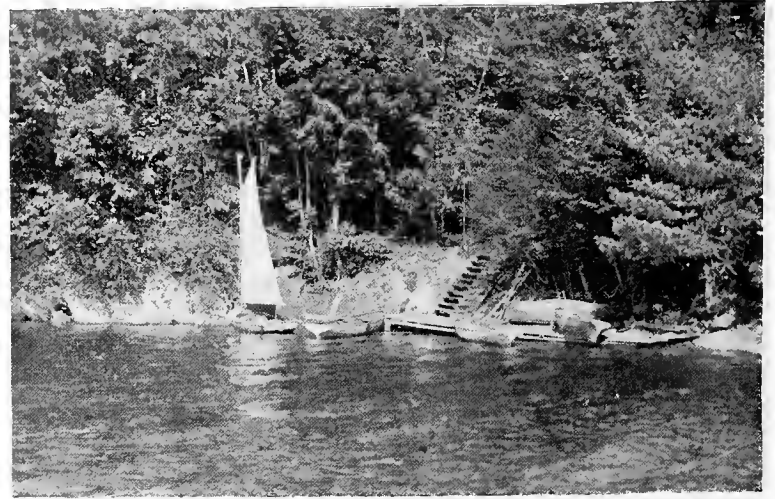
NEAR THE LENOXDALE SMITHY



THE HOTEL AT LENOXDALE

all have passed away with their generation. It would be well if their portraits adorned the walls, of this old court-house, reminding all who go in and out of its doors of the days when justice was there meted out without the fear or favor of man.

Outside of the court-house, but always associated with it in the memory of those times, was the home of the lawyers at the house of Ochran Curtis, on the opposite side of the street. The host was the father of the popular proprietor of



AT THE BOAT LANDING, LAUREL LAKE

the present spacious public house so favorably known among summer visitors. Here, when the work for the day was over, the lawyers passed their evenings in a freedom of social intercourse and in discussions and debates, enlivened by wit and repartee not often equaled for brilliancy or spirit. At nine o'clock Mr. Curtis always appeared in their midst with *something warm*, and if there had been any lagging of interest it soon revived and seldom failed to rise higher than ever. Marvelous were the stories which Mr. Curtis



ON WOOD'S POND

brought in every night, with his creature comforts always prepared with unsurpassed skill.

It was not his fault if any one went away ignorant of the minutest detail of current or uncurrent gossip pertaining to any phase of Berkshire life. He was often prodded with interrogatories and applauded for the wisdom of his answers. He had a genius for his calling, carried a big heart and a warm



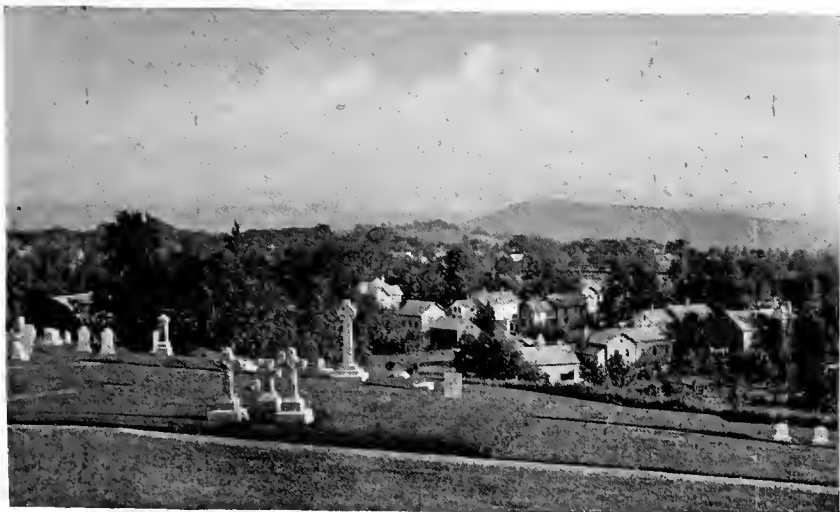
LENOXDALE CENTER



DAM AND BRIDGE, LENOXDALE

hand. Since his death there has been no one like him.

The Rev. Dr. Shepard, whose prayers were so prominent a feature at the opening of every session of court, was a grand personality. He commanded the most affluent and gorgeous rhetoric in all his utterances. It was once said of him by an irreverent lawyer that "Dr. Shepard never used a word of less than ten syllables in all his prayers." Be that as it may, it was his own fault if any one was no better for listening



LENOX CEMETERY

"I will not rise to trouble any one if they will let me sleep here. I will ask only to be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head and look out on this glorious scene."—*Fanny Kemble Butler.*

to them, for all in their turn, the judge who was to preside, the lawyers who were to conduct the causes, the parties litigant, the witnesses called upon to testify and the jurors who were to weigh the evidence were, each in their proper order, separately and impressively presented in fervent petition for special guidance in language that no one ever mocked. He was ever a welcome guest at the Curtis house, where, without loss of dignity, he made himself one with the lawyers in whatever entertained or delighted at their celebrated evening sessions, contributing his full share of wit and humor to the good-cheer of those occasions.

Mr. Charles Sedgwick, clerk of courts, whose name the building now bears, was the charm of court life at Lenox. He was a gentleman of the highest culture and attainments, qualified to adorn any public station or social position, of a personality most attractive and a character most lovable. To lawyers and laymen alike, his demeanor was so winning that every one deemed him a devoted friend. His office in the court-house was the resort of whoever had a leisure hour for social amenities or pleasant conference, and no one ever turned from his door who had not been gladdened by his smile and cheered by a kind word. This building, though it has ceased to be a court-house, will still carry with it the pleasantest memories so long as it shall be called "Sedgwick Hall."

H. L. DAWES.

BUT to me there is a peculiar, quiet charm in these broad meadows and gentle eminences. They are better than mountains, because they do not stamp and stereotype themselves into the brain, and thus grow wearisome with the same strong impression repeated day after day. A few summer weeks among mountains, a lifetime among green meadows and placid slopes with outlines forever new, because continually fading out of memory—such would be my sober choice.

Hawthorne.



ON ROAD FROM LENOX TO STOCKBRIDGE

A HAILSTORM IN BERKSHIRE

Among the diversified experiences of a varied life, nothing is more vivid than the recollection of a hailstorm that I witnessed some years ago in the town of Lenox. I was at that time a humble member of the useful and popular tribe of "summer boarders." I had gone in search of a country retreat where I could, for some weeks, enjoy the delights of seclusion and repose, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." By a lucky chance I discovered my paradise in a farmhouse, where, contrary to the fate of some sojourners, the fare and hospitality were all that my imagination had conjured up. I soon found that this farmer was not of the New Jersey type, pictured in the funny papers, who reduce a beefsteak to tenderness by the use of a mallet and chopping block. In fact, beefsteak was not often on the table; but the sweet-faced farmer's wife served me with viands which forestalled any regret that the meat markets were at a distance.

This gentle woman had the gift of imparting to every dish she prepared a delicious flavor, which might have been the envy or the despair of a Parisian *chef*. One dish in particular, frequently on the table, was a revelation of the sweeter

glories of the culinary art. From a memorandum which I persuaded her to give me, and which is now lost, I found that it was compounded of salt codfish, eggs, and cream, with some other simple ingredients that I have now forgotten. If you partook of that you knew what was meant by the phrase "table luxury."

When, the next winter, I gave a supper to a few friends at



FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER



HAWTHORNE'S LITTLE RED HOUSE



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

Delmonico's, I asked, showing my memorandum, if I could have that dish served among others, and was told that it should be done perfectly, though it was rather below the art of their *cuisine*. I fondly fancied that I should give my friends a surprise. But on tasting it, none of us could eat any. I concealed my bitter disap.



A FINE ELM NEAR THE "BOWL"

pointment; but I reflected that it is the divine gift of cooking, and not the materials of which a dish is composed, that conduces to digestion or commends it to the palate. How many women there are, unknown to fame, who in in this, as in other arts, surpass the proudest achievements of men.

I arrived at this farmhouse at the close of a long day and a tiresome journey; and that night I sank to slumber between the whitest of sheets, feeling that I could willingly resign the joys of New York.

I wandered for days amid the most magnificent scenery. I found such calm restfulness among the hills, and felt an influx of so much new life and vigor as I looked over the varied landscape, or listened to the music of the mountain streams, that I asked myself if it



MISS SARGENT'S FARM BUILDINGS IN LENOX

of a window, engaged in writing. Several partly finished manuscripts were lying on the table in scattered heaps. They were the fruits of the desultory occupation with which I beguiled my idle hours,—sketches and studies to be afterwards polished into forms fit for the editor's eye. Noticing that the bright sunshine had become obscured, I turned my eyes and saw that a cloud of exceeding blackness was rising above the summit of the hill. With the passing thought that a shower of possibly unusual violence was soon to burst, I gave my attention again to my work. In a few moments I heard a slight patter on the windows. I looked again, and saw a spectacle that must be forever impressed on my memory.

A solid wall of hailstones was rushing towards the house, as though the heavens had discharged a million Gatling guns at once, and sent against me an irresistible volley. I say a "solid wall," because the storm did not approach in detached masses or irregular shapes, but rose in its perpendicular terror with a smooth and even front, and compact as the serried ranks of a



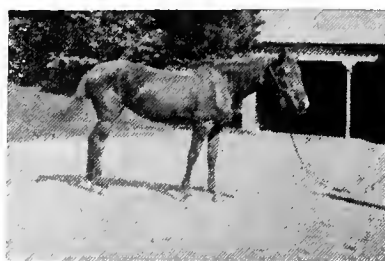
A BIT OF LAUREL LAKE



"KITTY AND ME"

should ever be my lot to behold anything more impressive and sublime. But a new wonder was to come.

The house at which I had been for some weeks a guest was situated near the top of a hill. One afternoon, early in August, I was seated at my table in front



"MRS. GAINES," THE LATE COL. AUCHMUTY'S WAR HORSE



READY FOR THANKSGIVING

military phalanx. For some seconds I was lost in wonder, before I apprehended the portending danger. I sprang up, and had just time to draw back the table from the window when the embattled storm struck the house. The instantaneous destruction was sublime. Every pane of glass on that side was broken. At the first stroke they were nearly all demolished; and then the few that remained were heard to break, like the scattering shots at the conclusion of a battle. In perhaps



LAKE MAHKEENAC, FROM THE STOKES FARM



A GLIMPSE OF THE "BOWL," OR LAKE MAHKEENAC.

STOCKBRIDGE BOWL

The Stockbridge Bowl! Hast ever seen
How sweetly pure and bright
Its foot of stone and rim of green
Attract the traveler's sight? —
High set among the breezy hills,
Where spotless marble glows,
It takes the tribute of the rills,
Distilled from mountain snows.
Lydia Sigourney.

BERKSHIRE HOMES

"Where run bright rills, and stand
high rocks,
Where health and beauty comes,
And peace and happiness abides,
Rest Berkshire Hills and Homes.
The Hoosac winds its tortuous
course,
The Housatonic sweeps
Through fields of living loveliness,
As on its course it keeps."
Clark W. Bryan.



LAKE MAHKEENAC, FROM LENOX ROAD, BY MOONLIGHT

while the tempest raged, and I was the while pelted with hailstones of the size of walnuts. Outside of the house the havoc was terrible. That patient farmer, when the cyclone had passed, went over his fields only to see that the labor of the entire season went for naught. All his growing crops were gone. Corn, potatoes, beans, and a flourishing vegetable garden, were all destroyed. Trees were stripped of their foliage, and in the orchard the half-grown apples lay thickly strewn beneath the branches whereon they grew. In perhaps five minutes all was over; the sun came out again, to shine upon a

ruin more complete than imagination could depict, or language fitly describe. A few other farms suffered, but none so much as this. This fated spot bore the chief fury of the storm. But this farmer and his wife looked upon their losses without a complaint or murmur. In the calmness of their fortitude, in the courage with which they met adversity, I saw in this patient man and this brave woman what virtues are bred in the hills of Berkshire.

Can there be a disaster which is not attended with a touch of humor? In this locality the luxury of ice was then unknown in summer. But in two or three households there were busy hands to make the most of this calamity. After the tempest had ceased, hailstones were

gathered, and youth and maiden found comfort in the unusual delicacy of ice cream.

It has been said that Nature repairs all her damages with every returning spring. But here was one exception. I visited the same spot the next summer, and I saw that the scars of the previous summer's devastation had not all been healed. Shade trees and apple trees still bore the sad marks of the destruction that had swept over them. They lifted against the sky bare and barren branches and sprays to



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSATONIC

twenty seconds the assault was over, and the carnage complete. The shots poured into the room thick and fast. Such was the force of the blast that drove them that the hailstones flew laterally across the room, and struck the opposite wall like bullets. Meantime, my manuscript had been scattered all over the floor; and I cannot forget the ridiculous situation in which I was caught as I attempted to save them,—flying about the room to gather the imperiled papers,



VIEW OF THE VALLEY FROM DR. FIELD'S GROUNDS AT STOCKBRIDGE



ON THE HIGHWAY TO STOCKBRIDGE

which the foliage had not been restored. Even the rosebushes mourned a partial decay. But my friends at the farmhouse were as cheerful and hopeful as though no adversity had tested their courage. Or rather should I say that their courage was invincible against disaster? We have been ac-



NEAR THE TOWN

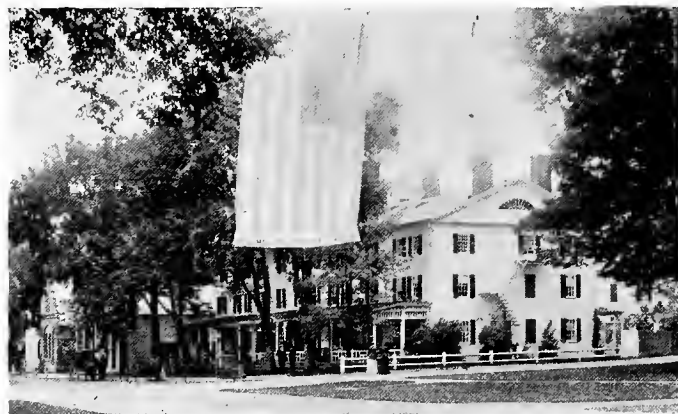
customed to say that man is powerless before the forces of Nature, when it goes forth in its fury. But may we not say that man is capable of displaying forces sublimer still? Let a summer tempest do its worst; but against all the havoc it makes, I weigh out the constancy, faithfulness, the inexhaustible mental and moral resources, which rise superior to every assault, and enable the human hand and brain to defy all that Nature can do.

J. M. S. B.

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

LENOX, STOCKBRIDGE AND GREAT BARRINGTON

One who finds himself at Lenox for the first time, although he come with the idea that the good old town has perhaps been ad-



THE STOCKBRIDGE INN

vertised for more than she really can lay claim to, is willing to admit, after a day or two of driving or walking about, that the "half hasn't been told." One cannot tell which charms him most in Lenox—her natural beauty and wealth of changing scenery, or the hand of art and architecture in "cottage life," as it is called in this the "Inland Newport." Of course we speak of it in the sense that has made Lenox famous—a summer resort. From every eminence, and these are legion, one gets a wealth of view and sweep of loveliness in hill, mountain and valley that is as changing as a kaleidoscope; and herein lies the charm of Lenox life. Whether it is northward away off to Greylock, southward, with the Monument mountain a few miles away or farther on the

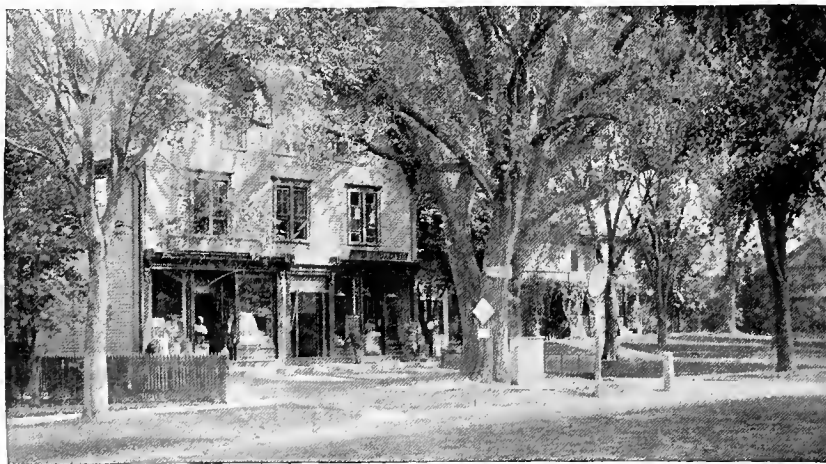


ON MAIN STREET



THE FOUNTAIN

AN ANECDOTE OF DR. SHEPHERD—Rev. Dr. Shepherd, who preached many years in Lenox, was a puritan of the strictest sort, but was a very witty man. He had a habit of keeping his eyes open when he prayed. Not far from Lenox is a village that has always been noted for its frequent change of ministers. The Lenox divine had been called on so many different times to be one of a council to dismiss and settle parsons there, that once after coming home from settling a new shepherd over the fastidious flock he said to his man as he drove into the yard: "Don't take the harness off from the horse yet, David. I've just settled a man down there in the village and I'm expecting to be sent for every moment to dismiss him."



ANOTHER VIEW ON THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE

Dome, to the south portal of the Taconics east to the mountain tops, west to the range of forest and hill, it is a charm, and varied changeable scene.

One might give pages of the beauty of Lenox; its life, its social gayety, its quiet home life of the cottager or the hotel guest in summer. It isn't a striking village is Lenox. It nestles at the foot of the hill as one drives into it from the north, embowered among the trees, with roof and spire peeping up through the foliage each side of the broad street. The old church is on the hill. Dr. Parkhurst went from here to minister to and agitate New York. Here in the old tower



ON MAIN STREET, STOCKBRIDGE



THE RECTORY

The "Woolsey Place," away back in the woods and from which one gets a charming view down south, is among the earliest of the summer homes. It was the Aspinwall place, the summer home of the steamship men of other days, and Mrs. Woolsey inherited it from her father.

historic fame, gave the old church this clock, when she was a dashing young woman years ago, and was among the earliest to see the beauty of Lenox, when a summer's outing and a country residence was a thing thought of by but few. The churchyard close by has many noble names chiseled on its marble. Here in Lenox Charles Sumner came, and in the village made his suit and did his wooing as he and his bride walked up and down the quiet streets. Not the streets of to-day, to be sure; and yet the village in many ways has not changed much. The old church is here; the old court-house building is here, but its walls echo no more to plea of lawyer, and judges no longer sit in judgment and equity, for Lenox ceased to be a county seat more than twenty years ago. All the old "county officials" have gone; their homes are owned now by "city folks."



THE CHIMES



STOCKBRIDGE CASINO

Curtis' hotel is here; the same as of old, excepting that it has been added to and enlarged. Landlord Curtis, the senior, has a rich fund of anecdote and reminiscence of the other and early days of the summer business that would fill a book. Across the way on the village green is a monument telling the heroism of one of Lenox's sons in the Revolution. Last year a grandson had his remains brought here



ASSEMBLY ROOM IN THE CASINO



MONUMENT TO JONATHAN EDWARDS



THE OLD MISSION HOUSE



CYRUS W. FIELD

from far away and the monument was dedicated with military pageantry; the regulars came to do honor to the bones of the revolutionary hero and his wife. The little old town hall has served Lenox for a century nearly; a modest, square building, unpretentious and unassuming, and all efforts to change it have failed. Its quaintness and antiquity please the town.

There is too much to tell of Lenox to crowd it into a simple chapter; to particularize would take too much time and space. The "cottage" feature of Lenox life is grow-



IN THE CEMETERY

ing. Some one told Mr. Curtis some years ago (and I don't know but it was Fanny Kemble) that the time would come when all the hardhack pastures which were then monopolizing the various slopes, would command fabulous prices, and would be the abode of wealth and the sites of mansions. Whoever made the prophecy was a true prophet; and Mr. Curtis has lived to see it fulfilled. Think of land selling in a country village at the rate of \$9,000 an acre! And yet that has been done in Lenox, time and again. One of these desirable summer cousins, as they are called, has brought another. We speak of Lenox, to be sure; but it must be remembered that the town of Stockbridge comes almost to the very doors of the hotel, but it is all "Lenox." Here have come such prominent names as Hon. John E. Parsons, the lawyer-philanthropist; the Havens, W. D. Sloane, a son-in-law of Mr. Vanderbilt, and his brother who has just purchased the General Rathbone property and formerly the Henry Ward Beecher homestead on the Lee road, where that famous divine wrote his celebrated "Star Papers" years ago, when he was in the prime of his manhood and fame. Here is the summer home of Charles Lanier, the banker, the Frelinghuysens' old colonial mansion where ex-President Arthur came after his term of office, to seek rest and absolute quiet in the home of his Secretary of State. Hon. Richard Goodman, a pioneer cottager, General Barlow, Henri Braem, Joseph Burden, Mrs. Haggerty whose cottage ex-Secretary Whitney occupied, where Mrs. Cleveland was entertained and in whose honor, a few years ago, was given one of the grandest receptions of its kind that Berkshire ever saw. The Morgan cottage (a mansion costing away up into the millions and just finished). The Schermerhorn place hid in the trees and walled in. Colonel Auchmuty's home on one of the sunniest slopes and grandest of views in all the town on the Pittsfield road. Mr. Bradford, with a mile of domain and terraced its

entire length by the roadside. Hon. David W. Bishop, the railroad magnate, with his "Interlaken" villa. George Westinghouse, the electrical inventor, the foundation of whose fortune was laid with the air brake. His marble mansion is on a beautiful eminence overlooking Laurel lake. He lives in the town of Lee; but they call it Lenox. The Anson Phelps Stokes mansion, "Bonnie Brae," overlooking "Lake Mahkeenac." Mr. Beckwith's nearly completed mansion, with Mr. Cook's just planned, will each cost up into the millions, before they are erected and furnished.

The city cousin adds much to the wealth of Lenox in many ways. Here he and his family come in June and stay till fall. They come to enjoy the drives, the scenery, the quietude and the social



AN OLD WILLOW

electricity are found in Lenox; barring, possibly, a few private gas or electric light plants. Kerosene is used for domestic and public lighting in all the village.

The old academy has been spared in the



ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY

life in dinners, receptions, dancing parties, literary entertainments, archery, tennis, coaching parties, tub parades in autumn, etc. And yet they are interested in Lenox for herself and themselves. Recently a plan for macadamizing the streets was promoted. The town appropriated liberally, and private subscriptions among the "cottagers," as they call themselves, made up the balance, some \$10,000. It must be remembered that non-residents, these same cottagers, pay a good share of the town's taxes besides. Sewers make the village healthy; a village improvement society is sustained; the water supply is from the mountain side miles away. The library is well maintained; a bank does a fine business. And yet the streets are lighted at night by lamps, and neither gas nor



CATHERINE SEDGWICK

march of progress. It is of old-time architecture; square, two stories, with a little belfry and weather-beaten. Here, in the days ago, were educated many men who have made prominent places for themselves.



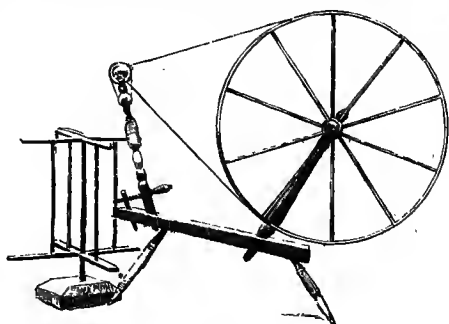
IN MEMORY OF MRS. THEODORE SEDGWICK



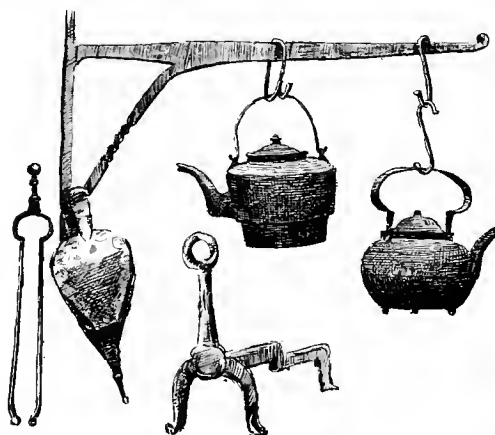
THE PINE ROAD

The handsome Trinity Episcopal church stands in the triangle opposite the Frelinghuysen mansion, and the rectory is just beyond. It is a handsome edifice, of granite, rough hewn, and its portals are wide open every day in summer. Its memorial porch and chancel are handsome. It was largely planned and greatly assisted in the building by the late Colonel Auchmuty. The second largest piece of mosaic pavement in the country is found in Trinity church; its columns are fashioned after some of the oldest temples in Europe. Other churches are the old Congregational on the hill, the Methodist and the Catholic. All are well sustained. At Trinity, in summer, gather congregations whose wealth may be counted by millions, and few young men minister to more wealthy or refined congregations than the rector of Trinity in summer. Speaking of the late Colonel Auchmuty, Lenox has much to be proud of, in his quiet, unostentatious life here. His establishment of the famous trade schools in New York is his best monument. His old war horse, "Mrs. Gaines," was an animal which the villagers pointed out with pride many years. She was believed, at the time of her death, this year (1893), to have been the last remaining horse that was with General McClellan's Army of the Potomac.

The social life of Lenox is also manifest in the Lenox Club, an association of gentlemen whose summer homes are here, or who are guests at the hotel, for not all Lenox



SPINNING WHEEL

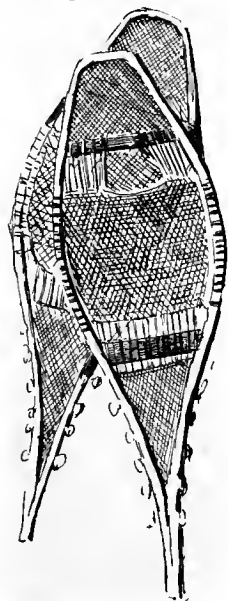


OLD FIREPLACE UTENSILS

lives in its own house. Not an elaborate clubhouse; but a two-story wooden building, with wide lawns and ample grounds, a tennis court, bowling alley and wide, cool piazzas tempting one to rest and quiet. One would hardly call it "clubhouse" in that sense; for there is nothing stiff or formal in it. It is the gathering place of the gentlemen who find, in summer, their resting place at Lenox, and meet each other socially here. Many things for the betterment of Lenox, in its public affairs, have been created and promoted

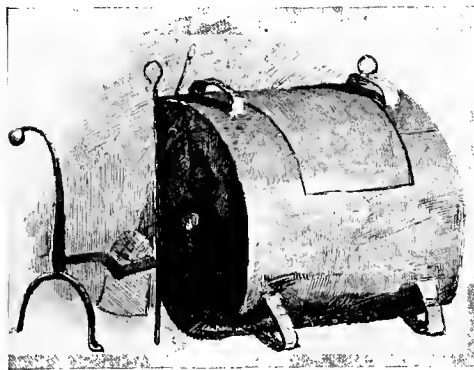
here. Once a year the club give a reception to the ladies, and the occasion is one of interest, and looked forward to as among the real attractions of the year. The reception at the club is usually the closing leading social event of the season.

Lenox has much of history; but we are not dealing with perfunctory historical matters



SNOWSHOES

in this liesurely walk about Berkshire. Yet, Lenox doesn't lay claim to so much of history as Stockbridge, Williamstown and some other Berkshire towns; although old in point of settlement and prominent as the county seat for a century. The fame of Lenox lies and has remained for many years in her natural beauty and the attractions which have brought to her borders, year by year, wealth, aristocratic society and all that makes up an "Inland Newport," as it is called. The cottagers come in June in goodly numbers, either to their own homes, to leased cottages or the hotel, for the season. In July, they go to Newport, Bar Harbor or, possibly, journey early to Europe, mayhap for one season, but

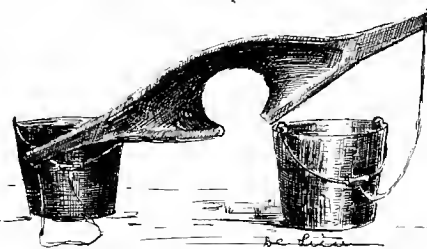


TIN ROASTER

usually to stay only a few weeks and return in September, when social gayety and the round of pleasure begins. This it is that has made Lenox famous in all New England, and she is "exclusive" to a certain extent. Mansions costing a quarter of a million, with handsome grounds to correspond, dot the hillsides and the slopes. The Lenox of old, in its farms and middle classes, is departing. The city man is taking up his domain at a large price. They are homes. A gem in the Berkshires is Lenox, the queen of resorts,— quiet, peaceful, isolated and charming. The railway station is two miles away; the cottagers wouldn't have it nearer if they could. It's a steady up-hill from the station to the village, and the stagecoaches to and from the village are one of the features of Lenox. Electric cars between the village and the station would be an innovation that Lenox life would hardly want to experience. Royalty has been here every season in the person of ambassadors from nearly all the prominent European nations.

STOCKBRIDGE

One needs more than a chapter to tell of the beauties and the glory of Stockbridge. She nestles as peacefully in the valley as a child at ease in his mother's arms. The high hills each side, the Monument mountain, so full of legend and story, as the sentinel towards the south, the range of the Taconics dividing the town from West Stockbridge on the west; all these are set off to great advan-



SAW MILLS AND YOKE



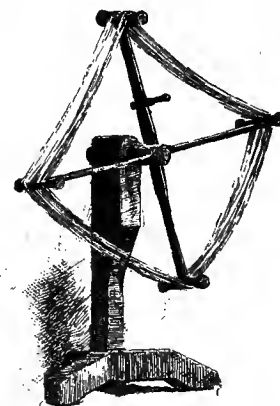
KITCHEN UTENSILS

tage by the Housatonic river flowing so peacefully along in its windings through meadow and vale and at last tumbling itself by a sort of cascade and water power at the southern

boundary of the town at Glendale and Housatonic.

Seen at the best in the summer or springtime is Stockbridge. She invites rest of the most delightful character, the moment one leaves the pretty railway station of stone and brick, the well-kept grounds and landscape gardening greet the eye as you leave the train, showing that some organized effort has brought this about. The Laurel Hill Association, the pioneer village improvement association of the country, formed many years ago, through the efforts of one public-spirited lady, Mrs. Goodrich, has lived all these years, quietly doing its work, as seen in better sidewalks, street lights, hiding of unsightly bits of scenery about the village and giving the whole village bounds an air of neatness and improvement, and inviting everybody to her borders.

Stockbridge, like many of the other Berkshire towns, is rich in her old families; families who have in some instances all passed away, and the first name is no more; but yet living in many things that have made for the best kind of popularity of the place. Here was the Sedgwick family of whom



YARN FRAME



MONUMENT TO THE STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS

Catherine, who later lived in Lenox, and by her pen made Berkshire famous, was of that good old stock that has representatives here yet. The Dwights, a good family, now nearly all gone. Here were the Fields, both the elder D. D., who so many years ministered here in the latter part of 1700, and whose remains repose in the village cemetery. Here are also his sons, David Dudley, Dr. Henry M., Cyrus W.,—the latter known from his connection with laying the Atlantic cable and now deceased—the Fields and Stockbridge are practically inseparable. They turn to her now more fondly than ever as life nears a close. There are many more of the families who gave Stockbridge its early prominence. Judges half a score; congressmen, divines, authors, artists, and in fact, all the walks of life have come from Stockbridge, as a native town, in goodly numbers.

Her main street is a beautiful place. The great elms, planted here some of them almost before there was any vil-



THE SEDGWICK PLACE

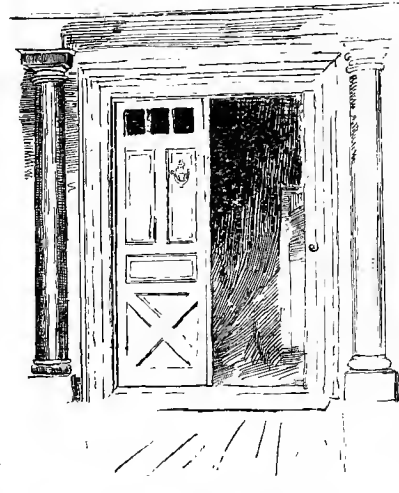


EDWARDS HALL, STOCKBRIDGE



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

lage, have found the soil indigenous to their growth. A huge willow, said to be the largest in the country, grew to prodigious proportion from a riding whip planted sometime in 1756, by a passing traveler. Broad streets, houses with ample grounds in front, and well kept, are on every side. Just a quiet, cozy home life. Monuments, one to the soldiers of the town and the other to commemorate the memory of Jonathan Edwards, that eminent divine, are in the little triangles at the street corners. Fountains, drinking



THE OLD DOOR AT EDWARDS HALL

tubs for man and beast are private donations.

The hotel is also an ideal country inn. It was the "Red Lion Tavern" and was erected in 1764. The old sign is preserved yet, and here are the old-fashioned Franklin stoves, old-style tin lantern on the porch, antique furniture all about; and a collection of ceramics, (for Mrs. Plumb is a connoisseur in that direction) which makes one almost envious to possess some of the rare display. Hosts of dis-



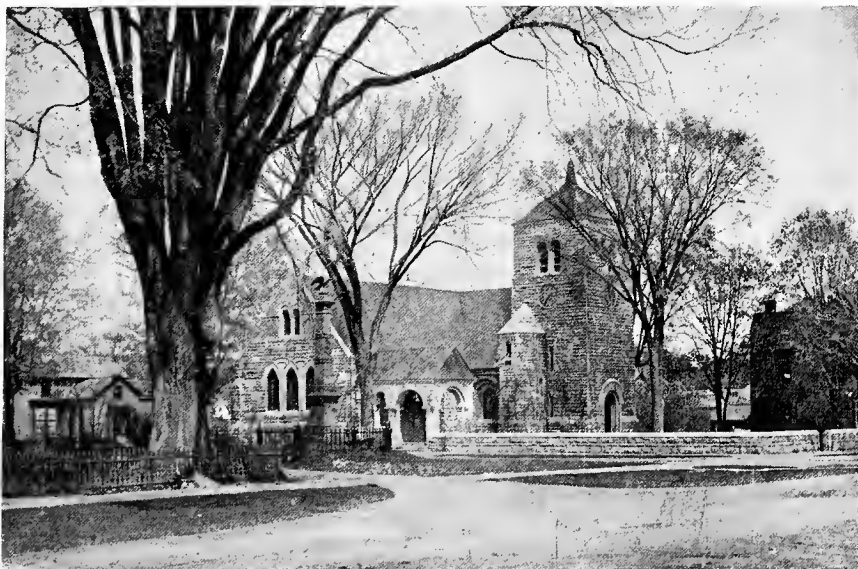
STOCKBRIDGE TOWN HALL



JONATHAN EDWARDS



A DRINKING FOUNTAIN



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH



THE METHODIST CHURCH

tinguished guests have been sheltered beneath its hospitable roof. It has recently been enlarged, but the original red lion is preserved. Here is the old Jonathan Edwards home, with the same clapboards upon it that were hewn out in 1756, and nailed on with hard-wrought nails. This is also known as Edwards Hall.



THE PARSONS PLACE

Stockbridge history is also interesting. Here were the Stockbridge Indians, among whom came John Sargent to labor, and who was instrumental in the conversion of many souls. This was in 1736. Sargent's remains repose in the village cemetery hard by the resting place of the dusky people whose amelioration and salvation were his study and work. Then



THE OLD STOCKBRIDGE DEPOT

came Stephen West, famous by his writings years ago. Then came Edwards in 1751-8; and here his famous "Freedom of the Will" was written. His desk is preserved as an heirloom and cannot be purchased. The Indian burial ground is on the Great Barrington road, on a knoll overlooking the meadow, and thence on to the river. A monument of native stone marks the spot where the Indians sleep their last sleep. The site of the Mission church now has a chime of bells donated by Hon. David Dudley Field, said to be one of the ablest legal lights in the world, and whose form even now is seen in Stockbridge in summer, although over eighty winters have passed over his head. He has just given the town a handsome piece of land for a public park. The Mission house yet stands, the oldest building in the town. The chimes are rung out every sunset,



THE HEIGHTS



RESIDENCE OF DAVID DUDLEY FIELD

at Mr. Field's expense, and are a memorial to his grandchildren. His daughter, Lady Musgrave, died some years ago.

Summer homes are beautiful in architecture and inviting to the city cousin. The summer homes of such gentlemen as David Dudley Field, Mr. Blakeman, Mr. Southmayd, Hon. Joseph Choate, the



RESIDENCE OF BIRD-EYE BLAKEMAN

eminent lawyer; Tuckermans, Prof. Joy, and others, a long list of them. Many prominent men have sought Stockbridge for a few weeks' rest, while in the other years such men as Webster, Marcy, VanBuren, Garfield and others have been at Stockbridge. Dean Stanley came in 1887, and preached in the little St. Paul's church. He was Mr. Field's guest and was charmed with Stockbridge in autumn.

Across from the hotel is the handsome St. Paul's church of granite, a memorial to his wife by Charles E. Butler, the eminent New York lawyer, who, with his partner, Mr. Southmayd, had summer homes here for many years. Some beautiful gifts are in the church. It is open every day for prayer or visitation. The public library, Jackson library, was a gift to the town, and the hall above was also presented to Stockbridge by the late John Z. Goodrich. Her academy, known in the past as "Williams Academy," is now the high school, and is buried almost in the edge of the wood,



A SUMMER HOUSE



VIEW FROM MR. CHOATE'S FLOWER GARDEN

beyond which is Laurel hill. The old Congregational church is farther along to the west, a substantial structure, built many years ago. Its tall, graceful spire is one of the first things seen among the trees as the traveler by train enters the town. The cemetery is across the broad street. The town-house, the church, the Mission chimes, are all on the same triangular piece of land.

Yet, all of Stockbridge is not in the village, for the northern boundary of the town takes in a portion of what is known as Lenox village. Here are the mansions of Messrs. Sloane, Lanier, Bishop and others. Curtisville is a part of Stockbridge, and on the edge of its lake, formerly Stockbridge Bowl, now known as Lake Mahkeenac, are the elegant summer homes of Mr. Beckwith, who has bought hundreds of acres of land in that

vicinity to add to his grounds, his lawns and his fields. H. H. Cook's handsome place on the opposite shore of the lake is also in Stockbridge. Anson Phelps Stokes' "Bonnie Brae,"—formerly the home of Sam Ward of New York, will be one of the largest country seats of the kind in the country when it is completed a year or so hence. On the shore of Mahkeenac was the little "Red House" wherein Hawthorne wrote the "House of the Seven Gables," and

whose desk is now in the Pittsfield museum at the Atheneum. The "Little Red House" was sacredly guarded by its owner, and few visitors saw it; but some carelessness a few years ago resulted in its total destruction by fire. At Curtisville, Hon. John E. Parsons of New



AN ELEGANT ROADWAY IN STOCKBRIDGE



WILLOW, AND MONUMENT MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE

York and Lenox has recently bought the old hotel, some adjacent buildings and the water privilege of the lake, so that no manufacturing should disturb, and here he has erected "St. Helen's Home," a memorial to his daughter, Miss Helen, who died of fever in Florida, a year or so ago. Here come every fortnight in summer a contingent of fifty poor children from New York, under the auspices of the Fresh Air Fund. So "being dead, she yet speaketh," may well be said of



RESIDENCE OF MRS. IASIGII



THE HULL PLACE

the lovely young woman whom "St. Helen's Home" commemorates, through the kindly benefaction of her father.

The chapter on Stockbridge widens; abridgment of a town so lovely and so closely allied with the literary history of the county,



LIGHT AND SHADE ON THE HOUSATONIC

and also with its material prosperity, is difficult. There are three lakes in her borders—Averic, Mahkeenac and Glendale. Icy Glen is a charming retreat. So completely isolated and shaded in the woods is it, that ice is found therein all the year round, for the sunlight does not disturb it. Excursions through the glen by torchlight, the young people dressed in fantastic costumes, and on their return a dance on the vil-



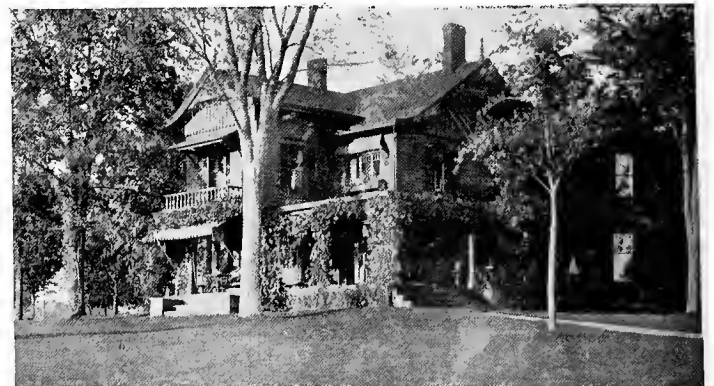
AN ENTRANCE TO PRIVATE GROUNDS

too numerous to repeat, for the guidebooks are full of them. It is a changing panorama wherever one walks, climbs, rides or drives. The drives, too, are legion, southward over Monument mountain, so full of legend and story. The tale of the Indian maiden and her lover sitting all the day and then throwing themselves from the jagged, rugged cliffs is told again and again with renewed zest and relish. North to Lenox or Curtisville; over the mountains to the west along the range of high hills in that direction; eastward to Lee, or farther on to Tyringham, or over the well-kept but steeper highways to Bear mountain; or down the region known as "Muddy Brook," and thence



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH B. CHOATE

to Great Barrington. The river road is also charming with its bits of scenery at every turn. Stockbridge presents a wealth of handsome things to tempt the eye and to make the stay in the village for a summer, or a permanent residence, all that one can desire. One of Berkshire's handsomest towns is "Old Stockbridge," as it is yet called by the elder people.



WINDERMERE—RESIDENCE OF REV. D. M. FIELD



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSATONIC

have just tinged the mountain-side forests with the glories of the variety of tint; or in the frosts of a clear winter's day when the hill-sides are covered with snow and the air is filled with it.

Historically speaking, Great Barrington (so named from Lord Barrington, I believe) lays claim to many features which make her story of the past eventful. Its history has been



ON THE ROAD TO ICY GLEN



A VIEW IN GLENDALE

day and time, who set him on horseback with his face to the rear and sent him out of the town. That was before the revolution. Here Shays' rebellion found some comfort and finally collapsed near Great Barrington. Here was the first triumph of liberty in slavery times when, at the Berkshire court (then Great Barrington was the shire town) a runaway slave was freed by Theodore

told time and again, and accurately and interestingly so, by Charles J. Taylor, the treasurer of the local savings bank, a loyal son of the town and who has made his work a "labor of love." Here was the first armed resistance to King George III, and the judge of the King's Bench met opposition in the yeomanry of the



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GLENDALE

Sedgwick's claim that she could not be held under the Massachusetts Bill of Rights.

Great Barrington has a scope of Berkshire scenery peculiarly its own, and unlike any other. It is more than a panorama; it is a kaleidoscope in its wealth of variety and attractiveness at every turn. A chapter on views and drives and walks with a new point of interest could be written. How snugly the village proper is nestled in its quietude in the valley along the river, the lovely Housatonic, flowing so peacefully and gently along in its winding



THE OLD GISTMILL, STOCKBRIDGE

way to the sea. The well-kept farmhouses are an attraction, just on the village outskirts.

Great Barrington is the market town for a large tract of territory east and west; it has a railway station and the merchants and tradesmen do a thriving business with outlying farmers. It is not



ICY GLEN



END OF THE STREET, GLENDALE



A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE AT GLENDALE



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT GLENDALE

a manufacturing place to any great extent, although here were the first rubber mills and the Russells were and have been the woolen manufacturers, father and sons, for many a year. Housatonic village, on the northern borders of the town, is the busy manufacturing village of Great Barrington and a delightful village at the west side of Monument mountain. Here, at Great Barrington village, is the location of the Housatonic Agricultural society—said to be the best managed, the most liberally patronized and withal the best "cattle show" organization in all New England, if not in all the country. It is the great holiday occasion of the region for miles around. Here is seen life in all the phases peculiar to



ON ROAD TO WEST STOCKBRIDGE

cattle show days. Your artist has caught some of the characteristic scenes of a country cattle show; 20,000 people assembled to renew old acquaintances, to witness the contests of horse and man in sports, to discuss the vegetables, cattle, talk politics, exchange gossip, etc. A motley group of exhibits—an equally motley gathering of people.

Monument mountain is in the northern border of the town and is claimed alike by Great Barrington and Stockbridge. A lovely road leads over a portion of the mountain side and its huge cliffs can be easily seen from the roadway. Here is the legendary part of Great Barrington. Octave Henzel, Bryant and others have told the story,—it need not be detailed. The



NEAR WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

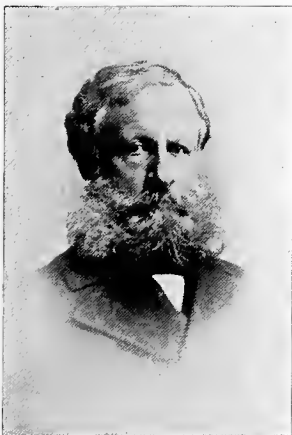
picture of the Indian maiden throwing herself from the cliff, because by the law of her tribe she could not wed her cousin lover, was for years the vignette of the old bills of the Mahaiwie bank, in other days, before it was nationalized. Every one in Berkshire

knows, or thinks he does, the tradition of Monument mountain; it need not be repeated here.

Views are innumerable, from whatever point one climbs. What a sweep one gets from the west of the village towards Berkshire Heights. It is a study and a lasting memory; once drunk in, never forgotten. What a view one gets from June



GLEN AVENUE



JARED REID, JR.



OLD "DOBBIN'S" FRIEND



A VISTA ON THE WILLOW ROAD

mountain! It is the other side of the panoramic wealth of beauty. How quietly the village nestles at your feet in the valley! It is wonderfully social, more so than most villages. Call on a business man, say at five in the afternoon, and it is fortunate if you do not find him "out to tea" with his wife and friends, the guest of some neighbor. This indicates the good feeling and fellowship of the town and village.

Here is the handsome church, the Congregational, the gift of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, (she was then Mrs. Mark Hopkins). It is a handsome church of grey dolomite; its great organ is the pride of the village, because it is the handsomest and largest in the county, and indeed takes a high place among those of the country. Its echo organ in the opposite gallery requires over two miles of electric wires to put its harmony into response chords with its larger and controlling fellow. The church parsonage and grounds are the pride of the village;



ON ROAD TO LENOX FROM STOCKBRIDGE

the building is open every day and the visitor can call and examine it at will. Handsome, rich furnishings; not a particle of veneer or sham about it. Its material was in part taken from her quarries across the river.

The Searles mansion of grey dolomite is a striking figure of Great Barrington attractiveness. It is a castle indeed. It was begun when Mrs. Hopkins was a widow; it was the site of her girlhood home when she was Miss Kellogg, and she named it "Kellogg Terrace." Its architect, Mr. Searles, was afterward and now its owner; he married Mrs. Hopkins, inherited part of her millions and their union is said to be a love affair, despite the difference of ages;—she was older than he. I need not attempt to describe the terrace; visitors are not admitted, for its high stone walls are securely guarded at the portals. One of the handsomest of views in all Berkshire is obtained down the valley, with the June mountain at the left. Its wealthy original owner has long since ceased to dwell on its beauties. The high fountain is in front. The lawn is a real mead, and its present possessor, Mr. Searles, seldom or ever comes here. It may be a school of art or music some day; that is the question the villagers often ask themselves. Here in this village Mark Hopkins was a country hardware clerk, and he and his bride years ago (afterwards Mrs. Searles) went to California together to



LOOKING WEST FROM GLEN AVENUE, STOCKBRIDGE

head waters at Austerlitz over in New York state, and coming down through Egremont to Great Barrington. Many of Bryant's loftiest productions, to many minds, were inspired by and at the time of his residence in the "Grand Old Hills of Berkshire." While Bryant's memory lives, Great Barrington will share in a good degree this honor as his residence, though not his birthplace.

Long before the locomotive whistle woke the echoes of the valley, the summer guests came. Their names are legion and among them many prominent. Garfield wrote verses in Great Barrington; the first Chinese servant in Berkshire came years ago with the Chinese consul. Major Gibbons came



HAWTHORN BUSH AND ELM

carve out their mark on the scroll of fame and fortune, and did it in the higher niches. Here Bryant the poet lived, and his residence was across the broad street from the Searles place. He was town clerk of Great Barrington, and the record of his own marriage, as his duties required him to make, is still shown in the town clerk's office. His house is yet preserved. The Berkshire Inn, a quaint and charming piece of hotel architecture, made somehow just to fit the spot and the surroundings, stands also on the same plot of ground which Bryant owned. It is a prominent summer resort, and Mr. Ticknor has made a reputation for it and for himself. The Collins sanitarium and other places attract and accommodate the summer tourist. Here Bryant wrote his "Green River," the little stream coming into town below the village, after leaving its



A HAYMAKER'S DAY



SCENE IN THE SUBURBS

some years ago and built himself a summer home here. He was a southerner; was crossed in love, his affianced marrying a rival, I believe, on the day of his to-be wedding. He retired from publicity, and female society or servant seldom or never graced his house in this village. His property is now owned by Colonel Brown of the New York *News*, who has made a lovely place of his belongings; and, as he says, he prizes Great Barrington over any other place he finds. So divines, poets, authors and scholars have sung; it would be superfluous to reiterate what they have so beautifully told in their rapture of delight.

Other summer residents are here. There was the David Leavitt place, south of the village and just under the shadow of June mountain. Its great barn was for years the wonder of the town; his art gallery was immense and his summer home was that of princely wealth, where hospitality unbounded was dispensed. It is now owned by a Mr. Crowe of New York. The residences of the Teffts, William E. and son, merchant princes of New York, are below the village at "Jumbo Tent." Mr. Frank Pope, who has made himself felt in the electrical world, owns the oldest house in the village, built in 1757, and he has enlarged it materially; but leaves the old inscription on marble in the brick work. William Stanley, Jr., the electrical inventor, is a native of the town. Judge Dewey of the superior court lived here many years, and loves Great Barrington even yet above all other places. All her sons love Great Barrington; many of them are doing much to

improve her as a summer resort and to add to her reputation.

Mount Peter is a delightful elevation just in the village and the place to which easy and daily walks are made. Eldon's cave in the "Tom Ball" region, dividing Great Barrington from Alford, is in easy distance of the village and is a curiosity. Belcher's cave is almost in the village; it has its legend or history to the effect that in the revolutionary times it was resorted to by one Belcher, a noted counterfeiter. Near here lived Crosby, the hermit, who went to the asylum



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREAT BARRINGTON

spirit of its former self remains, although the age of progress gives the village all the modern improvements in railway, telephone, electric lights, steam, etc. The village is a gem; well kept and tidy even on the back streets or in the locality across the river known as "Brooklyn," because it is annexed to the village proper. Its town-hall is a beauty—an ideal—with court room, town offices, registry of deeds office, library and sole public hall, all under one roof. The old cannon captured from the British ship "Macedonia" in the war of 1812, stands on the green in front

of the town-house. It is too old for use and has been spiked. The handsome soldiers' monument near the hall is a tribute of Great Barrington to her soldier dead.

Yes, Great Barrington is an ideal village; it is an ideal town in its natural beauty and in its lavish gifts, in attractiveness from the hand of Nature. Her churches are well sustained; a hopeful sign of every community. Her schools are well kept and liberally maintained. Her village needs are well supplied by an enterprising population. Her streets are regular and handsome, with few or no fences. Her highways are also well looked after. Her water supply is bountiful and pure. The moral and literary tone of her people is good and all



A GLIMPSE TOWARD THE HILLS

a year or so ago. A love affair crossed his path and eccentricity followed. The auction sale of his effects furnished a sketch for your artist. East Rock and Mount Bryant are nearly 1,500 feet above sea level; Berkshire Heights 980 feet above tide-water and 264 feet above the village, invite the tourist to a wealth of view in all directions. To the Heights the waters of Green river are pumped up from the west to flow down to the village again by gravity, as a supply for the villagers,



WAYSIDE HOMES

that makes for her betterment and to make it a safer and better place for the people, their sons and daughters to dwell in; all that makes for a cordial invitation and pleasant sojourn to the visitor, are maintained and cared for.

We might linger in Great Barrington for days, with new things to feast on and to dwell on constantly. The artist paints the picture as seen; it needs to be tasted and feasted upon long to be appreciated.

O.

If you are English, and hesitate about expressing too much pleasure among these scenes, you may recall that Lord Coleridge said that "England has nothing more pleasingly picturesque than Berkshire."

SUMMER RAIN

Aslant the driven rain incessant streams;
The thirsty meadows sigh as with delight;
The wind-blown poplar shifts from green to white,
And white to green, as aimlessly as dreams.
Down leaps the torrent from the gurgling spout
And plunges, foam-white in the dash. The roof
Resounds with hasty drops, like hoof on hoof
Of elfin horsemen—a wild, cantering rout!
The windows stream and blur the world with mist,
Gray Night comes creeping early from the hills,
Pallid and tearful like a child unvisited,
That broods upon its little wrongs and ills.

James Buckham.



A BIT FROM THE PASTURE

either for domestic or other purposes. In time the whole slope will be the site of cottages—the dream and hope of the original projectors.

Then you may go six miles east over Three Mile hill to Lake Buel; a charming resort for camping, picnicing, fishing or rowing. Two groves invite to rest and a day or longer of ease and comfort. It is the lake resort of Great Barrington and the vicinity. Ice Gulf, where in a chasm ice is found all the year, is also an attraction only a little way from the village. There are drives in every direction.

The life of Great Barrington is peculiarly New England. The



A GLANCE FROM THE HILLSIDE



ON THE MAIN STREET, GREAT BARRINGTON

THE HOPKINS-SEARLES MANSION

Berkshire county enjoys the distinction of having within its borders one of the handsomest and most costly private houses that stands upon the American continent, and the town of Great Barrington will be for many years famous as the location of the "Hopkins mansion." Some years ago Mrs. Mark Hopkins conceived the idea of erecting the magnificent structure pictured in these pages, and in 1884 the work began. The Hopkins place contains about 150 acres and lies a little south of the centre of the town. The mansion stands near the north end of the place, and is some distance from the road. It faces the north and sits on the side of a hill, which slopes to the south and stretches away to the beautiful meadows below. Several architects have been employed upon the mansion, at different times, and the house is not even yet completed.

The building has a frontage to the north of 180 feet and is about 100 feet deep. Its massive walls are broken by seven beautiful towers and numerous gables. The material is native blue dolomite from a quarry across the Housatonic river, which, by the way, is one of the features of the beautiful land-

solid bronze, cast in Munich and cost \$15,000. From the hall-way, immediately after entering, is the entrance to the grand atrium.

There are three of these atria, and they are the central feature of the house. The grand atrium is of large size, and its angular lines are broken on either side by rows of



A VIEW ON MAIN STREET



THE BUSINESS CENTRE

massive marble pillars which support the roof. These pillars represent all the marbles of the world, no two being alike. In the hall-way or passage leading to the atrium, the wood-work is all of the finest English oak and the ceilings and upper wall are of stucco work, pure white and of exquisite design. Right here it may be stated that throughout this entire mansion there is not a particle of coloring, excepting that which may be in carpets, hangings or furniture. The walls and ceilings are all of oak and stucco, and not a drop of paint or oil has been used in the finish of the wood. It is polished by hand alone and the finish is magnificent. To the right of this grand atrium, in one of the towers, is the library, and on the opposite side, in another tower, is a reception room. The library has the same finish of oak and stucco, and is lighted by an ingenious arrangement of windows over the



THE MILLER HOUSE, GREAT BARRINGTON



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT



THE BERKSHIRE COURIER OFFICE

scape here. It is somewhat difficult to designate the style of architecture of the building, but it may be said to be a combination in which the old French style predominates. At the north the house has four stories, and at the south there are two more, made by the slope of the hill. On the south side is a high and massive terrace which is paved with marble, the rail being surmounted with the same stone. Under this terrace is a large winter conservatory in which are kept the plants that beautify the grounds in summer. The appearance of this terrace gives the impression of a fortress, and it is one of the most striking features of the building. The main entrance to the mansion is through a grand porch on the north side. The doors for this entrance are historical

shelves. The walls of the reception room are paneled in oak, these round rooms being very tasteful and handsome. Coming back into the grand atrium, one has his attention drawn to the brilliant light that comes through a massive arched doorway at the opposite end. Looking toward this, the main source of light for this royal chamber, the idea of light and distance obtained is marvelous, and a look between the massive marble columns and a second double row of oak columns, to the music room entrance, is like a glimpse of oriental magnificence. The floors of the atrium are of quartered oak, the walls are wainscoted high with oak, and above the beautiful marble columns rises the arched roof. The surrounding rooms are for domestic purposes and are



A BUSY DAY ON MAIN STREET

in perfect harmony with the rest of the house. The second row of columns just mentioned are all of a rare oak of tan color, and are richly carved. The columns lead up to the grand entrance to the music room, and the oak, like that used in the grand archway, is of the same kind as that used in the music room. England and Scotland were hunted over to find enough of this rare wood, and its cost was \$35,000.

Passing on under the arch, one enters the music room, in an extension on the north side. Pages might be written about this music room, and it would not then be adequately described. The room is oblong, the organ occupying one end, while the other end is circular. The ceiling is arched and very high, with a view to obtaining the best acoustic effects. At one side over the arched entrance from the atrium are two balconies, which curve and sweep in irregular lines, giving a peculiarly pleasing



ON RAILROAD STREET

effect. The side walls are wainscoted high up, and above the oak is again seen the marvelous stucco work wrought in emblematic musical designs. About the room, in niches, are magnificent carved oaken seats, so arranged as to be retired, and hung with beautiful tapestries. But the crowning glory of this room is the organ. The case is a beautiful musical temple, made of carefully selected oak, and is a work of art in itself, that is probably not excelled in this country. The wood used in this case cost \$12,000, and a large number of men worked two years in carving the elaborate designs. The organ case and the balconies are built into the room, and the effect is of an entire whole, not a place broken by protruding line of balcony and organ case. The lines are so softened that the harmony is perfect and the effect is marvelously delicate and beautiful. The organ, which cost \$75,000, is of the best metal, and one of the best instruments ever made. The front of it

is not marred by a player's seat, but the organist is located on a conical-shaped booth, depressed somewhat and placed some distance from the organ. The room is lighted by several hundred incandescent lights concealed in the ceiling, and these are controlled by the organist, the lights being raised or lowered in accordance with the character of the music. Above and apart from the music room is a beautifully finished chapel for the use of the family.

Leaving the music room and coming back through the grand atrium



THE COLLINS HOUSE



THE BERKSHIRE INN

into the hall-way, the grand stair case is sure to be noticed as an object of interest. It is made of oak, but the rail, which was made in France, is of hammered steel of unique design. There are also two elevators in the house, making easier access to the upper floors. All the rooms in the house are of different designs and each is a study in itself. There is a Moorish room, Turkish room, Roman and Grecian rooms, and in each the stucco, the carving, the windows, and everything are in keeping with the style of architecture represented. Many of the passages are wainscoted to the ceilings, and others only part way. All through the house are scattered the most magnificent bronzes, statues and other works of art. The kitchen has a tile floor and a tile wainscoting and is as nearly complete in its way as any room in the house.

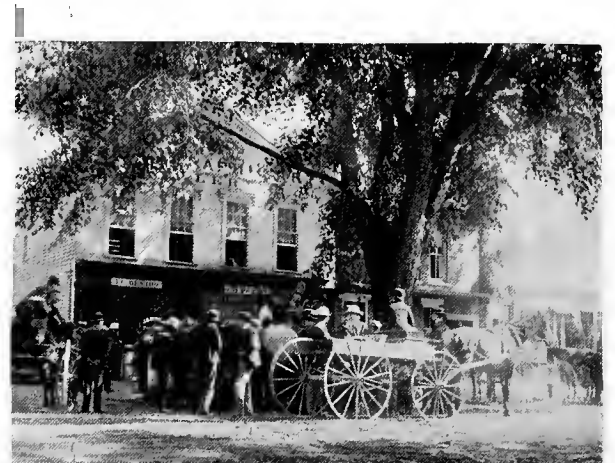
The main idea of the building is a great musical palace, all else being subservient to this. The music room is, therefore, the central feature, and the magnificent atrium is designed simply as a preparatory chamber for the sublimity of the musical temple beyond.

From the south windows of the house the views are as fine as any in southern Berkshire. They take in the beautiful Berkshire meadows, the valley of the lower Housatonic and the range of East and June mountains. It is the intention of the owner to make of the 150 acres a grand park or garden, and a few years will probably see this plan carried out. Two beautiful and artistic bridges will be thrown across the river, the grounds will be traversed by carefully constructed roads, and the whole will become a veritable garden of Eden. In such an article as this the place can be but briefly described, but the time will probably come when the public will be permitted a nearer view of the structure upon which, when finished, some \$2,000,000 will have been expended.

THE first indictment—regularly found by the grand jury—that resulted in a trial in Berkshire county, was one against Landlord Root of Great Barrington, it being charged that he "did wittingly and wilfully suffer and permit singing, fiddling and dancing in his dwelling-house, there being there a tavern or public house." It is recorded that he pleaded guilty and was fined ten shillings and costs.



THE RAILWAY STATION



AUCTION SALE OF HERMIT CROSBY'S EFFECTS

THE GOOD STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS

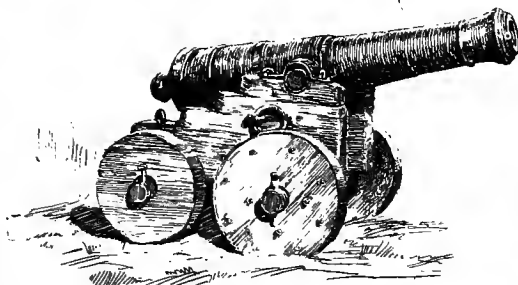
[From the Boston *Post Boy*, September 3, 1739.]

In a letter from a friend in the country dated August 21, 1739, we have the following passages: I have lately been to see my friends at Housatonnoc, (now called Stockbridge) and was well pleased to find the Indians so well improved, particularly in husbandry, having good fields of Indian corn, and beans, and other sorts of grain, as oats, etc. They have good fence about their field, made with their own hands. Some of them live in houses built after the English manner and Capt. Concopot has built a barn that is well shingled, etc. They have several horses among them, and some cows, hogs, etc. They are many of them grown industrious in business and diligent; I observed several young women sewing cloth, making shirts, etc. But I was in special gratify'd to find them improv'd in learning; several of them have made good proficiency, can read in their Testaments and Bibles, and some of them can write a good hand; the children are in general as mannerly as you find in any country town.

There are about twenty families of Indians that live there; and now the great and general court have taken such effectual care, and put them in possession of the land, they have designed for them (which hitherto they have been hindered from possessing). I make no doubt but they will greatly



THE TOWN HALL



"OLD MACEDONIA"



CORNER OF MAIN AND ELM STREETS

increase in number; for several Indians have been with them, and manifested a desire to tarry with them, could they have land to work upon. There is a church gathered and fourteen Indian communicants; the number of the baptiz'd is near sixty. While I was at Stockbridge, the Rev. Mr. Sargeant (the minister there) was married to Mrs. Abigail Williams, a virtuous and agreeable young gentlewoman, daughter of Ephraim Williams, Esq. There were ninety Indians present at the marriage, who behaved with great gravity while the prayers were being made, yea, during the whole ceremony, and seem'd exceedingly well pleased that their minister was married; they show him great respect, etc. And I hope he may prove yet a great blessing among them, and be instrumental of turning many of them from darkness to light.



CORNER DRESSER AVENUE AND MAIN STREET



BRIDGE STREET, LOOKING EAST

A THANKSGIVING INCIDENT OF STOCKBRIDGE

The day before Thanksgiving of the year 1756, a stagecoach stopped in front of a quaint house, still standing (although modernized) in the village of Stockbridge. The travelers who got out were President Burr of Princeton college, and Esther Edwards, his wife, whose father was Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the parson of the church

at that time. They had journeyed with their two little children from Princeton, New Jersey. As the young wife went into the open door of the home, her mother met her, and with a show of maternal pride in her face the daughter laid the little bundle of flannel she had been carrying, into the mother's arms. "This is my boy," she said. The grandmother peeped into the small breathing place left open in the warm out-



BRIDGE STREET

side wrappings and saw the face of her grandson, Aaron Burr. The young mother was beautiful. A writer in the *New York Gazette* said of her, after mentioning the marriage of the president of the college: "They came to town Saturday evening, the 29th ult., the president and his beautiful young bride. I think her a person of great beauty, though I must say I think her too young (being only twenty-one years of age)



MONUMENTS IN THE CEMETERY

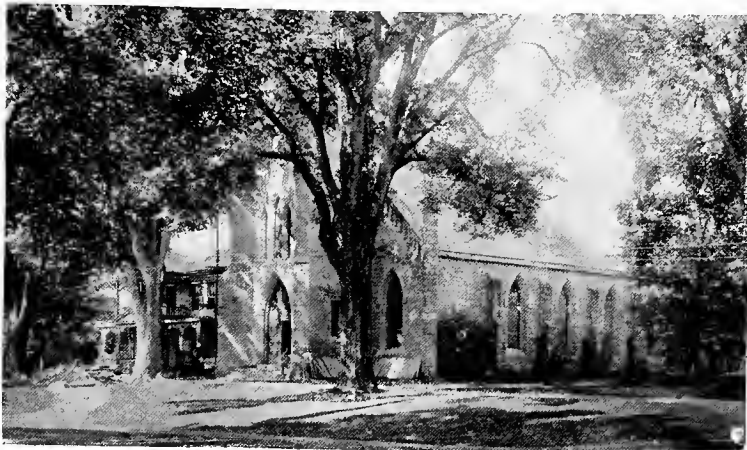
for the president who is so much older. However, I hear she is a very valuable person." The bride's father was not a modern preacher with a large salary, and presents from his rich members thrown in at intervals. It is recorded that when the town of Stockbridge settled him it agreed to pay him in this manner: "The Indians and English inhabitants of this town will give 100 sleigh loads of fire-wood for the Rev. Jonathan Edwards annually, and carry it to his dwelling house. That is to say, the Indians are to give eighty loads and the English twenty. The English residents of the town shall also give the Rev. Jonathan Edwards £6. 3s. 4d. lawful money." The minister's pretty daughter could not expect much "pin money" out of her father's meagre income. To get her wardrobe she painted fans and made lace for the rich ladies in Boston. The old fireplace before whose blazing logs the happy grandmother took the wrappings from her grandson, is still preserved intact. Long years afterward when Aaron Burr was branded with disgrace he came to Stockbridge, unknown at the time to any one, and asked permission to go over the old Edwards place. What his feelings were at that time were only known to the Searcher of hearts.

S. T. P.

ÆSTHETIC STOCKBRIDGE

Apropos! Why should the excess of women over men—in Massachusetts—be always cast up against the state as a reproach or, at best, as a fit subject for derision? Did not a certain Darwin discourse most eloquently on the "survival of the fittest"?

Ought not the proportion of women to men—following Darwin—be a matter for pride and congratulation to those most nearly concerned? a matter for deep and painful thought to those who have hitherto mocked? Stockbridge is the subject of



EPISCOPAL CHURCH

my story, not woman, but Mrs. Nickleby and I have this much in common, that the appropriateness of our "apropos" is not always discernible.

The size of Stockbridge is not at all commensurate with its importance in other respects. Geographically, it is a point; politically, it is nowhere. Out of a population of 2,200 it can muster but 500 voters. (This apparent afterthought, no person of intelligence need be told comes first in order of sequence.) To a place in the world of business Stockbridge can clearly lay no claim. It does not! It scorns business! The world of letters is its domain! Literature is in the air! Stockbridge is picturesque! It is æsthetic! Incidentally it is fashionable. But Stockbridge is no common summer resort. Its frequenters are reputed possessors of mind and culture, and to a degree higher than the rest of mankind.

Allow me to present you! This is Stockbridge Main street—one corner of it—and it is so obviously intended for a picture, that the ubiquitous camera is leveled at it almost daily. Artists of the brush do not visit the place as frequently as could be desired, but the amateur photographer—ye gods! His name is legion! Those big elms are a century old. One of the oldest inhabitants



CATHOLIC CHURCH

almost remembers when they were planted. This next bit of Main street takes in the library. It is a free library, stocked with all kinds of books—frivolous as well as ponderous. That library has a history. Long years ago a poor boy, appointed to light the fires in the schoolhouse, lighted a fire not on the programme. He burned down the building accidentally, and then, terrified, ran away from the village as fast as his legs could carry him. He didn't have a cent, but he had pluck. He helped a drover with a lot of sheep and received one sheep as payment. From that animal grew a large fortune. Mr. Jackson—the run-a-way's name was Jackson—died wealthy, and to compensate for the damage he had done learning's cause by the fire in his early days, he left to

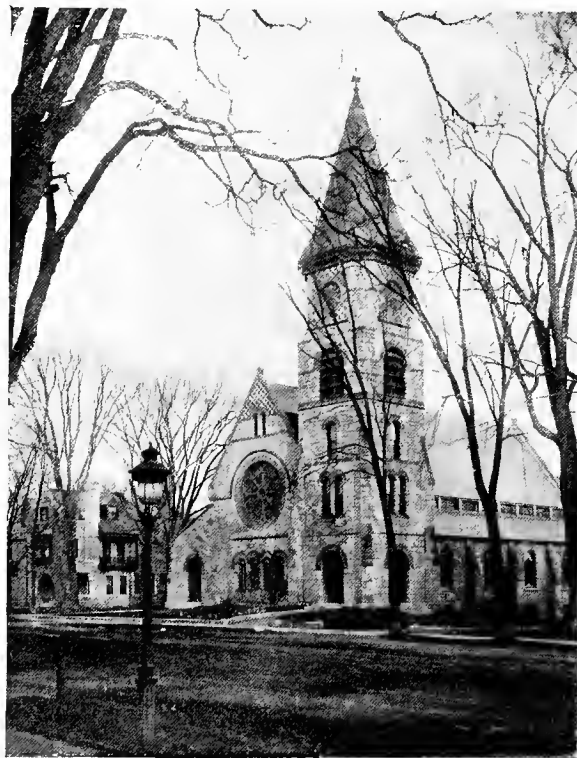


METHODIST CHURCH, GREAT BARRINGTON

Stockbridge, in his will, a goodly sum of money outright and a yearly income to be invested in books to the end of time. Somebody else gave land, another somebody gave the library building. Some few misunderstandings have arisen because of this multiplicity of donors. The library committee and the representatives of the givers of the building and the land hold different views. The committee has radical views—wants heterodox volumes, Sunday reading rooms, etc. The others are more conservative. Too much latitude under such circumstances, of course, will be forever out of the question, but on the whole things go smoothly, and the library is utilized to its fullest extent—prayer meetings on the top floor, reading rooms on second, and a short time ago a "Boys' Club" in the basement.

This is the oldest house in "town," as the natives say. There have been many changes in the old place since it was first erected, but there is a flavor of antiquity about it even to-day. Go behind and look at the house, you are reminded of a huge spyglass pulled out to its fullest extent. There have been additions upon additions, and no two are of the same height. The front of the house, inside, is the old part. It was built in 1737. The woodwork is largely as it used to be and the great (double) doors are a genuine antique. The hinges stretch clear across each door and the latch turns down under the crosspiece instead of resting upon it as other latches do. This door is never locked,—there is no lock,—but a substantial bar is put up every night to give a semblance of securing the premises against intrusion. Many illustrious men have lived in this old house in the old days. In its title, Edwards hall, it preserves the name of the most famous man of them all, Jonathan Edwards. Of late years it has become a summer boarding house, and illustrious men, to this day, are not lacking within its walls. Frank R. Stockton is one of the latest visitors well-known to fame. Edwards hall was built for the parsonage.

Stockbridge came into existence as a missionary station, and still the church holds a prominent place. There are four churches, but of them all this is the gem—pictorially—it is the Episcopal church. Mr. Butler and his children built it in memory of Mrs. Butler. Mrs. Butler was a second wife, and one of



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



THE CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE

the few step-mothers on record who had justice done to her able administration. The duties of step-mother are not easy, but this dear lady was appreciated and loved, which made her task comparatively light. The church outside is gray with red tiling roof; inside the prevailing hue is brown, with accents of brilliant color in the stained-glass windows. Artists rave over the pews—such is the beauty of the wood (quartered oak) of which they are composed—and from chancel to church-porch there is nothing short of perfection in every minutest detail.



THE SEARLES-HOPKINS PLACE, FROM MOUNT PETER



ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS

The church was designed by Mr. McKim—so was the Casino. The Casino is an awful innovation—a new departure of the most pronounced type. These are sadly degenerate days. Our forebears found amusement for themselves. Their descendants, forsooth, must have their

amusements provided for them. The elect few dance in the Casino every Saturday night unofficially. The same few dance in the Casino every chance they get. Anchovy sandwiches, lemonade and coffee are provided for Saturdays; other times the feast of reason must suffice. If the library has a history, the Casino has a story—it was forced into being.

Some uncultivated ground was for sale, but no one wanted to buy it. It lay idle for years. A syndicate (they didn't so name it) of workingmen bought the land at last and proceeded to build thereon. The great Demos! On the main street! Think of of that! Ye gods! But that was not the end, to prove possession and stir up things generally. An undertaker moved house and sign to the most conspicuous place on all acquired property. That was the last of the Demos straw. After that everybody (of the few) in the village wanted to buy that property and nobody wanted to sell. When at last the arguments of the would-be purchasers prevailed, they found, to their cost, delay was not cheap, as for the strip of land whereon stood Mr. Undertaker's



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

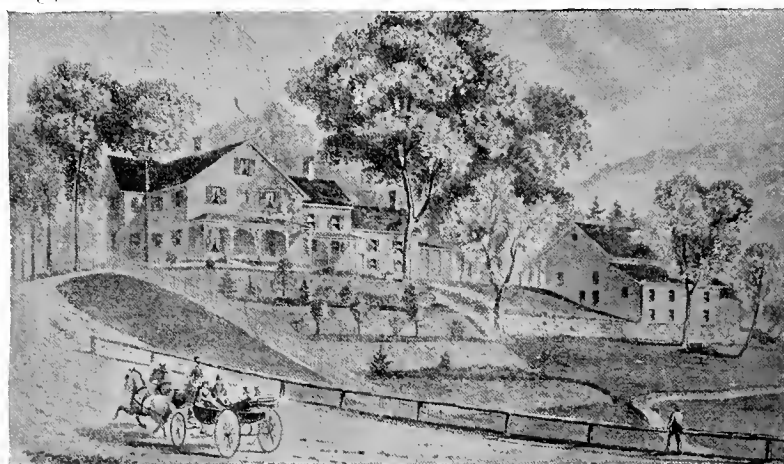


NEAR THE GROUNDS

establishment, more money was asked and paid than would have bought, in the beginning, all the ground owned by the syndicate. But the Casino behind the undertaker's enterprise had quickly built a stable. Stable was not to be bought at any price. The Casino was built to hide the stable. *En passant*, it is used for dances and theatricals. It is truly ornamental—it was built for a purpose. *Vide* Ruskin. s.

A STORY OF DR. BELLAMY.—This story is told of Dr. Bellamy, a noted divine and teacher of theology in this country years ago: One of his parishioners, a notorious scamp, came to him one day, saying, in the parlance of the divinity that prevailed in this part of New England at that period, "I feel that I have obtained a hope!" The doctor looked surprised. "I realize that I am the chief of sinners," continued the hypocritical canter. "Your neighbors have long been of that opinion," rejoined the doctor. The man went on to say out the lesson—"I feel willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well, my friend, I don't know any one who has the slightest objection."

Once a member of Dr. Bellamy's church was brought before that solemn tribunal for some profane words spoken in wrath. He was a man liable to be provoked to a sud-



OLD BUILDINGS AND SITE OF THE HOPKINS PLACE (FROM AN OLD PRINT)

den gust of passion by a scamp, but tender and cherishing as a June dew to the widow and fatherless. After hearing the evidence of his accusers, Dr. Bellamy said: "The man is a grievous sinner on one side, but, my friends, I think he has more of the milk of human kindness in his heart than all the rest of my church together."

AMONG other things, Great Barrington is noted for having been the first county seat of Berkshire county. In 1761 it was incorporated as a town and made the seat of justice for the shire. County buildings were afterwards erected in the town and courts were held here until 1787, then they were removed to Lenox. About 1755, in the second French war, a block house was built, about a mile above the bridge on the west side of the river, as a place of security to which the inhabitants might flee in case of an attack. In 1743, when there were only thirty families in the place, the people employed Rev. Samuel Hopkins to preach for them. He was after-



A PEEP BETWEEN THE TREES

wards made a doctor of divinity, and while at Great Barrington he published a number of sermons and books on subjects of doctrine that excited considerable controversy. The sentiments he advocated were in the line of the most inhuman and repulsive Calvinism, and are generally termed "Hopkinsian."

A NOTABLE BERKSHIRE TOWN

Multitudes of people have been enraptured with the scenic beauty of the Housatonic valley in the lower part of the county of Berkshire, and multitudes of pens have gracefully delineated, in charming pen pictures, its pleasing alternations of vale and hill and mountain. It is sufficient for the purpose of this brief article to say that, in the early colonial times, the Housatonic, which gently meanders through this lonely region, was fringed with a strip of fertile interval land, in some places expanding to considerable width, and in others contracting to very narrow limits; that the uplands and hills on either side gradually rose higher and higher as they approached the mountains; that the mountains in majestic grandeur looked down upon the hills; and that both the hills and the mountains were clothed with a dense forest in which game was so abundant as to afford a comfortable subsistence to the aboriginal inhabitants.

And who were these aboriginal inhabitants? They were the red men subsequently known as the Stockbridge Indians. Traditions which were carefully kept alive among them narrated the annoyances and dangers to which they were exposed by the raids of their savage neighbors on the west and north. The fierce and warlike Six Nations in Central New York sometimes threatened them and sometimes protected them, and the secluded region which sheltered them between the Green and Taconic ranges of mountains was sometimes



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

menaced with an invasion of hostile tribes from the north. But these Stockbridge Indians, unlike most of their race, appear to have been endowed with exceptional sagacity and wisdom, measured by the remarkable utterances of Mr. Pickwick. Being asked what he would do if he found himself enveloped in a mob, that profound philosopher replied that he would shout with the mob. But, said his persistent interlocutor, suppose there are two mobs. Shout with the loudest and biggest mob, was the triumphant answer. So these Stockbridge Indians, with an instinctive sense of future security and safety, in the conflicts between the colonists and the Indians, prudently shouted on the side of the former, or what was substantially the same thing maintained a "masterly inactivity." In process of time, when the colonists became involved in the French and Indian wars,

picturesque, but compared with most of the modern engraver's specimens in this book—what a wonderful advance! For the pleasure of the reader, we reproduce below the quaint verses accompanying each picture.

LAKE BUEL was so named in honor of Samuel C. Buel of Tyringham, who saved several persons from drowning, July 23, 1812. A silver medal was struck and awarded Mr. Buel, by the Washington Benevolent society of Great Barrington.



THE BRYANT SCHOOL

A CURIOUS OLD BOOK FOR CHILDREN

Nothing marks the improvement in modern methods over the times of our forefathers, so much as the progress which has been made in engraving and printing. This is shown very forcibly in the reproductions made on this page of four little pictures taken from a book for children printed no longer than fifty years ago. This book was presented by William Cullen Bryant to a little girl in Cumington, Hampshire county, of whom he was very fond, and who is now living. The book is filled with quaint pictures of the character herewith given, and doubtless the people of that day thought the animals and scenes depicted very



COME, PLAY IN THE GARDEN

Little sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.

We will not pluck the pretty flowers,
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because, you know, they are not ours.

And much I hope we always may
Our very dear mama obey,
And mind whatever she may say.



BREAKFAST AND PUSS

Here's my baby's bread and milk,
For her lip as soft as silk:
Here's the basin, clean and neat;
Here's the spoon of silver sweet;
Here's the stool, and here's the chair,
For my little lady fair.

No, you must not spill it out,
And drop the bread and milk about;
But let it stand before you flat,
And pray, remember pussy cat;
Poor old pussy cat that purrs
All so patiently for hers.

True she runs about the house,
Catching, now and then, a mouse,
But, though she thinks it very nice,
That only makes a *tiny* slice;
So don't forget, that you should stop,
And leave poor puss a little drop.



FRIGHTENED BY A COW

Good stranger! here repose to-night,
And with the morning's earliest light
We'll guide you on your way.

FRIGHTENED BY A COW

A very young lady,
With Susan the maid,
Who carried the baby,
Were one day afraid.

They saw a Cow feeding,
Quite harmless and still
Yet screamed, without heeding
The man at the Mill—

Who, seeing their flutter,
Said, Cows do no harm;
But send you good butter,
And milk from the farm.



THE STRANGER

Who knocks so loudly at the gate?
The night is dark, the hour is late,
And rain comes pelting down!
O, 'tis a stranger gone astray!
That calls to ask the nearest way
To yonder little town.

Why, 'tis a long and dreary mile
For one o'ercome with cold and toil;
Go to him, Charles, and say,



THE BRYANT HOUSE



THE CHURCH PLACE, GREAT BARRINGTON

their zeal and valor in behalf of the New England colonies were recognized by the promotion of two of their principal chiefs, Konkapot and Umpachene, who were commissioned respectfully as captain and lieutenant in the provincial service.

Like Henry IV of France, when he proposed to return to the mother church, and solicited religious instruction, Captain



GROUNDS ON COLONEL BROWN'S ESTATE

Konkapot made known the wish of himself and his people to receive Christian instruction, to some of the ministers of the province, but notably to the Rev. Mr. Hopkins of West Springfield, who having some intimation that certain funds belonging to the "Trans-Atlantic Society for the promotion of the gospel in foreign parts," were in the hands of commissioners in Boston and unemployed, visited John Stoddard as early as 1734, to ascertain whether the income of this fund or any part thereof could be rendered available for the gratification of Captain Konkapot's wishes. Mr. Stoddard was familiar with the relations of the Indians to the province, and of the uses to which the missionary fund could be applied. The information which he imparted to Mr. Hopkins appears to have been satisfactory, as that gentleman immediately consulted the Rev. Dr. Williams of Longmeadow, who united with him in a request to the Rev. William



THE HOLLISTER PLACE

about four hundred persons, and Rev. John Sergeant was selected by the commissioners of the missionary fund to impart religious instruction to them, with a salary of one hundred pounds per annum. The duties of this position he faithfully discharged until his death after a ministry extending over a period of fourteen years. These Stockbridge Indians seem to have possessed many of the qualities and attributes with which Cooper invested his ideal Indian. They were brave, generous and magnanimous. Their vices, and no doubt



RESIDENCE OF J. A. BREWER

Williams of Hatfield to write to the commissioners, soliciting them to bestow some attention to the condition of the Housatonic Indians. Then as now public business was mainly transacted through the agency of committees or commissions, wherein the usage of the province did not materially differ from the present practice of the commonwealth. Mr. Williams complied with this request, and the result was that Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Williams of Longmeadow were appointed a committee to visit the Indians and ascertain their wishes in respect to religious and other instruction. After all



ON THE EAST ROAD TO SHEFFIELD



VIEW ON SILVER STREET



TURNING TO EGREMONT

they were addicted to some vicious practices, were not of the degrading and brutalizing character that prevailed among some of the tribes of American savages. Mr. Sergeant is authority for the statement that their religious ideas and opinions had not descended to abysmal depths of darkness when they solicited instruction from the ministers and churches in the province. Indeed, it is explicitly stated that they believed in one infinite and supreme creator and ruler of the universe—the embodiment of wisdom, goodness and love—who loved the children he had created, and was not

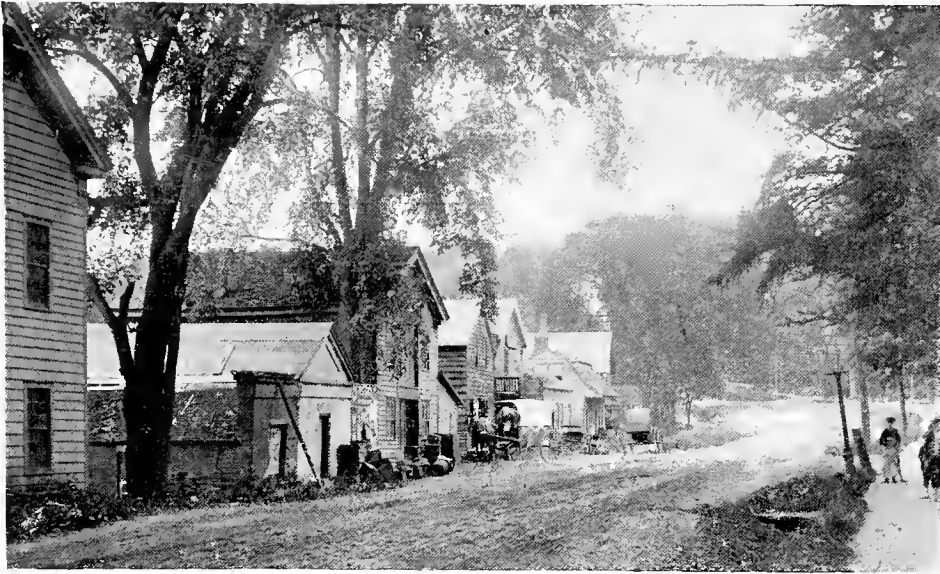
the useless processes of circumlocution had been exhausted, which Thackeray satirizes with keenest irony in his "Wax and Pomatum" officials, and after another committee consisting of John Stoddard, Ebenezer Pomeroy and Thomas Ingersoll had gently removed all obstacles and impediments, the Indians were withdrawn from the present townships of Sheffield and Great Barrington, and located in the town of Stockbridge, which was incorporated for their especial benefit in 1735. By accretions from Connecticut and New York, this Indian colony presently numbered



THE RUSSELL PLACE



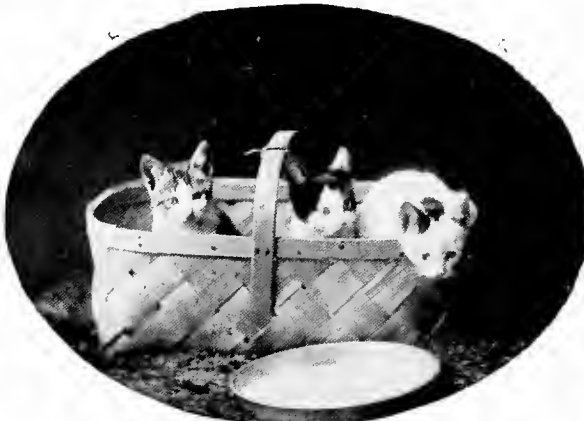
THE BERKSHIRE HEIGHTS RESERVOIR



ON WATER STREET

constantly fulminating threats of vengeance and destruction against them. This Indian consensus of religious belief very nearly corresponds with the opinions of many Unitarians at the present day. They had even symbolized the heavenly bodies as visible signs of the existence of the happy hunting grounds which they hoped and expected to inhabit when they passed into the purely spiritual condition.

On the termination of the pastorate of Mr. Sergeant, the great theologian, Jonathan Edwards, appears upon the scene. In some respects Mr. Edwards is the most remarkable man that has ever lived on the western continent. As the fortress and bulwark of



BERKSHIRE KITTENS



VIEW ON THE EAST ROAD TO SHEFFIELD

the dogmas of Calvinism against the assaults of the disciples and followers of Arminius; he occupies a conspicuous and eminent position not only in his native land, but also in Europe. Morally and intellectually he was infinitely a greater and better man than the originator and inventor of the Calvinistic system of theology. His mind was larger, broader and more comprehensive than Calvin's. It is doubtless true that, while in conformity with the prevailing sentiment in Massachusetts, he would have placed rigid restrictions upon the propagation of Arminianism and Quakerism in the province, fully convinced that they were pestilent heresies, his better nature and his humanity would have revolted with horror at the bare suggestion that the apostles of error should be burned at the stake, wherein he would have been unlike Calvin, in procuring the burning of Servetus, who differed with him in opinion, and was never known to express any contrition for the atrocious act. We can now, in view of the advanced state of public opinion in regard to the fallacy of the doctrine of a limited salvation, smile at the zeal which Mr. Edwards manifested in defence of the dogma of election, predestination and the final damnation of at least nine-tenths of the human race. It was merely an incident in the evolution of religious thought and advancement in the age in which he lived, and will unquestionably take its place in the category of errors,

fancies and delusions which at various times have seemingly blocked the pathway of religious progress and development. That Mr. Edwards fully believed in this iron-clad creed is sustained by the following brief summary of his views. Says one of his biographers: "If these doctrines, (Calvinism) in the whole length and breadth of them, were relinquished, he did not see where a man could set his foot down, with consistency and safety, short of deism, or even atheism itself, or rather universal scepticism."

Mr. Edwards had been involved in an irreconcilable unpleasantness with the church and people of Northampton. For twenty years, more or less, he had persistently labored to impress upon the minds of his people that God was influenced by sentiments of hatred and revenge against the human race, except such—an infinitesimal number compared with the mass of mankind—as he had elected to be saved. And, *per contra*, that men are "naturally God's enemies." Is any reader sceptical or incredulous in this matter? Let him read the series of sermons which Mr. Edwards preached to his people in Northampton on this particular phase of Calvinistic theology, and be convinced. At this late day it is the prevalent impression that Mr. Edwards did not feed his people so much on the pure inspiring and elevating truths of religion, as upon the gloomy, dreary, despairing abstractions of an irrational theology utterly repugnant to the beneficent attributes with which the human mind invests Omnipotence.

It is not clear that these simple, unsophisticated sons of nature, the Stockbridge Indians, comprehended, to any appreciable extent, the tendency and scope of the teachings and doctrines of the great New England divine. And, just so far as they did not comprehend them, it may be assumed that their peace and happiness were promoted and assured. Imagine the feelings of these untutored red men when required to surrender their belief in the great and beneficent good



OLD HOUSE ON ROAD UP MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

spirit who had watched over and protected them for ages; in the happy hunting grounds where their fathers disported among green hills, towering forests and majestic rivers, where every prospect attracts and pleases; and in the place of these satisfying and fascinating illusions and fancies, accepting as immutable truth the allegation that their ancestors were writhing and shrieking in the torments of liquid fire, and that their torture, owing to some trivial transgression of some remote progenitor in the dim and misty past, was eternal in its duration.

Contemplated from any point of view there is something sad and pathetic in the career of Jonathan Edwards. We very much dislike to invest him with a



VIEW BY THE WAYSIDE, GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN



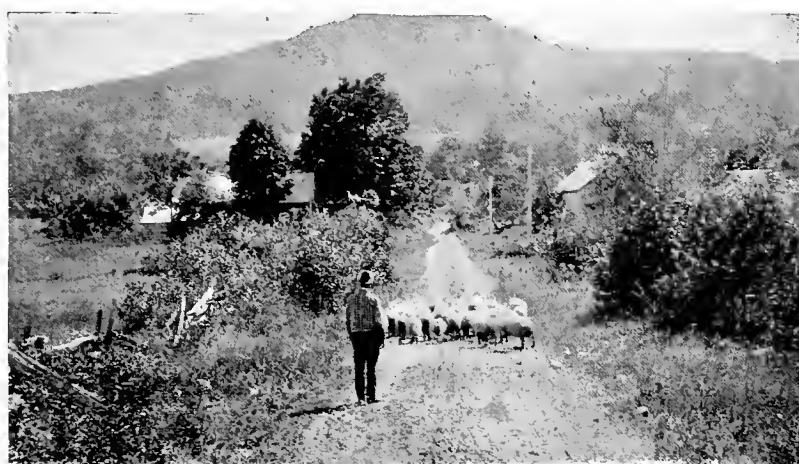
THE MEADOWS—MONUMENT MOUNTAIN IN DISTANCE

selfishness and self-complacency not only injurious to him, but repugnant to our own estimate of the man. He was unhappy in his Northampton pastorate—one of the most important churches in New England—because his preconceived opinions were not in harmony with those of his people. They would not yield what they deemed fundamental truths; and he could not yield, as he was never known to recede, in the slightest degree, from any position he had conscientiously assumed, even to secure peace and concord between pastor and people.

A few years after Mr. Edwards removed from Northampton to Stockbridge, to become the spiritual instructor and guide of the Indians, and subject their faith or their credulity to the severest strain by exacting their entire acquiescence in a



OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN



A SCENE NEAR HYDE'S PEAK

uttered them, were these: "Give my kindest love to my dear wife, and tell her, that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us, has been of such a nature, as I trust is spiritual and therefore will continue forever." Perhaps in the superior world this hope has been realized, and Mr. Edwards may still be pondering and meditating on abstruse metaphysical distinctions, as was his habit in the earth life, while his amiable and excellent consort finds her time fully occupied in attending to duties



EAST ROCK

system of theology, stern, austere and forbidding to all except the elect, the Rev. Aaron Burr who had married his daughter Esther, and was officiating as president of Princeton college, suddenly died. It was very natural that the attention of the authorities of the college should be directed to Mr. Edwards as the successor of his son-in-law, and he was elected to the presidency of the institution with entire unanimity. He left Stockbridge for Princeton in January, 1758, and died in March of the same year. Among his last words, recorded by his daughter as he

analogous to those which were incident to her existence in the material body.

Mrs. Esther Burr and her two children, a son and a daughter, were inoculated for the small-pox at the same time as Mr. Edwards, and seemed to have perfectly recovered at the time he died. But suddenly she was seized with a violent disorder of which she died



THE DEVIL'S PULPIT



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSATONIC

in a few days, and which the attending physician said he "could call by no name but that of a messenger sent suddenly to call her out of the world." She died fifteen days after her father, and in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

Contemporary authorities assert that Esther Edwards Burr excelled most of her sex in personal beauty. In manner she was plain and unaffected, but graceful and fascinating; in conversation fluent and interesting. It is said that she possessed a vivid and lively imagination, and great cheerfulness and pleasantness of temper. "She was hopefully converted when she was seven or eight years old," and it is averred that her conversation and conduct until her death were such as "becometh godliness." This estimable

lady, endowed with such rare and shining qualities, was the mother of Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States. Her daughter, and the granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, the writer thinks was the wife of Tapping Reeve, a justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and the head of the celebrated law school at Litchfield.

Mrs. Edwards soon followed her husband and daughter to the invisible world. A few months after the death of Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards undertook a journey to Philadelphia to look after the welfare of her two grandchildren, the orphan children of her daughter Esther, then in that city; but as they had no relatives in that section of the country, she proposed that they should become inmates of her own family. A few days after her arrival she was attacked with a malignant dysentery which terminated her life in five days. Her remains were taken to Princeton and deposited by the side of Mr. Edwards. "Thus they who were in their lives remarkably lovely and pleasant, in their death were not much divided. The father and the mother, the son and the daughter were laid together in the grave, within the space of a little more than a year." And the biography previously mentioned thus moralizes: "Surely America is greatly emptied by these deaths! How much knowledge, wisdom, and holiness is gone from the earth forever! And where are they who shall make good their ground!"

All accounts agree in describing Mrs. Edwards as a woman of rare mental gifts and uncommon personal loveliness. During the whole of her married life she

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountain. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth
Spread wide beneath shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There as thou
stand'st,

The haunts of men below thee, and above
The mountain summits, thy expanded heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glen
And streams, that with their bordering thickets
strive

To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze at once
Here on white villages, and tilth and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes,
That only hear the torrent and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild,
With mossy trees and pinnacles of flint,
And many a banging crag. But to the east
Sheer to the vale, go down the bare old cliffs—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven uprear;
Their weather-beaten capitals here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon a beetling verge and see
Where storms and lightning, from the huge, gray
wall,

Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hill, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props
heaven.

Bryant.



A GLIMPSE BY THE WAYSIDE



THE SPHINX ABOVE THE CLOUDS

managed, and successfully managed, the temporal affairs of her husband. When she died, at the age of forty-nine, although the mother of eleven children, she had hardly an equal in matronly beauty.

Later there came to this town of unsurpassed natural attractions, as settlers or residents, individuals whose names are household words in the nation. The names of Bacon, Sedgwick, Dwight, Williams, Hopkins, Palmer, Hart, Field and Sergeant are inseparably associated with the history of Stockbridge and of Berkshire county.

S. B. Q.

BEECHER ON BERKSHIRE

Henry Ward Beecher thus wrote of some of the more beautiful towns in this county:

"Great Barrington is one of those places which one never enters without wishing never to leave. It rests beneath the branches of great numbers of the stateliest elms. It is a place to be desired as a summer residence.

"Next, to the north, is Stockbridge, famed for its meadow elms, for the picturesque scenery adjacent, for the quiet beauty of a village which sleeps along a level plain, just under the rim of the hills. If you wish to be filled and satisfied with the serenest delight, ride to the summit of this encircling hill ridge, in a summer's afternoon, while the sun is but an hour high. The Housatonic winds, in great circuits, all through the valley, carrying willows and alders with it wherever it goes. The horizon, on every side, is piled and terraced with mountains. Abrupt

and isolated mountains bolt up here and there over the whole stretch of plain, covered with evergreens."

Mr. Beecher's comment upon Lenox has already been quoted. His particularly local references close with this paragraph:

"From Sheffield to Williamstown, and then to Bennington, in Vermont, there stretches a county of valleys, lakes and mountains, that is yet to be as celebrated as the lake district of England and the hill country of Palestine."

FANNY KEMBLE, who lived some time in Lenox, is remembered as a remarkably generous woman, and there is not an aged person in the region to-day but can tell stories of her munificence. She was very unconventional in her habits, however, and it is not to be supposed that many of the graver people would look with much complacency on the conduct of so spirited a lady, much less on her man-like propensities to driving, hunting and fishing, and less than all on her man-like attire. But she had the tender sympathies of a noble woman, as many poor people at whose bedside she watched, and whom she attended in sickness, have testified.



OLD ROOT'S TAVERN (DESTROYED)

PICTURESQUE LEE

Though the town of Lee is less widely famed for its natural beauties than some of its neighbors, the reason is not so much its inferiority in this respect as the lack of descriptive pens to advertise them to the world. There has also been a lack of motive in this direction. Its predominating interest for most of the century has been manufacturing, and there has been little motive to exploit its attractions for the tourist and the summer resident. At one time there were no less than twenty-five paper mills in the town, and now there are more than half that number. So absorbed have its inhabitants been in their business pursuits, that perhaps they have themselves hardly appreciated their æsthetic advantages. As matter of fact, both in the general character of its scenery, and in many of its more special features, the town may challenge comparison with the most famous of its Berkshire rivals. It abounds in charming landscapes, and there is hardly an acre of its territory from which in some direction there is not an appeal to the sense of beauty.

Lee is situated in the valley of the Housatonic and on the slopes of its border-

ranges along a converging vista of hills for thirty miles to Greylock, whose clearly cut form standing squarely across the line of view closes it in that direction.

The Housatonic river, first touching the town at its extreme northeastern point, forms for some distance the boundary between Lee and Lenox; then entering the town at Lenoxdale, it pursues a beautifully winding course to South Lee, where it turns abruptly west into Stockbridge, in search of an escape from its entanglement in the hills, which it finds at last at Glendale. Its descent through the town, though gradual, is quite rapid, securing a swift current and furnishing numerous sites for mills. Seven dams and eight bridges cross the river within the limits of

the town, and they add much to the picturesqueness of the views as one follows the river up or down the valley. Its waters are increased during its course through the town by numerous tributaries from the hills, attractive to the artist for their ever varying beauties and to the sportsman for their supply of trout remaining mysteriously unexhausted after the ravages of a century by successive troops of the devotees of Izaak Walton's gentle art. Three of these tributaries are of con-



THE "GREAT BARRINGTON CATTLE SHOW"

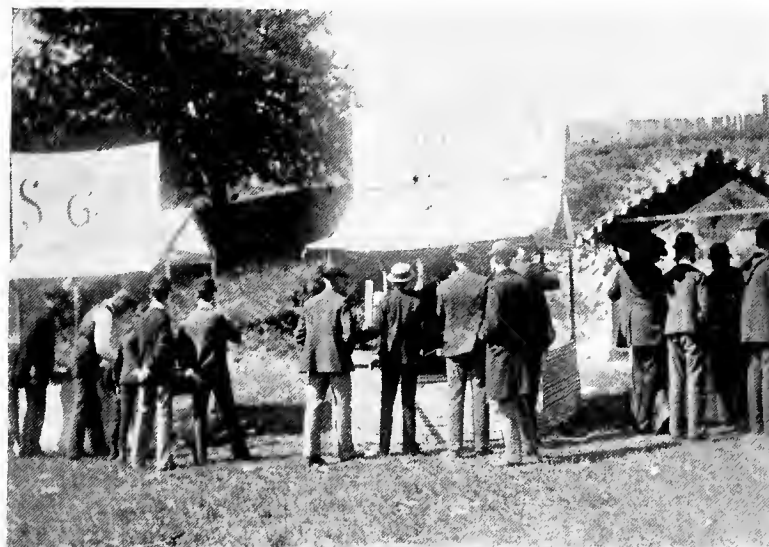


THE RACE—READY TO START



"ONLY FIVE CENTS TO HIT HIM!"

ing hills. Viewed from neighboring eminences its main portion shows as a long and deep depression in the landscape, shut in on all sides except the north by ranges of hills, the river winding almost exactly through the middle. On the east it is bounded by the long undulating range known as Washington mountain, lying partly within its own limits, and partly in the town of Washington. On the south the view is closed on the right by the massive pile of the Beartown range, and on the left by Pixley mountain, with an opening between into the beautiful valley of Tyringham. In the middle of the view on the west rises the ridge called Rattlesnake mountain, revealing over its northern slopes the more distant hills of Richmond, and over its southern ones those of West Stockbridge, and from some points the peaks of the Catskills on the far horizon. Northward the eye



THE SHOOTING BOOTH, ETC.

siderable size. One, the outlet of Laurel lake, falls into the river in a little cascade near the Eagle mill at the center of the town. The second, through which flow the combined waters of Greenwater lake in Becket and of Lake May in the northeastern part of Tyringham, empties about a mile below the center. The third, called Hop brook, flowing lazily down from the valley of Tyringham, meets the river near South Lee. The Lake May stream, descending several hundred feet in the course of three miles, is hardly inferior, as a source of water power, to the Housatonic itself, and is utilized by several mills. Shut in closely between the hills and plunging down its deep gorges, it presents many scenes of wild beauty for the pencil and the camera of the artist.

A somewhat peculiar feature in the landscape of Lee is a series of rocky

eminences running diagonally across the valley from Laurel lake on the west nearly to the mountains on the other side. They rise so precipitously as to be at many points inaccessible, and with their crowns of evergreens, they are prominent and attractive objects both summer and winter. One of these eminences, rising at its highest point two hundred feet above the river, and called Fern Cliff, is almost in the village limits, and furnishes from its summit a beautiful view of the village and its immediate surroundings. A shaded and grassy amphitheatre at the top forms an almost ideal place for picnics and open-air assemblages, while its secluded pathways and cool recesses make it a most refreshing place of resort of a summer day. It forms an admirable adjunct to the playgrounds of the neighboring schoolhouses, and is supposed to be a favorite trysting place for lovers on moonlight evenings. On its northern slope is a detached portion of cliff, large as a house, called Union Rock. Every visitor is expected to climb it, a somewhat difficult feat except for youthful agility, but well repaying the effort by the added prospect of the village and valley which the outlook affords.

On the eastern side of Fern Cliff is a deep recess formed by a shelving rock, which is known as Peter's Cave. The story is that in the time of Shays' rebellion, with which the inhabitants of Lee were deeply implicated, this cave furnished for some time a hiding place to Peter Wilcox, one of Shays' men, who with others had been outlawed and condemned to death for treason against the government. Here he was secretly fed by friends from the neighboring farmhouses until the ban of the government was lifted. In its deep seclusion and difficult accessibility it

is not poorly adapted to such a purpose even now, and it is seldom visited except by adventurous boys. Another incident of this abortive uprising is associated with the eastern part of the town. While General Lincoln was on his march towards Western Massachusetts to restore order, two hundred and fifty malcontents gathered on the ridge in Cape street, where Mr. Sennett now lives, then occupied by Arthur Perry. Here they were confronted by several hundred government troops under General Patterson of Lenox, who had taken a



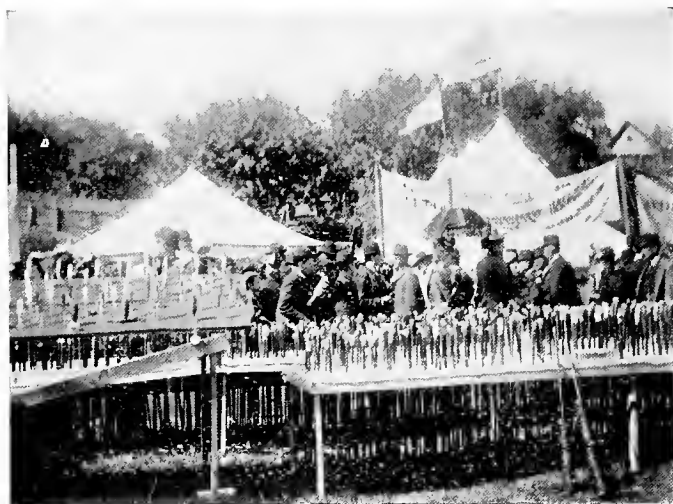
DRAUGHT HORSES

position half a mile away on Hamblin's hill on the other side of Greenwater brook. Shays' men, it is said, supplied their lack of cannon by mounting Mrs. Perry's yarn beam on a pair of wheels and parading it as a piece of artillery. The government officers had not reckoned on being compelled to face cannon balls, and so precipitately withdrew, greatly to the exultation and amusement of the rebels at having beaten the government with a Quaker gun. The probability is that there was no serious purpose of bloodshed on either side.

The points of vantage for fine and extensive landscape views in Lee are numberless, but some claim special mention. From numerous points on the Washington range of hills, there are most commanding views westward to the Catskills, and northward and southward almost to the limits of the county. From Golden hill in the extreme north of the town there are views in all directions hardly to be paralleled in the county for variety and beauty. High Lawn farm in the northwest part of the town, belonging to the estate of the late Hon. Elizur Smith, and



BIG AND LITTLE WOOL



THE CANE STAND

famous for its breed of horses, is a landscape in itself, such is its extent and variety of surface. Comprising more than six hundred acres under the most perfect cultivation, variegated with groves of maple and evergreen, commanding magnificent views in every direction, northward the cultivated beauties of Lenox, eastward the rugged ones of Mount Washington, Rattlesnake mountain on one side, and the blue waters of Laurel lake on the other—it presents a combination of attractions possessed by few estates in the country. From one point Greylock in the north and the Dome in the extreme southwest can both be seen at the same moment. This estate alone could furnish desirable sites for quite a township of summer palaces. Laurel lake in itself and in its surroundings is one of the most charming little sheets of water in New England, as worthy of a poet's descriptive pen as the lakes of Wordsworth, and certain sooner or later to find its place in song and story. Adjoining High Lawn on the north, partly in Lee and partly in Lenox, is the beautiful place of Mr. G. W. Westinghouse, called Erskine park. With its numerous white buildings, almost a hamlet in themselves, and its private electric plant, whose numerous lights set the hill-top aglow at night, duplicating themselves in the waters of the lake, it presents a rare and charming spectacle. It seems like a fragment of the White City—Chicago—set down



THE PRIZE WINNER



"AFTERNOON TEA" ON THE GROUNDS

among the Berkshire hills. Cornhill on the road to Stockbridge is almost equally rich in beautiful landscapes and commanding sites for residences. The view in the direction of the Tyringham valley is especially delightful. From the heights of Beartown the views open magnificently northward through the whole extent of the Housatonic valley. It is from this vantage ground that Levi Beebe, the Beartown prophet, has for more than thirty years studied the weather signs and gained skill in weather prediction that has made his name a household word through all the region. He has come to seem a part of the mountain itself, and is as picturesque in character and person as anything in Berkshire. One interesting feature of all the landscapes of Lee is the commanding steeple of the Congregational church. It appears as a central object in nearly every view,—now towering high in the air, and now just visible above the hills and trees. Its builders builded better than they knew. Their spire stands more widely significant of the supernatural among the beauties of the natural than they thought when they thrust it so far up towards the sky. It is an object of constant admiration to the summer visitors, and they have repeatedly expressed their desire in case of its destruction by fire or storm, to contribute for its restoration, that it may be kept perpetually

in its place as a part of the landscapes of Berkshire.

The villagers of Lee are modest in their pretensions, and make no claim to comparison with some others in the region for elegance and beauty. They are suggestive of comfort and competence rather than of wealth and luxury. But there are few pleasanter nooks in the county than the square in the south part of the center village, with its gem of a park and its handsome public and private buildings. Portions also of East Lee village and of South Lee are very attractive. As one of the youngest towns of the county, Lee has few residences of historic or ancestral interest. The Hyde parsonage, just west of the river in the center, has something of this



FOOT OF CHRISTIAN HILL

did in one sudden wave it proved irresistible. Trees were uprooted and carried down stream, and even boulders tons in weight were torn from their beds and swept along like pebbles. At last the wave with its accumulated debris struck the houses and other buildings lining the Greenwater brook. Some of the inhabitants, startled by the thunder of the approaching flood, had just time to escape from their beds to the neighboring hills. Others were roused by David Baker, who, from his home on the mountain, having early notice of the disaster, at the risk of his life raced on foot before the wave to warn the people in the valley of their danger. But to some alas the warning came too late, and seven were swept to their death. One family of five went down in the wreck of their

house, and only one survived. Only two or three who were caught by the flood came out of it alive. The wave did not spend its force until it reached the Housatonic, and it left the valley for two miles a scene of ruin indescribable. The loss of property was very large, and though partially met by contributions which poured in generously



THE SEDGWICK INSTITUTE

interest as the residence of Dr. Alvin Hyde, for more than forty years the pastor of the Congregational church; as also does the house of Theron L. Foote, built in the last century, but in perfect preservation and occupying one of the most charming sites in town. Mr. Foote is the fourth in direct descent from the original settler on this spot. This house once served as a tavern, and during the Shays rebellion is said to have been the rendezvous of Shays men in all this region. The Jared Bradley house in Bradley street, and the Bradley homesteads on the north road to Stockbridge, also have some claim to antiquity, as have a number of houses in South Lee. In East Lee, near Mr. McLaughlin's foundry, is standing a house said to be the first frame building erected in town. It now serves as one of the outhouses of the foundry.

The East Lee valley was the scene a few years ago of a destructive flood, the traces of which still remain. In the early morning of April 20, 1886, Mud pond, on the mountain in the extreme eastern part of the town, a little reservoir of two or three acres used for storage purposes, suddenly, for some cause as yet unexplained, burst through its embankment and poured itself down the mountain side and out into the valley. The amount of water was absurdly small for the effects wrought, but coming as it



THE SEDGWICK BOYS AT PLAY—POLO IN THE WATER, ETC.

from all parts of the country, that part of the town has never fully recovered from the shock to its prosperity. Many of the buildings have been repaired, but not a few still lie in the ruin in which the flood left

them; and the deep gorge ploughed by the mad waters down the mountain side will remain forever a memorial of the East Lee flood.

LYMAN S. ROWLAND.

DEAN STANLEY, when in Berkshire, stood on the piazza of Rev. Henry M. Field's home in Stockbridge, and as he looked off upon the beautiful landscape said:—
"Can Heaven be more beautiful than this?"



THE MONUMENT MILLS OFFICE



ON EAST STREET



ON THE EAST ROAD TO SHEFFIELD

OLD BOLIVAR

Grandfather's go-to-meeting horse was one of the noted characters of Berkshire, sixty years ago. He was such a trustworthy animal that after grandfather had hitched him up, he needed no tie strap to ensure his faithfulness at his post. Grandfather was a very punctual man and his Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes, and those of his family, were never known to go squeaking up the aisle after meeting had begun. Old Bolivar was always standing under the meeting-house shed before the last bell stopped ringing. One Sabbath morning grandmother found that the children had not learned their catechism questions perfectly, and she had been hindered about getting ready, trying to make the children "see their way through adoption, justification and sanctification." They had run away from the catechism questions—those dear grandchildren, during the week. The new-mown hay, the flowers of the field, the singing of the birds had entirely obliterated the catechism from their minds, and now at the beginning of the "Day of all the week the best," their good grandmother had brought them face to face with the doctrinal points they must be able to define at Sunday school, and do credit to their religious home teaching. Grandfather grew very uneasy as he watched the pointers of the clock go round.

"Keziah," he said to his wife, in an impatient tone, "the last bell has rung—we'll be late to meeting—I always said I'd never go squeaking up to my slip after the preacher begins, and I won't." So grandfather took off his Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes and put on his everyday ones that were too weary with their daily march through the week to announce themselves as coming into meeting.

Grandmother put on her leghorn scoop bonnet with the



BRIDGE AND DAM AT HEAD OF GREEN RIVER



A SCENE ON THE HIGHWAY NEAR GREAT BARRINGTON



HEAD OF GREEN RIVER WATER POWER

long, black lace veil hanging down the side, drawn off from her face like a curtain, folded a white muslin handkerchief across her black silk waist and was ready. But when the door was reached, old

Bolivar and the two-seated wagon had disappeared from the post under the maple tree. Old Bolivar had gone to meeting and was standing, with a sanctimonious look on his face, in his accustomed place under the meeting-house shed, and he was at his post before the last bell stopped ringing. Grandfather walked the two miles to the meeting-house, but the rest of the family stayed at home. From that time old Bolivar was a noted character in Berkshire.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—The following circumstance is, related by Dr. Dwight as having occurred at the great bridge in Great Barrington: "A Mr. Van Rensselaer, a young gentleman from Albany, came one evening into an inn kept by a Mr. Root just at the eastern end of the bridge. Mr. Root replied that that was impossible, because it had been raised that very day, and that not a plank had been laid on it. Mr. Van Rensselaer said that it could not be true, because his horse had come over without any difficulty or reluctance; that the night was indeed so profoundly dark as to prevent him from seeing anything distinctly, but that it was incredible, if his horse could, see sufficiently well to keep his footing anywhere, that he should not discern the danger, and impossible for him to pass over the bridge in that condition. Each went to bed dissatisfied, neither believing the story of the other. In the morning Mr. Van Rensselaer went, at the solicitation of his host, to view the bridge, and finding it a naked frame gazed for a moment, with astonishment, and fainted."

THE MOUNTAINS IN OCTOBER

That scenery which a few weeks ago stood in summer green now seemed enchanted. The Housatonic was the same. The skies were the same. The mountain forms were unchanged. But they had blossomed into resplendent colors from top to base. It was strange to see such huge mountains, that are images of firmness and majesty, now tricked out with fairy pomp, as if all the spirits of the air had reveled there, and hung their glowing scarfs on every leaf and bough.

I stand alone upon the peaceful summit of the hill, and turn in every direction. The east is all aglow; the blue north flashes all her hills with radiance; the west stands in burnished armor; the southern hills buckle the

zone of the horizon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gods!

Only the brotherhood of evergreens—the pine, the cedar, the spruce and the hemlock—refuse to join the universal revel. They wear their sober green straight through autumn



OLD WILLOWS

and winter, as if they were set to keep the path of summer open through the whole year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the merry leaves which frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counseled, but will die bright and laughing.

Beecher.

In his "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," Nathaniel Hawthorne gives some accurate descriptions of Lenox scenery. Therein he has clothed six of the classical myths in forms adapted to the capacities and suited to the improvement of the young, and with remarkable success.

BROOK AND POND LIFE

Born of the quaint old Indian tongue, the word Taghconic, with its pleasing sound, mimics the gurgle of the babbling brook, and with its meaning "plenty water," well fits the mountain range that in its quiet beauty bears the name. From Vermont and the Greens upon the north to Connecticut and the Canaan mountains in the south stretches a double line of hills that form the natural foundation upon which the commonwealth has reared the superstructure of a county. Double, I called these hills, but



THE TRESTLE AT VAN DEUSEVILLE



A VISTA ON THE GREEN RIVER



A SCENE IN VAN DEUSEVILLE

GREEN RIVER

When breezes are soft and skies are fair
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green.
As if the fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;
And they whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair blue.

Yet pure its waters — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkle of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill.

With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone,
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms and birds and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Bryant.

they might, indeed, be termed an arch — for the two pillars, the Hoosacs on the east and the Taghconics on the west, resting their bases on the southern Massachusetts border, stretch to the northward in a narrow line across the state and there, joining in



BERKSHIRE HEIGHTS



THE DAM AT VAN DEUSEVILLE



LONG LAKE

a single sweep, they claim the rugged form of Greylock as their keystone, while from out this quaintly rustic arch the Housatonic flows.

Much has been said and written about these Berkshire hills, but strangely few are they who have yet sung the praises of the Berkshire valleys. Yet what were one without the other? Nor are her valleys all, for the streams that wander through their lower levels, when seen in the sunset light, form but the silver setting of the emerald green of nature. New England, north and west, takes a just pride in the winding Connecticut valley, while the old Nutmeg state herself glories in her Housatonic, and New York dwells long upon the theme of her favored Hudson, but Berkshire levies alike her tribute upon each and claims a portion of them all. Thus three great water basins draw from her a portion of their aqueous supplies. Where, in the prehistoric, earlier days once



ON THE SEERONK RIVER



FOOT OF THREE-MILE HILL

ebbed and flowed the seas of Silurian time, now ebb and flow only the seas of Time itself. Water, indeed, is there, but its strange lives and its salty nature both are gone and the babbling brook now meekly wanders o'er the rocks that tell the story of its former greatness.

Often in summer, upon the rounded boulder that in former ages the glacier has crunched and ground beneath its ponderous weight, now sits the sun-tanned schoolboy whose naked feet bathe idly in the pool below.



A LONG LAKE WOOD PATH

Given the freedom of the stream, and alike to him are the weighty questions of both church and state, of polity and policy. Little cares he for aught— aught save the dread mosquito! With his skates in winter, and in summer his fishing tackle of string and crooked pole, he forms as much a part of the brook life of Berkshire as does the fish that shyly nibbles at the harmless bait on his bended pin. It is well that the potent Yankee forces within him should, in their younger days, be thus tamed and softened by a contact with nature, such as life, in its busier seasons, cannot know and many a time, in after years, when the purling stream shall have long since ceased to ripple over those wading feet and heavy toil and care shall have worn their deep lines in both brow and palm, the ferny bank and shadowy pool will come into his thoughts in a way so deep that only soul itself can understand.

It was thus as a schoolboy among these hills that I learned to know and love alike the sunny lake and the mud-pool by the roadside. Nothing brought more happiness than a tramp of miles along some mountain stream, by day or night, in sunshine or in storm, and later years have not dimmed for me the charms of nature. A brookside visit still will serve to brighten many a coming hour of toil.

Many of the more common, living forms that find a home in and around our streams and ponds are quite familiar to us all, but let us catch for a moment a glimpse of some of those which spend their humble lives in quieter obscurity.

The stem that nobly bears yonder water lily as its fitting crown bears other treasures, too, beneath the water's surface. Such a friendly shelter as this is the chosen home of many a molluscan form. Rarest of these among our Berkshire pools is the "fresh water limpet," or ancyclus, as it is technically called. It consists of a single, delicate shell, shaped much like the scale-bugs so common upon cultivated trees and plants, but unlike them it does not always feed upon the host over which it travels. Scarcely the size of a single rice grain and but little thicker than the paper of the page you read, this almost transparent shell yet bears within a strange living form that yields rich treasure to the scientist.

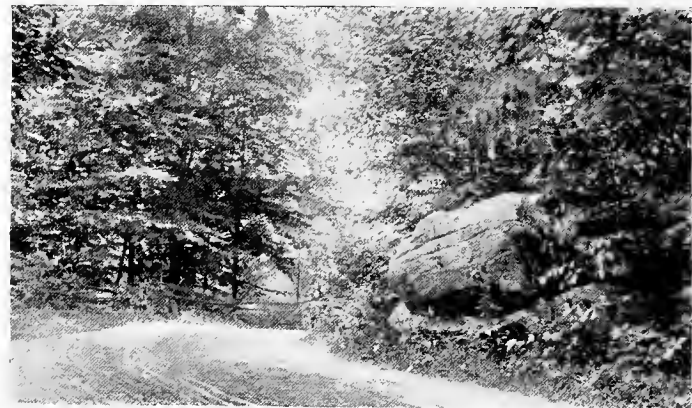
Like all shells of its class, the under side of its entire length is flattened into a soft, muscular surface, called the foot, by means of which it crawls. Near the front edge of this foot, and still underneath its body, is found the mouth, almost circular in outline, and curiously furnished with three minute, horny jaws, one in front and one upon either side, each deeply grooved, and all working like three washboards rubbing across each other. But turn a



CLIMBING THE HILL



BELCHER'S CAVE



AT THE TOP OF THREE-MILE HILL

ingly small and sharp, but we shall find a regular gradation in size between these and the larger teeth along the middle of the tongue while a powerful glass will reveal the fact that many of them have their sharp edges cut and divided into the most delicate, needlelike points. When first hatched, this shell, like all its relatives, has but a narrow tongue, furnished with only two or three rows of teeth, but as it grows older, other rows are added along its edge, until some have as many as seventy-two lines of these minute, shining knives.

Far different from their human friends, these little forms are strangely consistent in their ways for, if ever a single tooth varies from what it should be, every tooth within that row will be found to have the same deformity. With such a set of jaws and teeth, do you wonder that the lily stem from which it came should have upon it tiny marks as if its surface had been eaten?

But the study of its mouth does not exhaust the wonders of this little traveler, for like its larger neighbors, it is furnished with a full set of



NEAR THE TOWN

muscles and organs for sight and motion, hearing, feeling, and digestion and has, besides, a perfect heart with perfect blood and perfect circulation. Although this tiny creature leads a quiet life in its home among the water sedges and the lily stems, yet its kind has traveled far and is known to many climates. It is found in the grassy pool at your feet, and found alike in the islands of the Spanish Main and the rivers of the west, from the cold Canadian lakes to the tropic groves of South America, and from the high mountains of the New World to the damp vales of the Old.

But now close beside the rough, time-worn stone that the ancient glaciers once tore from its rocky bed beyond the Canadian border, comes swimming the yellow and brown and speckled body of the lazy triton. No wonder that his repulsive form and ridiculously serious face and scale-like spots have made him the namesake of the fabled sea triton of Greek mythology. Like many of the lower batrachians, this quaint mock sage has the strange power of reproducing portions of his body that are lost. Its feet and tail are easily broken and are doubtless often snapped off by the fishes, but they all soon grow again. Even an eye, when once put out, is, in a few weeks, replaced by another, bright and new. From time to time these animals lose their outer skin and come forth in a newer and a larger suit, and often have I laughed to watch this comic sham, with look as wise as Solomon, go through the act of shedding his speckled coat. The skin, which for a few days has looked more dull than usual, cracks open in a short line along the back and the little hand-like fore feet slowly reach up to the back of the neck and there evidently try to unbutton his refractory collar, the creature, meanwhile, posing, for all the world, as though he were waiting to hear something drop. At last after many trials, the work is done and bending his long head underneath his breast he proceeds to pull his shirt off over it. This allows his head to project through the slit in the back. Then demurely winking fast one eye and then the other, and repeatedly gaping his new mouth so wide that one would think he were about to divide into halves, like a pea pod splitting lengthwise he looks himself over carefully and then rubs and pulls the skin from his fore feet exactly as a laborer rolls down his sleeves. The stupidly simple interest he takes in the whole proceeding is ludicrous in the extreme, and after the changing of his coat has at last been completed, the way those knowing eyes survey his new jacket from end to end is droll beyond description.

The Menobranchus, or mud puppy, whose darker form, scarcely four inches in length, is so strangely like, yet unlike, that of his neighbor, the triton, finds here also a congenial home. This animal, with its curiously fringed and tufted gills standing out upon either side of its neck, is more nearly like the siren of the South and the axolotl of Mexico than any other that has yet been found within the limits of our Northern waters.

Like the old sailor who had fallen overboard in the mid-Atlantic, the green frog sitting on the rock at my feet is "Wet, ma'm! wet! *very* wet!!" but a close examination of his damp form will bring to light many unseen charms. Even the tiny leech that clings to his curious feet, though dark and repulsive at first, yet, when seen through the keen eye of the microscope, reveals a subtle beauty, for even he is curiously and wonderfully made.

But these strange creatures have yet other neighbors as fascinating as they. From between the bowl-shaped leaves of the pitcher plant, the buck bean, or three-leaved Menyanthes, lifts its dainty, star-like flowers, so finely fringed with white, as though a snowflake from a winter's storm had fallen on the slender stem and changed into a crystal flower. It is with us a rare plant and a choice one, for no mountain pass or meadow vale within our Eastern states yet held a fairer gem. Above and around it, among the grass and sedges twine the yellow, thread-like stems of the dodder. Starting, like others, from its seed, this little twiner soon lays hold upon some neighboring plant and opens its career of theft. Its nature changes and a parasitic life begins. No longer needing connection with the earth, its useless lower portions die away while the leafless top grows on, dwarfing the life and sucking the juices of the plants over which it twines, while it



ON THE HOUSATONIC

the rare *Drosera* finds a home. This is a queer little, insect-eating plant whose history dates back into the remote geologic ages of the fossil beds. Its leaves are strangely covered with long, stiff hairs whose ends are tipped with glands secreting a viscid juice that proves a deadly trap for the unwary fly.

Passing farther on, we may find the surface of the pond covered, in places, with a bright green, scum-light growth. It is the curious pond weed which always floats, with scarcely a visible root or top, spending its whole time drifting about and growing and dividing.

In such a short tramp one can notice but a few of the living forms around him, for the kinds that inhabit even our Berkshire streams are hundreds in number, and the study of them has been the life work of many a scientist.

But here the pool ends and we reach the stream again. Going a short distance up its ferny bed, one catches the beauty of its shadowy way. In the words of Trowbridge it is:—

"Just a brooklet, so perfect and sweet,
Like a child that is always a child;
A picture, as fair and complete,
As softly and peacefully wild,
As if Nature had only just made it
And laid down her pencil, and smiled."

Who would wish now to break the charm its quiet beauty brings to soothe the mind? Resting upon a mossy stone, we try, with the fish and flowers, to share once more a portion of the brooklet's life. We watch the sparkling water play with the dancing light and shade until the cricket sounds its evening chirp and the twilight glow of the sunset sky fades slowly o'er the western hills, till Nature seeks again her quiet rest and day is lost in the dusk of evening.

WALTER HARRISON.



THE HIGHWAY, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF HOUSATONIC

VACATIONS IN BERKSHIRE

The advantages of the Berkshire hills as a place for summer resort are marked and increasingly manifest. Situated as this region is a thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the tidewater—two hours distant from Springfield and Albany, and four and a half hours from New York and Boston, the natural, social, business, literary, political and religious associations make this country the most attractive and the most available of any mountain region in New England. The White mountains are always interesting, but they are distant, and are given up to tourists, who descend upon the hotels like an Egyptian plague of locusts and leave not any "green thing" to those who come after them. But the Berkshire hills are quiet, peace-breathing, easy to get into and easy to be lost in, and

there is a peacefulness and refreshment about them which the more notorious mountain haunts fail to develop.

Pittsfield, Mass., is the terminus of four distinct railroads, and from this as the center of the Berkshire region it is possible to go to New York by eight distinct routes—three ways by water and the rest by rail. These routes are: The Boston & Albany, the Housatonic, the Harlem, the Hudson River, the West Shore, the night boat from Albany and Troy, the day boat from Albany, and the boat from Hudson.



DEEP SHADOWS IN THE HOUSATONIC, SOUTH FROM IRON BRIDGE, GREAT BARRINGTON

The carefully prepared map of the Berkshire Life Insurance company furnishes a most convenient choice of roads for a carriage itinerary through this wonderful county, extending as it does from the hills of Connecticut to the Green mountains of Vermont.

Here are the famous drives to Williamstown, along the Cheshire Harbour valley with the manufacturing towns of Adams, Renfrew, Zylonite and Maple Grove scattered along the sides of Greylock. Then from North Adams a detour can be made to the pretty little hamlet of Florida, or on through Williamstown to Pownal and Bennington, where the great monument now stands, and back again to Pittsfield, around the beautiful mountain road which skirts the western side of Greylock and leads into the quaint old town of Lanesborough and along the shores of Lake Pontaosuc into Pittsfield.

Or one can ride out over the causeway that spans Lake Onoto, past the beautiful mansions of Mr. H. C. Valentine of New York and Mr. Walker of Chicago, places which remind one, in the beautiful glimpses of lake and mountain seen from their lawns, of views upon the Lake Como and the Lake Maggiore in Italian Switzerland, just before reaching Milan. Then from Onoto's placid water, the mountain path leads on to Lulu cascade and Balance rock and over Potter's mountain to Hancock and Stephentown.

From Potter's mountain the Catskills are plainly visible, with the Catskill Mountain house ledged like a white flower on some ravine's slope, and in the opposite direction the white meeting-house of Peru on its high hill-top is easily seen. The ride

to Peru itself is most interesting, showing as it does a typical deserted hill town, and the route on to Savoy leads through a wildly picturesque region. Still another drive is to Lebanon Springs, stopping at the Hancock and Lebanon Shakers, where, if one is so fortunate at the latter spot, he may happen to see the remarkable and now quite famous Brother Alonzo Hollister, whose facial resemblance to Emerson is quite marked, and whose busy pen and eager mind together make him a most attractive visitor. The famous lake of "Queechy," giving as it did the title to the novel of that name, furnishes another beautiful drive through the environs of the quaint old town of Richmond and past the celebrated Richmond iron works. Burnham farm, near by, at present under the charge of the Brothers of St. Christopher, is also an object of interest to the tourist who wishes to see the practical and most successful working out of the problem of caring for and developing the wild and wayward boys of our cities, who are saved by this experiment at Burnham farm from becoming classed early in life as jail birds and prison hangers on.



ON MAIN STREET, HOUSATONIC

Perhaps some day when our Shaker friends are through with their experiment of celibacy and retirement from the world and have given in their witness to the testimony and revelation of Ann Lee, their great caravansaries may become philanthropic schools of reforms for our gamin boys and wayward girls, and thus the superfluous energies of our now overdeveloped and complex parochial life may seek this line of work as the next and newest field for the exercise of its powers.

One other interesting excursion from Pittsfield, the queen city of the Berkshire region, is through the enterprising town of Dalton where Lieutenant-Governor Weston has his

picturesque chalet, "Great Hearth," on Mount Weston, past Windsor Falls to Cummington, the home of the poet Bryant. As one wanders over the grounds of this home of the poet in his boyhood, in some strange way the association of the arbor culture in that neighborhood



MAIN STREET FROM PLEASANT, HOUSATONIC

brings forcibly to mind the matchless rhythm of our great poet of nature in his famous "Forest Hymn":—

"The groves were God's first temples ere man learned

To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks;
And supplication, * * * * *

* * * * * Let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies
The passions at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble and are still.

* * * * *

Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

A little brook which runs near by this old Bryant homestead seems as if it might have been the occasion of the composition of his exquisite little poem:—

THE RIVULET

"Thou changest not, but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged,
And the grave stranger came to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him,
Who sported once upon thy brim,
The visions of my youth are past,—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world, it wears no more;
The color of romance it wore,
Yet well has nature left the truth

She promised in my earliest youth.
And I shall sleep and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou unchanged, from year to year,
Gayly shall play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass,
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men."



ON KIRK STREET, HOUSATONIC

While the natural advantages of Berkshire cannot be surpassed, it is by no means devoid of literary life, and many authors well known to fame have made their homes among the Berkshire hills. The picturesque settlement of Williamstown, the seat of the college, stands on the side of Mount Greylock. This pretty town, boasting of but one street, is the center of all literary life at the present day, and it was here that Mark Hopkins lived, worked and died. The college has been the Alma Mater of many famous sons, who have gone forth and lived their lives and left their influence to bear testimony to the moral strength which they have here acquired. It was on his journey hither that President Garfield was bent when he was so cruelly shot in the depot at Washington.

Williamstown has much natural beauty, aside from the many handsome buildings attached to the college. The broad avenue which runs through the center of the town, is bordered by sentinel-like trees, magnificent elms which have stood the stress of many seasons. The college library stands back from the street, and near it is the chapel, a quaint, old-fashioned building containing a window to the memory of President Garfield, erected by the students. The college buildings are scattered through the town, and across the campus one goes to watch the athletic talent of the college teams, foot or baseball, as the case may be, and the crimson of Harvard or the purple and white of Amherst are frequently seen, mingling with the royal purple of Williamstown. Once, many years ago, a little band of

students met behind a haystack, near the college, to listen to the preaching of a zealous missionary, and thus, in this primitive manner, was formed the American Board of Foreign Missions, nearly a century ago.



"THE NEW MILL"

Rose Terry Cooke, who, until so recently charmed us with her prose and poetry alike, lived for many years in Pittsfield, and many a passer-by has seen the authoress as she sat on her piazza on summer days.

Then, too, there is Herman Melville, who, a generation ago, charmed the boys with his famous stories of adventure. "Abby Lodge," the beautiful home of the author, is a short distance from Pittsfield and affords a pleasant drive. On one of the principal streets of Pittsfield stands an old-fashioned house, which is said to be the house spoken of by Longfellow in his poem of "The Old Clock on the Stairs." Across its antique portico, however, no shadows fall, and the house has been somewhat changed within the last few years.

In the cemetery of Lanesborough is found the grave of the gifted Shaw, familiarly known as "Josh Billings."

It was among these quiet hills that the author of "The Autocrat



VIEW NEAR THE MILLS, HOUSATONIC



CORNER MAIN AND PLEASANT STREETS



PARK STREET, HOUSATONIC



ON MAIN STREET

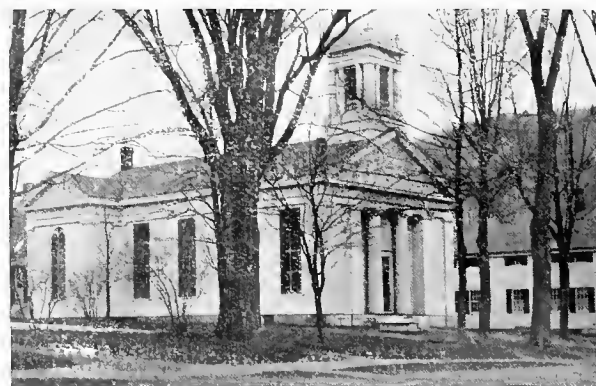
there is a church on every corner, and the churches of the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal denominations look toward the four corners of the globe. As one comes from the station in this beautiful place which never seems a city, he faces the shady park, with the soldiers' monument, looking west. The Congregational and Episcopal churches on the north side, and the court-house and Athenaeum on the south. Magnificent elms stretch far down the avenue, and shade the court-house and the park; and the gleaming white of the court-house marble contrasts with the green verdure. The stone is from the Lee quarries, where some of the finest marble in the country is cut. Next to it stands the Athenaeum, a gray stone building, erected by the late Hon. Thomas Allen, containing the library lecture and reading rooms, and the museum. In the central

hall stands the exquisitely wrought statue of Rebecca meeting Isaac, by the great sculptor, Benzeni. The veiled face is wonderfully executed and the features, even through the marble covering, are very clear, and the body is covered with the same veil-like substance. The rest of the hall is taken up with casts of famous statues.

The First Congregational church facing the Athenaeum, is of gray granite, and the interior decoration of oak wood is very fine. Next to it is the new Episcopal church, St. Stephen's, built of



EAST MAIN STREET



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

of the Breakfast Table" gave the delightful story of "Elsie Venner" to the world. He has laid the scene of the story in the city of Pittsfield, at the time of the novel's first appearance, merely a pretty country town. Dr. Holmes owned a residence in the southern part, and used a certain mountain in the neighborhood for the scene of Elsie's adventures, and so it happens that South Mountain is the object of much speculation, and many a school-girl and boy has tramped the mountain for the sole purpose of seeing "Rattlesnake Cave," where they fondly imagine Elsie used to seclude herself. The cave in question is a small one with an opening at each end, and there are ledges of rock inside; a damp, gloomy place, suggestive of snakes

and rheumatism. Maplewood school, which no longer exists, was undoubtedly the "Institute" of the novel, and so for these reasons Berkshire people claim the story of Elsie Venner as their especial property.

Pittsfield, the center of Berkshire county, might well be called a city of churches, possessing as it does the sanctuaries of all denominations: Lutheran, French, Colored, German, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, First and Second Congregational, Adventist and Episcopal. In fact, there is one place in the town where

"GUS" BARNES ET ALS.



ON THE HOUSATONIC RIVER

Longmeadow sandstone. The windows in this church are particularly fine, and are the work of Miss Tillinghast and Tiffany in New York, Clayton and Peel of London, and of Ford and Brooks of Boston. The body of the pulpit has inserted in it three panels six hundred years old, and nearly everything in the church is given in loving memory of some dear friend.

The attractive church, Trinity, in Lenox, has only been built within a few years, and the chancel is especially worthy of note. There has recently been added a new rectory, built in the same style as the church.

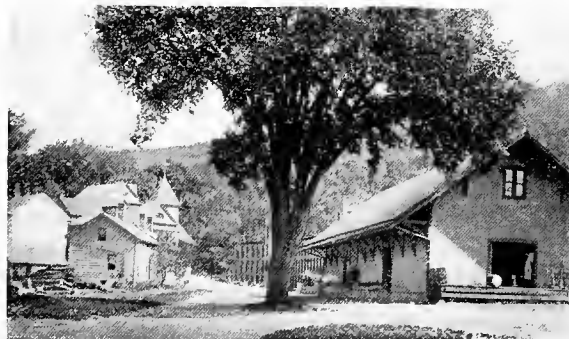
St. Paul's church, Stockbridge, is a beautiful building, with an exquisite baptistry and Florentine chancel. Under the organ loft may be seen the famous "Singing Boys," executed in marble. Although the church is small, it is an exquisite gem, and well suits the quiet, beautiful town in which it stands. Were time and space allowed, one could extend to an almost indefinite length the description of this most picturesque region. But let us hope that enough has been said concerning "Picturesque Berkshire," to induce the unfamiliar traveler to see for himself its many beauties, and we are confident that he will go away exclaiming with the Queen of Sheba, when she went on her willing pilgrimage to King Solomon in all his glory, and gave as the verdict of her itinerary, that, "Behold, the half has not been told."

WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON.

It is related that, in the early days of the war, a barbecue was held by the patriots upon the summit of Mount Peter, and here, after the sports of the day were over, their flag was left flying



RAILROAD CROSSING AT HOUSATONIC VILLAGE



NEAR FREIGHT DEPOT, HOUSATONIC



CATHOLIC CHURCH

upon the liberty pole erected for the occasion. During the night the Tories succeeded in cutting it down, but the flag was soon in the hands of the patriots again, who "lashed the pole, with a flag attached, to a tree top, filled the body of the tree with iron spikes, and with prudent watchfulness kept their colors flying despite the Tories.



HOUSATONIC PASSENGER DEPOT

"Gus" Barnes was an "institution" of southern Berkshire in other days. "Gus" dwelt at Great Barrington and kept tavern there in the old Berkshire house building, which has since been converted into a business block with stores and offices. Everybody knew "Gus." In fact, not to know him was held to be a very great lack in equipment of local history. And nobody could know him without knowing that he was first, last and always a democrat. He voted the ticket straight, from presidential elector down to town constable, and faithfully read and fully believed the *Pittsfield Sun* as next to the Bible, the most important compendium of truth extant. Though the temperance people were wicked enough to declare that "Gus" was "experimentally" acquainted with the quality of the potatoes dealt out at his tavern, "to be drunk on the premises," no one can say that he ever saw "Gus" the "wuss for liquor." Still, there's a tradition on that point which "will not down." After a sojourn of two years at Chicago, he returned to Berkshire and called, of course, on Phineas Allen of the *Sun*, and after he had renewed his subscription to the paper and the two had "indulged in refreshing remembrances of the past," Barnes arose to leave. Thereupon Allen remarked, as he took the hand of his old patron and fellow democrat, "By the way, Gus, I forgot to ask you how you like the water at Chicago." To this came the quick response, "I vanny, Phin, I forgot to try it!"

One of the men who knew "Gus" was the late Hon. J. M. Seeley, or "Uncle Mark" Seeley, as he was affectionately and familiarly called by his Berkshire neighbors. But "Uncle Mark" was of a different makeup from "Gus." He managed a factory instead of a tavern, and was a republican rather than a democrat. Never having sought office he was all the more available as a candidate for the legislature, when the time came for his friends to demand that he accept a nomination. The democrats had several times elected "Hen" Wright of Great Barrington, who was so popular with "the boys" of both parties, that it was difficult for the republicans to hit upon a man to beat him. The next session of the legislature would be the one for election of United States senator, and naturally the republicans wanted to win. It was the sagacious Mr. Tinker of North Adams who, knowing the lay of the land, politically, all over the county, saw that "Uncle Mark" was the man to name as the "favorite in the race" against "Hen" Wright. He was entered in the lists and beat by several lengths ahead, served twice in the House and was promoted to the Senate.

Sheffield, that as everybody in Berkshire knows, was for many years the home of the excellent and talented Unitarian divine, Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, was also the birthplace of a celebrity of another denomination, the late Bishop Edmund S. Janes of the Methodist Episcopal church, who, in the exercise of the

functions of his office had become known throughout the land, presiding as he did in the sessions of conferences from Aroostook to San Francisco. Those posted as to localities of note in southern Berkshire point the traveler to a grass-grown cellar place near the roadside where the house stood in which this divine was born. It is near the Salisbury, Ct., town line. Here at Sheffield, too, was for many years the home of that prince of polite court officers, the late Graham A. Root, who was for many years sheriff of "our county of Berkshire," and of whom it was once remarked, and that appropriately, "at his hands, on account of his politeness, a hanging would be shorn of half its terrors!"

SOME REMINISCENCES

Amusing reminiscences are given of early settlers on the hills of the eastern borders of Berkshire. And among others which have "come down to us from former generations," is one concerning a certain picturesque "old stager" who dwelt somewhere on the heights of Becket, and who outlived his fourth wife. The funeral of the last of the four successive wives was over, and the oft-married and oft-bereaved man, accompanied by his minister, went with the cortege from the place of obsequies to the mountain "graveyard." On the way, the minister remarked, in confidential condolence, "Brother —, it is indeed a great affliction to lose a wife; and how a man thus afflicted must need the grace of God to sustain him. And how much, surely, he must need divine help on losing a second and a third partner of his joys. But here you are called to part with a fourth wife! May Heaven sustain you in the unspeakable sorrow of your great bereavement!" To this abundance and acme of tenderness came the response, "I swanny, parson, 'tis tough; aint it? Why, I'd ruther hev lost my best farrow keow!" Thus much is history — what follows is embellishment, added, as the story has been repeated. It is that, on the return from the interment, the mourning man picked up near the "graveyard" a horse-shoe, and exclaimed, "Well, there's no great loss without some small gain." The wicked ones in giving this addenda make the adjectives change places so that the proverb quoted reads in their version to make the wailing widower say, between sighs, "With this small loss a greater gain." It was this same "stager" who, complaining to his neighbor that a cow from the herd of the latter had for a second time trespassed on his grounds, said, "You don't suppose that my wife and I as we sit at home of a Sunday morning readin' the Bible want to be disturbed by that air — old keow-bell!"

In another neighborhood of the same town lived another of the "old staggers," who was still alive when Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was in America. Receiving the adulation of thousands upon thousands all over the land as a supplement to the honors shown him in Europe, the great chieftain of the Magyar en route with his retinue through Massachusetts to Albany must have felt humiliated not a little by the unseemly familiarity of the "old stager" aforesaid, who had come down to the country station of Chester to see the hero. The Hungarian traveled by the afternoon train, which in these days, made halt at the little depot at half-past one o'clock, tarrying usually for five minutes. Schoolmaster Allard, a teacher well remembered of yore in that region, sensing the importance of the event of Mr. Kossuth's journey through America, forgot for the time the drill of the school-room in which his voice, as is still remembered by his pupils, was so often heard in his arithmetical injunction of "Units under units, tens under tens," and in the morning asked the pupils to assemble at the school-house promptly at one and march to the station to see the lion of the times. There, drawn up in double file, they stood in respectful attitude by the coach of the train from which the dark-visaged Magyar of renown beamed kindly on the lads and misses, asking them questions and smiling at their ready replies. People of the village stood around in respectful attitude, or at least with curiosity that was pardonable. But this "stager" from the hills wasn't agoin' to let the occasion pass without talking face to face with the celebrity from beyond the seas; not a bit of it. The man coming must be a good deal of a fellow because all the people were talking about him. So, judging of him as he

(Continued on page 52.)



"A country boy by the old stone wall"

A POEM WITH A HISTORY

When Albert Hardy, now editor of *Godey's Magazine*, in New York city, was engaged in literary work in New England, he passed many of his summer months among the Berkshire hills — chiefly in Lenox, and in the vicinity. His home was then in Springfield, and it was his especial delight to make extended pedestrian tours among the hills, he very often walking from Springfield to Lenox and Pittsfield. It was in the summer of 1889 that Mr. Hardy wrote "Sam," the poem which follows. It was first published in the *Boston Globe*, and was shortly after popularized by being read by the famous elocutionist, A. P. Burbank, at Chautauqua. Impressed with the manliness and beauty of his young friend, Samuel E. Houston, son of Hugh Houston of West Becket, Mr. Hardy wrote the poem, which has since been incorporated in many books of verse, and which is very popular with elocutionists. This is the poem: —



"'Twas a day in June, such as poets love"

SAM

AN IDYL OF THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

A country boy by the old stone wall,
That keeps the meadow and road apart,
Stands handsome and manly and strong and tall;
And sturdy is he as the maple tree
That's by his side. For Sam is young
And his honest heart is as light and free
As the bird that sings in the summer skies.
He looks far off o'er the distant hills,
While a soft light shines in his hazel eyes;
And leaning there by the meadow wall,
He gives this sweet, familiar call:
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"

Now to manhood grown, and the bells sound sweet
As the cows come slowly from out the wood;
And he leaves the wall and hurries to meet
The mild-eyed creatures, for they all know
The hand that strokes them as they pass
Along the road where the daisies grow.
And each one stands by the cow-yard bars
Seeming well content with the strong brown hand
That milks them there 'neath the summer stars;
And Sam's eyes look love as he sings again
The well-remembered, sweet refrain,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"



"And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall"

'Twas a day in June, such as poets love,
There by his side a fair girl stands,
And the flying clouds in the sky above
Seem to play at forfeits with the sun.
How well Sam knows that a lover's heart
Throbs 'neath his coat, and that every one
Of the clover blossoms in the field
Is breathing to him an old love-song,
And that every bud a joy can yield.
So the maiden there by the broken wall
Takes up and sings the old-time call.
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bars
With his wife beside him, and her arms
Enfold a dear form, whose baby prate
Is sweeter to them than the brook's gay song
As it flows away at the foot of the hill.
Happy they wait, for they know ere long
The cows will come from the meadow side.
So Sam caresses his little son,
While the young wife looks with joy and pride;
And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall
Just breathes in baby notes the call,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"

would of oxen, he put on his best "hard-times" frock, as he would if he had been going out to buy the best pair of bovines on the hills. Thus clad and with his best ox whip he drove in his new cart to the village, where he halted his steers at the shed of the "store." Thence going to the station, he elbowed his way through the crowd and up to the car window, where, readjusting the quid of tobacco in his mouth, by way of emphasis, and to get a good start in the memorable remark he was to make, he said, as he looked with his mingled innocence and audacity into the face of the distinguished visitor, "Well, Mr. Kossuth, erbeout whut is yeour everidge heft?" To this impertinence the well-bred foreigner very good-naturedly replied, as he tried to hide the smile that dawned on his care-worn visage, "I haven't been weighed very lately." The man with his new frock and best "cattle team" drove back to his farm, thinking that he had done the smart thing of the occasion. Before starting from the village he had to stop, of course, at the "store" and talk about it to "Lorraine" and "Reel" Root, pat the big brindle dog "Bose," lying half asleep and half awake on the floor, and buy a fresh supply of "the weed" for himself and an extra pound of old Hyson for "the woman," in celebration of his accomplishing the feat with which he had charged himself as he set forth on the morning, big with the possibilities of a grand achievement!

The "good old times" were spiced with operations of sharp men. And Mr. Adams, the veteran ex-conductor of the Boston & Albany (Western) railroad, still living at Springfield, recalls one of these experiences wherein a man in partnership with Alexander Birnie, brother of the late William Birnie, undertook to rob his associate of the stock of goods which they had in a store for the supply of workmen engaged in building the railroad. This partner had, in the evening, during the absence of Mr. Birnie, made out a bill of sale of the whole stock to a Becket man who was not particularly inquisitive as to the manner of acquiring property. He gave the seller money and also a horse and sleigh, with which the latter made good his escape out of town and beyond the state limits. The next morning the purchaser appeared at the store and laid claim to the entire stock in trade. Prompt action on the part of Mr. Birnie and his clerk, Mr. Adams, soon brought a trial before a country justice of the peace, at West Becket, where assembled a great crowd of the curious, and in which litigation figured such well-remembered old-time lawyers as "Squire" Filley, the rotund magnate of ancient Otis. The result was a finding for Mr. Birnie, that established his claim to the goods which had been fraudulently conveyed, and so of course in the purchaser's losing the money he had advanced, his horse and sleigh and the cost of the litigation. This in keeping with the rules of court proceedings in those days, included the fees of both lawyers and the pay and mileage of witnesses on both sides of the case.

But Becket had other than these picturesque fellows. And in the congregations of Rev. Mr. Mills, Rev. Mr. Hyde and other ministers of the Becket church, there were many fine families. It was at Becket Centre where the father of L. B. Williams of Northampton and his

brothers, H. F. and C. H. Williams, did a large business as a country merchant and was a magistrate respected by the people around him. His sons were born in that town, and there the eldest began to learn the ways of the business world. There were Wadsworths, Snows, Huntingtons, Perkinses, Clarks, Chaffees, Rudds and others who gave good account of themselves and some of whom are doing well in the world, in and out of the state, to this day.

A tradition of the eastern border of the county shows the opposition which the projectors of the first railroads met in forwarding their enterprises. It is to the effect that a farmer by the name of Deming, through whose acres in the town of Washington, the route for the Western railroad was laid, determined to stop the

encroachment, and, full of the consciousness of his right and power so to do, appeared on the scene where a party of surveyors and construction men were at work, and declared with the emphasis of righteous indignation, "Gentlemen, I own as high as heaven and as deep as hell, and this road isn't going through!" The remark, which, it may be imagined caused a smile on those who heard it, was told by some of the workmen at the neighboring farmhouses where they boarded, and of course became part of the legendary lore of the region.

A COUNTRY STORE.
—Odd stories are often told of the comprehensiveness of the stock of a country store, and much may be allowed for the stretch of imagination; but this of a store still open, in the town of Becket, is vouched for:

Two visitors to the village made a bet, upon the statement of one of them, that the other could not name anything of merchantable nature which could not be found at that store. The doubter rather stretched his bounds when he named a church pulpit as the article which he did not believe could be found in the place. The other man's faith is said to have been somewhat shaken when this unusual article of merchandise was named by his friend, but he bravely stood by his bet, and both men walked down to the village store and at once informed the gray and grizzled proprietor what they called for. "Yes, yes, I've got one," he said, to the delight of one man and the amazement of the other. Then he led the way to a back room and showed them a church pulpit which had but recently been taken out from a Baptist church in the town preparatory to the tearing down of the edifice.

NOVEMBER

"When is November?"

When skies are gray, with scarce a fleck of blue,
When sharp winds blow which pierce you through
and through;
When bird-songs cease, and empty nests hang high,
When butterflies and flowers have said good-by;
When silver frost-work gleams on field and hill,
When hearth-fires flame and glow, as nights wax
chill;
When dead leaves drift through lonely forest ways,
When comes the glad New England day of days;
Then is November.

Emma C. Dowd.

WISDOM'S self

Oft seeks so sweet retired solitude;
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of Resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

Milton.



BEAUTIFUL BECKET—THE VILLAGE FROM THE HILL, LOOKING WEST



THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGE STREET



THE CLAFIN HOUSE

reached, a glimpse is afforded of a few farm-houses in the little valley on the left (the murderer Coy lived off there, just by the little Methodist meeting-house), but little hint is given of the beautiful country beyond, as the train rolls over the ridge, and the barrenness of the scenery would discourage one from investigating farther, did he not know that the "Promised Land" was not far away, and the picturesque little village of Hinsdale and the fairly

beautiful town of Dalton lies terraced on the hills and in the valley, but a little further on.

Yet Washington — bleak Washington — bleak hill-top that it is, is not by any means devoid of picturesque interest in itself. It is 1,700 feet above the ocean level, and, therefore, about



THE DAM

have some historic interest. Washington has an interesting history, too, and has furnished the business and the political world with those who have made their mark. Notable among these was the late ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, war governor of New York, and United States senator, and whose father was the well-known "Squire" Morgan, old-time magistrate of the town. 'Sad it is to see that the old meeting-house on the hill has gone to ruins — that the sanctuary fragrant with the memory of such earnest preachers as the Rev. Moses M. Longley and others like him, and of such good people as the Morgans, the Blakes, the Abbotts, the Pomeroyes and others, should be left to tumble to pieces.

BECKET

Becket, too, is on the Boston & Albany railroad, and is one of the few ideal pure country places in the county, without a cultivated landscape, but attractive because of its natural simplicity. Our artist appropriately calls it "Beautiful Becket." The elevation of the town is 1,200 feet, the air is clear and cool in summer, and the scenery close by the village is wild and romantic in many places. There are three villages in the town, but North Becket, where the depot and hotel (the Clafin house) are located, is the business part of the town. The hotel, kept by Landlord Schlesinger, is a favorite stopping-place with Hampden county people, as well as others, and was named after ex-Gov. William Clafin, who originally



OLD TAVERN SIGNS

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

WASHINGTON, LEE, BECKET AND TYRINGHAM

The town of Washington, on the Boston & Albany railroad, in this county, should not be confounded with the town of Mount Washington in the southwest part of this county, for they



WAYSIDE REFRESHMENT

700 feet higher than Mount Washington, and there are some very fine views on the west slope, overlooking Pittsfield, and near the Congregational church. Ashley lake, Pittsfield's source of water supply, lies here, and is a mile long. October mountain is in this town; the outlook here is charming, and in the fall months the foliage effects are magnificent. Roaring brook, which has its source near the base of the mountain, is a pretty stream running through Tory Glen, a place said to



SILENT BECKET

are very different places. Our pictures give some idea of the views which met our artist when he entered this part of the Berkshire, yet it should not be understood that the town of Washington is utterly unworthy of its great patronymic. Here the Boston & Albany railroad enters the small village, clustered about the little railroad station, through a deep rock cut, at about the highest point on the road. Coming from Springfield, by rail, the traveler has been steadily ascending, and the iron horse snorts and pants before he enters the rocky rail gateway into the charming Berkshire lands. In the last half-mile before that place is



A WAYSIDE HOME



TOO LAZY TO FISH

occupied the place for a summer residence. The drives are interesting all about, and the tally-ho frequently finds its way here. Mountain scenery of much variety and grandeur is to be seen here. Becket mountain is but two and a half miles from the depot, and is 2,200 feet high. It is easily reached and at its base is located the reservoir of Bulkley, Dunton & Co. Wadsworth mountain, three miles south of North Becket, is 200 feet lower, but from its summit the steeples of eight churches can be counted. Benton mountain also gives a good view; it is 1,800 feet high, and only half a mile from the depot. For



THE SHADED BROOK

a good view of the village, one need only ascend the little hill and the highway just to the east of the railroad crossing, where he will behold our artist's "Beautiful Becket."

Yokun and Centre lakes are pretty sheets of water near the depot village, and there are others in other directions, but less easy of access. Within the past few years the residence portion of the village near the depot has been much improved, and its convenience of access will continue to make it popular for Connecticut valley people, over some other parts of the county.

LEE

The drive from Becket to Lee is about five miles, up hill and down, and gives one many a glimpse of what back country farm life is, on the exterior, and when one drives into Lee itself he is agreeably surprised at the bustle and energy evident in the place. It is not a large town, but is the smartest in the county, reckoned by its size. Here are large marble quarries and paper mills, and the first paper pulp made in this country had its origin here. Marble went from Lee for a large part of St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, Girard

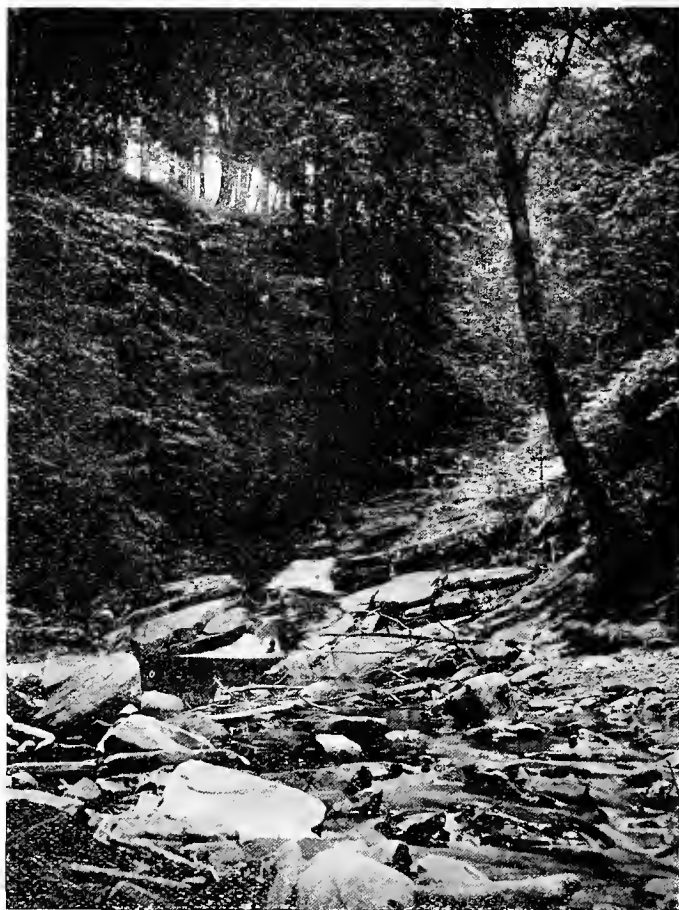


THE OLD GRISTMILL

college, two wings of the capitol at Washington, and many other handsome buildings, and at one time Lee paper manufacturers furnished the largest part of the paper used by the great New York dailies. "Highlawn," the "home of the brood mares," was famous the country over for its fine horses. Here the famous "Alcyone" and "Alcantara" stallions were raised and petted. At one time there was \$150,000 worth of horseflesh here, and it was probably the most costly establishment of the kind in the country. The picturesque features of the town are so comprehensively treated of elsewhere, in an article from the pen of Rev. L. S. Rowland of Lee, that we are obliged, on account of restricted space, to "cut short" the record of the extremely pleasant impressions of our jaunt through this part of the county.

TYRINGHAM

One of the most delightful of country drives is that from Lee to Tyringham, and once within the limits of this latter, quaint, small town, one sees new scenes of beauty unfolding every hour, providing, always, of course, he keeps moving and has his eyes open. Turning to a well-known authority on Berkshire, as we



THE RAVINE

brought this last sentence to a close, we unexpectedly found close corroboration of our judgment: Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University says, "This is the only place I was ever in where I could walk all day and find a new and charming view every five minutes." Our artist's pictures in this charming town also give plentiful hints of what is to be found here.

The old-time Shaker interest of the town is referred to elsewhere, and need not be alluded to here, except as Mount "Horeb" is related thereto. This place was selected by the Shakers for their "spiritual communion" place in 1844, and the prospect from this point is magnificent. At the summit of this mountain the Shakers cleared a small piece of ground and built a fence around it, an inner

fence around the "spiritual fount," and erected a marble monument, with an engraved message purporting to be from God himself, warning all to keep sacred the grounds and never desecrate them. The Shakers held services there for several years, and finally discontinued them of course when the organization broke up, after which the monument was broken, carried away piecemeal, for relics, by strangers.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Nothing is now left, and the whole Shaker property passed into other hands.

Among other interesting matters in this town is the geological collection of Daniel Clark at his residence in the southwest part of the place.

Tyringham is not a railroad town, but it is easily reached by carriage from Lee, and the people are entertaining a yearly increasing host of summer visitors. Those who once come here generally appear at least a second season if they can.

THE LEE POWDER MILL. — Besides the flood disaster in East Lee, pictured in these pages, the town of Lee has been noted for other shocking calamities. In September, 1824, a scene of most appalling desolation was exhibited in this town. It was the explosion of an extensive powder factory, owned by Messrs. Laffin, Loomis & Co. At the time it was estimated that there were about five tons of powder in the different buildings. On a very pleasant morning, when the workmen thought all things were going securely, in a moment every building was razed from its foundations with a tremendous explosion. Three of the unfortunate workmen were instantly killed, and a fourth, who was thrown into the river, lingered for a short time, till death relieved him. Every house in the neighborhood was more or less injured, and every breast was shocked. Such was the consternation produced in the minds of the inhabitants that they universally protested against the rebuilding, and the feelings



WASHINGTON CENTRE

WHAT THE FARMER READS

The dusk of winter's eve falls early in New England's hills, and no gaslights illumine the snowdrifts.

The farmer's cheery abode shows but dimly against the murky sky, save where the bright rays of a lamp project from an uncurtained window, and make a broad pathway of light across the snow.

Perhaps by the aid of that light, one can see the snowflakes falling silently, or a misty rain, or perhaps its brightness is paled by the winter moon which slowly emerges from some low-lying clouds in the east and makes a glittering fairy-land of all out of doors. If we look in that lighted window we see the farmer's family

gathered around a bright and glowing fire. Theirs is the "abode of comfort but not of luxury." A rag carpet covers the floor. The walls are papered in bright and glowing tints and a few chromos, no less bright and glowing, are hung around the room. There is an organ in the position of honor, an old-fashioned desk and clock and plenty of rocking-chairs.

In front of the large stove, capable of holding an immense "chunk," a table is drawn, and on it is placed a large lamp. By the light of that lamp the farmer alternately reads and dozes, as he sits in his particular rocking-chair, his stockinged feet toasting on the fender.

He is tired; his day's work has led him to the ice pond or the wood lot or to the distant mills in the valley, and after the discomfort of the day, this is elysium.

Mistress Farmer sits on the opposite side of the fire and briskly stitches or knits on the endless succession of stockings, or chops the corn-beef hash for to-morrow's breakfast.

And the farmer's daughter? Perhaps she is busy with the latest pattern in crochet, or with deft and nimble fingers she apes the styles of the city, and "fixes over" her second best woolen dress. Perhaps, her ambition is to graduate from the Normal school, and she is studying Latin with the minister of the village church, and so takes this quiet time to con the next day's lesson.



THE DESERTED CHURCH



THE HIGHWAY OVER THE RAILROAD



A SUGGESTION



METHODIST CHURCH

of the proprietors coinciding, the site and water privilege were soon after sold, and an extensive paper mill erected.



SILENT WALLS

THRICE happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unsatisfy'd and sick, tosses at noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Thomson.



AN EXPRESSIVE SERMON

She probably has a novel laid away on the top of the organ, waiting until that quiet hour after she is in bed, when she can read a little before the light is blown out.

The boys are in another corner, and have a huge bowl of Baldwins and Greenings, which they busily munch while hands and brains are occupied with a game of cards or dominoes. Later they will read in the *Youth's Companion* or some favorite book of adventure until the tall clock in the corner gives nine sonorous strokes — the bedtime signal for the boys.

These long winter evenings become the reading harvest of the farmer, and so also are the long, lazy Sunday afternoons when the family are home from church.

All the week-day pastimes and occupations are then laid aside. No dinner is provided, but all take their turn in helping themselves to "a snack" from the pantry shelf. In summer under a shady tree, and in winter around the fire, they rest and read the papers,

MORNING SOUNDS

But who the melodies of morn can tell? —
The wild brook, babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away, on whirling wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols from her aerial tower.

James Beattie.

ship of ten. The annual tax was afterwards increased to fifty cents, and later reduced to twenty-five cents, at which sum it still remains.

The library consisted of thirty volumes in 1825, principally historical and religious works; for example, "Stillman's Travels," "Watts on the Mind," "Baxter's Call," "Cowper's Poems," "Edward's Affection," etc., and not a work of fiction among the original thirty! Additions have been made nearly every year, and although books have been sold at several times the library now consists of two hundred and eighty-seven volumes. The largest number of members was twenty-three, in the seventies, but at present only fourteen persons are entitled to draw books from its shelves. It has been kept at the home of one of the members for twenty years and before that was lodged in the house of one Samuel Dawes for forty-eight years.

People took more care of books then, I think, than they do now. The following is copied from the records:—



EARLY MORNING

a few stray books, or study the Sunday-school lesson, until the gloaming the strains of the organ are heard and the daughter of the house plays simple hymns. Her sweet voice leads mother and the boys in song, while father listens with pride, and thinks that little organ a good investment, and his girl the best and prettiest and the smartest in all the country round.

The farmer reads first and foremost the county paper; after that what takes his attention will depend on the bent of the individual. If all his interests are purely agricultural, the *Homestead*, *Farm and Fireside* or some other of the numerous papers of that class becomes a weekly visitor. Another person who has more interest in politics and very possibly is a "prohibition" crank or takes delight in the cognomen of "mugwump" will take a daily. A third type is the deacon of the church or the Sabbath-school superintendent. Such take the *Congregationalist* or the *Watchman*, and the *Home Missionary*.

Of books, the history of his county or town, and

the annals of the war interest the farmer most. But few take time for books. Those who do, choose Edward Eggleston or J. T. Trowbridge, and may find themselves enthralled in the machinations of Rider Haggard. Sometimes a little circulating library is in existence and in this the farmer and his family find books and reading.

I know of one such organized as long ago as 1825, in one of the most rugged, barren and bleak localities of the Berkshire hills. Themselves living on wind-swept, rolling heights, the inhabitants see in the distance the dim, blue cone of Greylock with a faint spiral of smoke rising from Hoosac mountain at its base. On the other side Remington hill stands guard, its summit crowned with rugged evergreens.

This particular library was organized, according to the constitution adopted April 15th, 1826, "for the promotion of general knowledge." Any one might become a member on payment of one dollar and an annual fee of fifteen cents. It started with a member-

FINES

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| For grease on one book, | 2 cts. |
| For blood on cover, | 1 " |
| For ink on one book, | 4 " |
| Corner of cover broken, | 2 " |
| Grease on one book, | 2 " |
| " " " " " " | 1 " |

The farmer's wife, if her husband recognizes her need for literature, usually subscribes for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Home Magazine*, or some other periodical of that class, or for a paper that devotes a corner to crochet work and another to flowers or fashions, while the Sabbath-school libraries purvey the more mild and rather vacuous volumes of Pansy and the exciting tales of E. P. Roe. These generally are all that the woman's busy cares allow time for her to read.

The growing sons and daughters of the farmer are either not allowed novels at all, as being injurious, or are permitted to roam at will through any evil-smelling,

(Continued on page 59.)

AMID THE WILD FLOWERS

BY MRS. D. H. R. GOODALE

Everybody admits that there is a kind of intimate charm about the Berkshire hills; a nameless fascination, which binds the beholder and invites, not mere cold admiration, but positive love. Throughout this whole



region the distinguishing character of the scenery combines a noble, natural beauty with a softness in the near views and a restful, almost human loveliness, peculiarly winning. Even the casual tourist returns to review his happiness and ends with leaving a bit of his heart behind.

Yet surely these lovely hills and valleys would miss much of their endearing attractiveness without the inexhaustible grace and delicacy of that lavish succession of native wild flowers in which they are clothed. At certain seasons there are certain flowers in apparent possession of the entire landscape. No gardening of man's design can vie with a whole mountain-side of one burst of laurel, or with miles upon miles of massive golden-rod. That lowly carpet which creeps over unnumbered acres, scarcely noticed in the mingled woodland greenery, under the prescient power of April's sun, springs suddenly into rare perfume and ethereal color, filling the woods on every side with the sweet breath of trailing arbutus. This is the Puritan's mayflower, inimitable in its exquisite and tender loveliness, the very aroma and blush of spring.

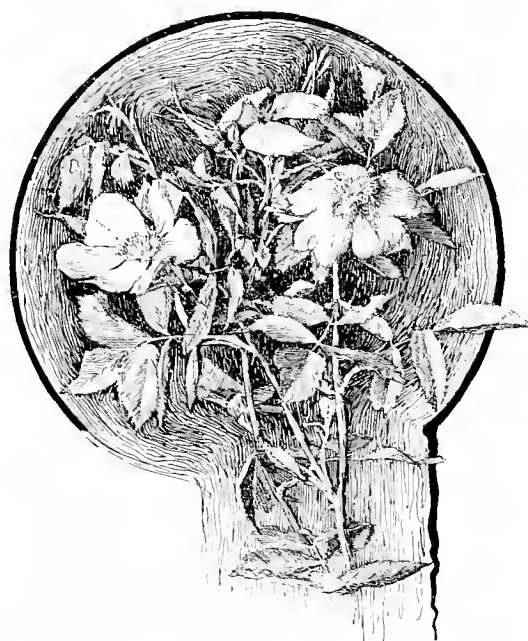
But in the calendar of the flowers "every day is the best in the year." Each one, as it appears, is itself the flower of time; each is a vivid impersonation of beauty,



DAISIES AND GRASSES

the vital overflow and positive expression of that maternal energy of the earth which keeps alive mankind and silently sustains all her manifold races, whether of bird or bee, or tree or flower. Mysterious power! What is it that brings to birth these frail, aerial children of the soil? They lift their heads to commune with man of something in his deeper nature, to whisper mysteries of the high destinies of an aspiring soul. Too weak a race for hard utility, with what an irresistible power they plead for beauty! Surely they are the expression of something divine which we cannot wholly fathom. In truth the lightest wayside blossom can set us dreaming of a freedom from limitations, an intensity and purity of life above and beyond all the inevitable struggles and imperfections of the mortal lot.

Even in a severe climate—and Berkshire has her moods of terrible austerity—the season of wild flowers is a long one, longer than we are apt to realize. It lasts from March to November and even the three intervening months are not absolutely flowerless. The wandering witch-hazel, with its twisted ray-flowers of pure, pale gold, holds these treasures firmly; in sheltered coverts they may be found far into the winter. It has happened, indeed, that the enterprising foot-traveler has discovered them in February, and classed the witch-hazel, therefore, as the earliest flowering shrub of spring. That richly mottled arum, the *symplocarpus*, less prized for its dark beauty and its hardy vigor than ignored because of its bad name (in the vernacular, skunk cabbage) and its undesirable odor, occasionally shows its strong spathe in warm



WILD ROSE

hollows, in February, and comes in March quite as a matter of course. These are extremes that sometimes meet.

Before the trailing arbutus appears—usually early in April, though in a favorable season it may open its long-nurtured buds in March—it is not unusual to find a few firstlings of the year. The early yellow violet—Bryant's violet—shows its cheerful head on moist banks sloping to the sun. The coltsfoot, like tiny, stemless dandelions, spangles with gold the sandy brookside. Here the wet-shod alder is hanging out her catkins of rich maroon to rival the quick-springing pussy willows. With red maple in bloom to hang high the floral banner, the season of efflorescence is fairly begun.

A whole sisterhood of modest beauties come hurrying after, all retiring in their nature, yet each made to give a pure delight. In rich, sheltered woods we find the clustering hepaticas with faint, changeful color, varying from a blue white to a warm pinkish-purple. There is something infantile in its exquisite fragility and innocent fairness, nestling among its downy leaves. In the same woods the light anemone, pure white or touched with rose, nods on its slender stalk with every breath of wind. The graceful adder's-tongue lily loves the water courses, and in moist



WILD LILY OF THE VALLEY

places dense colonies outspread, with thousands of yellow, drooping heads above the handsome, parti-colored leafage.

More rare, and worthy of long pursuit, is the shy trillium, with its unexpected beauty and its strange, faint scent of the sea. The pointed trillium, white with crimson stains, is more rare than the dark maroon, not uncommon along many ravines and mountain streamlets. As the season advances, the hurrying violets turn the very meadows to a purplish cloud of bloom with their abundance. The fortunate pedestrian finds the spring beauty beside his path a dainty nosegay on a single stem. Or at length, as he comes out upon a sunny opening, behold! a dense colony of new leaves, each sheathing as in a half-closed hand the stem that uplifts the brilliant flower of the bloodroot, with its splendid whiteness, and the full perfection of its cupped, yet starry form.

In the woods the shad-blow is white enough to draw the eye from afar. It is a beautiful little tree at this season, wreathed as it is in dazzling white flowers, while the delicate leaves are pricking in mere points, and attractive again in June when its pleasant carmine fruit (the bilberry) is ripe. It finds a place in good catalogues of ornamental shrubbery and lawn trees, and in one of the best of these it has this mention: "One of



BELLEWORT

the finest very early flowering trees; not appreciated as it should be."

With the advent of June, or oftener late in May, when the apple blossoms are falling, and just at that fair, fragrant crisis of the year when all life seems pausing on the

threshold of a new perfection, the deeper wave of summer heat and fullness floods the woods and hill pastures of Berkshire with a new vitality. Spring is over. The long weeks of delay and hesitation are past. The time of tender hopes, of eager expectation, has brought us, with many a coy denial, to the hour of surrender. Summer is at the door. Richer color, fuller fragrance, more various and riper beauty in the flowers of field and meadow attend the culmination of the genial year. The shy, elusive flowers of early spring, with their lovely, silent grace that shrinks from too bold a gaze, evanescent in their best estate, have had their brief day and passed from sight. The roses and lilies of summer, the field flowers that deck every meadow, and the sturdy wayfarers that take their ease upon the roadsides, are a more robust and cheerful race. They love the sun and shrink from no less powerful eye.

The saucy columbine, all red and gold, still nods along the rocky pastures. The exquisite hairbell, more enduring, more secure in our hearts, holds these rough hill sides also, and will keep her light foothold there till harsh November comes to chill her with his nipping frosts. In lush bottoms the purple wild geranium and the feathery meadow rue stand knee-deep in tasseled grasses. In the fertile meadows the oxeye daisy and the bold buttercup—merry vagrants that they are—mingle with clover, white and red, to make every farm gay in despite of the farmer. The

cone flower or gypsy daisy, a native of the Western states, has become so thoroughly at home here that its rich, brunette colors everywhere deepen the effect of these picturesque culprits.

In old fields and pastures the eglantine and sweetbrier are sheathed with their rosy bloom. Our beautiful native lilies, the magically graceful canadensis, a whole candleabra of drooping bells upon one stem, those flaring bells that tremble and sway with the deep, swaying meadow grasses; and the vestal wood lily, whose chaste chalice turns ever toward the sky, now thrill our hearts once more. 'Twere vain to attempt to include here the innumerable dwellers



WILD AZALEA

by field and forest. Their innocent tribes gather on every hillside; they haunt the meadows, the fields, the banks of every stream; the quiet roadsides run over with the spreading families that silently possess and inhabit every inch of territory that man yields. Some are more conspicuous for brilliance of color or elegance of form; others more retiring; but each has its own secret, its own voice. Each fills its little part in the wondrous harmony of nature. The crowd of inconspicuous flowers of summer, many of which are individually unimportant and hardly recognized, give in the mass that cheering and enlivening sense of the beauty and prodigality of earth which makes summer a time of joy.

Every thoughtful lover of flowers, who has studied them in their hidden haunts,



WILD COLUMBINE



POND LILIES

we involuntarily ask, so stately, so commanding in its pure loveliness as we imagined in the excitement of discovery? Ah, yes! that vivid and suggestive grace was wholly real, yet it was also a part of the scene. You cannot carry away with you that world of magic in which it grew.

We have to admit, with Emerson, that for the perfect enjoyment of the world of nature, we find

"Too strait and low our cottage doors,
And all unmeet our carpet floors."

Wordsworth declares

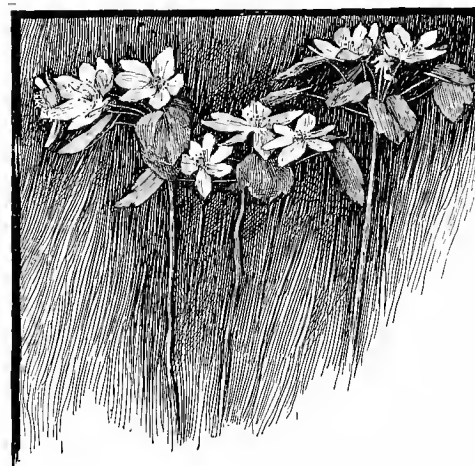
"'Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

* * * * *
The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

And Shelley beckons

"To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind."

True poets and nature lovers are at one in this; they realize that something must be foregone if we would have the best of that which tree and rock and flower can bestow. We must manage to shed that crust of



ANEMONE

formality and self-interest which comes of contact with a worldly world, and approach the world of divine power and beauty in a sincere and childlike spirit, ready to be happy.

To name all the birds "without a gun," to love the wild flowers and leave them growing, is not a matter of exaggerated sentiment, but matter of reverence for a real truth. It is in the fullness of their own life and not when forcibly detached from it and brought by violence into closer contact with ours, that we can learn of them most.

The showy lady's slipper is one of those flowers that belong preëminently to the spot in which it appears. Lonely though it may be, as concerns human affairs, we do not feel that the beautiful wonder is "wasted on the earth and sky," but gladly confess that in this case, as in that of the rhodora, "Beauty is its own excuse for being." It is called "the most regal of our orchids," by one who has made a special study of the class, and he adds that coming upon it suddenly for the first time in a low, wet wood, he was "as much startled as though a gaudy cockatoo had fluttered by." While it resembles the better known pink lady's slipper, or moccasin flower of the woods, its striking color—a rich rose purple conspicuously mingled with white—is much more effective. There



WILD LILY



THE OLD BRIDGE AT LEE

is a tropical appearance in the whole plant, the robust foliage and the rare size, color and form of the flowers which are commonly grouped in a vivid mass, all strangely exceeding the modest sobriety of our Puritan flora. The smaller yellow lady's slipper, nowhere common so far as I know, is not very uncommon in parts of Berkshire county, and a goodly number of native orchids, many of which produce flowers of exquisite beauty and refinement, will reward the patient search of the trained flower hunter.

Several of these will be found on the margins of ponds, where the quaint pitcher plant also abounds. Of flowers that give character to the whole view or express an entire phase of the flower-life of the season, none exceed in tender significance the characteristic flowers of autumn. Along the mountain roadside, on the borders of the woods in every neglected pasture or hill-slope the delicate asters cluster, white or purple or lavender of every varying depth of tint, while the golden-rod stands thick with honeyed richness, a type of every solid good. These gifts of the floral year, as it draws to its inevitable close, lend themselves



PICTURESQUENESS IN BACK YARDS AT LEE



VIEW FROM THE IRON BRIDGE

most kindly to the uses of man. They are more submissive than the flowers of spring and summer, they do not elude our skill when we bend them to our own ends and avail ourselves of their plentiful wealth for purposes of decoration.

But the lovely fringed gentian, an equal favorite and in some of the more remote hill towns, almost equally profuse in bloom, has something of the sun in her composition. A profound intensity is joined with a perfect serenity in her calm regard, securely rooted in earth, she turns her face immovably toward

heaven, and with silent fortitude awaits the bitter frosts and rough storms of early winter.

Still exquisite in that rare depth of purity of color, blue as if "Heaven let fall a flower from her cerulean wall," she stands firm even in crisp November, when snowflakes are flying, a witness to the silent power of aspiration which no earthly ill can subdue.

WHAT THE FARMER READS

(Continued from page 56)

fifth-rate literature which may fall in their path. The person who can do most to raise the standard of culture among the rural population of the small hill towns is the librarian.

A lady once filled this post for a few weeks in a small country town of eight hundred inhabitants. During the one day of the week on which the library was open, an average of fifteen or twenty books was taken out. Two-thirds of the patrons were girls from eight to fifteen years of age. The younger ones disdained to draw books from the juvenile department, with the exception of Miss Alcott's works, which were always in great demand. The remainder they designated as "Trundle-bed trash," and scorned them accordingly.

They all had a penchant for novels and were dipping at will into the

"Red Hair and Thunder Storms" of Mary J. Holmes, as one sarcastic young man expressed it, or Augusta Evans, Mrs. Forrester and others of their kind. One day the lady ventured to substitute Mrs. Wiggin's "A Summer in a Cañon," for a very trashy novel which one young girl of thirteen had asked for.

The next week the same damsel came again, saying that "she liked that one very much indeed," and "please would she select her another," and all her mates wanted the book in their turn, "and please would she find them one, too?"

After this as long as the lady acted as librarian she selected the books for all of them. Besides the children, the library was patronized by a maiden lady who wanted books on geology, by the Baptist minister and his wife and by a few students on their vacation visits to the town.

Almost every country town has its public library. Some are free; others require the payment of a small quarterly fee. The methods by which the books are selected are

various. The committee which have the matter in charge send to publishers for lists, and pick the books out by guess; or they see them advertised in papers and order by mail; or when some one of the committee visits a city or large town, that one goes into the bookstores and makes purchases.

One family who lived six miles away upon the distant hills sent for and returned their books regularly every Saturday, always tying them up with the same stout string



A TURN INTO THE PASTURES OR DOWN THE HILL



THE BUSINESS CENTER AT LEE



CORNER OF MAIN AND PARK STREETS

with a knot on each end that had been used in that capacity for years.

Yet another class of reading finds its way into town. Stray summer boarders, visitors, or friends in the city bring or send quantities of the Seaside, Lovell or Franklin Square libraries, and not the best of these series either. The Duchess finds more readers on New England hills to-day than Dickens or Thackeray.

Still, if the children of the farmer had some one to guide them and sift the grains of wheat from the chaff of poor books and tell them what to read, the taste for good reading would be much more developed, for they are willing to



NEAR THE RIVER AT LEE

Western Massachusetts Fox Club—but annual hunts which had for the hunter the greatest charm. There are still many residents of Berkshire who remember with pleasure the first fox hunt held at Chester, under the auspices of the club, and who regret that the organization has since been removed to another county. Berkshire—the birthplace and early home of the club—seemed the only proper place for it, but when the change came the opposing members gave way as gracefully as possible, and the club and its members and officers, as well as the annual meets, were removed to Westfield.

But the first annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was an event! A handful of sportsmen in Berkshire originated the idea in the



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

read and anxious to procure the books that some one has recommended to them as really good and "jolly, you know."

C. D. NAHMER.

THE VILLAGE BELLS

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on,
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept.

Cowper.

FOX HUNTING IN BERKSHIRE

The merry fox hunts of England, the mock hunts of Newport and Long Island and other sections of our country, in which anise bags formed a most conspicuous part, have all been recorded and elaborated upon in the various publications of the day, until the average reader knows them by heart. He knows that in England one poor, unfortunate fox is let loose, and straightway a party of red-coated, mounted hunters, and a pack of blooded hounds start across the country in hot pursuit. To the victor belongs the spoils, and the "brush" and "pads" are treasures not soon to be forgotten by the fortunate and heroic captors.

The anise bag hunt has little of the dash and spirit of the genuine hunt; but it is sport, and was at one time considered fashionable. The writer remembers when Berkshire boasted not only of a thriving and vigorous hunting organization—the



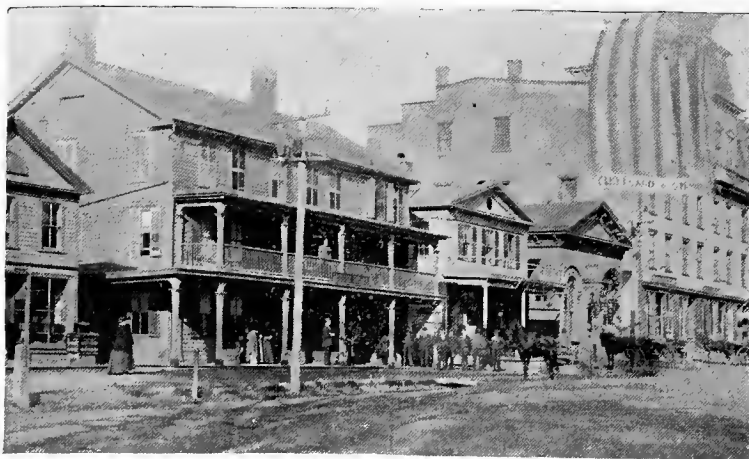
A GIMPSE UNDER THE PARK TREES

fall of 1888. To be sure, the country was not overrun with foxes, but during the season a few had been seen by the farmers among the hills, and the originators felt confident that more could be found. Future developments showed that their judgment had been good. It was right royal sport, and those who participated in the first hunts will probably never forget them. I remember when early in November, 1888, I received a neatly printed little folder, announcing my invitation to the first meet. It read as follows:—

"WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB

"Request your presence at a hunt to be holden at Chester, November fourteenth and fifteenth. The hunter's horn will sound on the morning of the fourteenth, at five o'clock, for breakfast. At five forty-five the hunters and hounds will be in readiness for the chase. On their return at six thirty p. m. there will be a dinner given by the club to the guests.

"Please notify the secretary before the eighth instant if we expect your presence, also number of hounds. By so doing, it will afford us an opportunity to make arrangements for all."



THE OLD MORGAN HOUSE

That the members of the club carried out their promise to the letter is best known by the guests who were present. They fairly overdid themselves. In the capacity of special newspaper correspondent, and with commissions to make and send extended telegraphic reports to four of the great American dailies, namely, the *Springfield Republican*, the *New York Herald and World*, and the *Boston Globe*, my visit combined at once work and pleasure. Following was the committee who did the honors of the occasion:—

President, George W. Roraback; vice-president, F. S. Gross; secretary, D. O. J. Shepardson; treasurer, C. D. Smith. Reception: N. A. Harwood, Frederick Harris, E. H. Alvord, C. F. Flagg, James Keefe, J. W. Thomas, W. P. Leshure, F. Burley. Club dinner: H. H. Carter, C. Hillbarant, William N. Renfrew.

Lodging: J. C. Cooper, E. B. Mason, I. O. Burley. Hounds: O. W. Beach. Honorary members: N. A. Root and S. Otis.



PARK STREET, LOOKING WEST



NEAR THE NORTHRUP BLOCK, LEE



WEATHER PROPHET BEEBE

The first day promised well, both as regarded weather and sport. Promptly at five o'clock the sleepy hunters were out of their beds, and ready for the hasty breakfast that had been prepared for them. The two hotels at Chester were filled with guests, as were many of the private houses. The sun had not yet risen when the sportsmen, hounds and horses were waiting in the street, in the glow of red fire and fire-works. The streets were a blaze of light, and never had there been such a scene in the quiet little town. It was as weird as it was picturesque



NEAR THE PARK



METHODIST CHURCH

and beautiful. The rocks, here and there in the surrounding country were covered in a thick mantle of white frost, and as the landscape caught the glow from the brilliant red torches, it sent back flashes like millions of diamonds.

Before the day had dawned the hunters had taken their places in the double carriages which were awaiting them, and with the baying of the hounds, the cracking of whips, and the cheers and shouts of those who remained behind, the sportsmen dashed away. The hunters divided themselves into three parties, one going three miles up the mountain to Spellman's farm, one to Dwight Smith's and the other to a picturesque hill about two miles away from the center, and which is known locally as the "Gobbler." The various parties had scarcely taken their



VIEW NEAR THE MAY RESIDENCE

positions when the cracking of the shotguns and the baying of the hounds indicated plainly enough, even to the most inexperienced hunter, that game had been found.

All small game had been discarded, the sportsmen being out for nothing less than foxes, and foxes they proposed to have. In the town of Chester almost all business had been suspended, and the people waited in knots and groups about the village stores, the post office and hotels, anxious

to hear of the hunters' luck.

The day was a perfect one, there not being a cloud in the sky, and the air was almost as warm and balmy as May. The sport went on all day, some of the enthusiastic hunters wandering away to the danger of becoming lost among the hills. Food was forgotten. But all things pleasant must come to an end, and the daylight does not last any longer in the Berkshire hills than elsewhere. Early in the afternoon the first of the hunters made their reappearance in the village. The first party came from the "Gobbler," and bore in triumph two magnificent foxes, one a beautiful silver gray, and very rare late years in this section of the country. During the afternoon the various parties came dragging into the center, until it was discovered that seven dead, and one live fox had been captured. To Captain Samuel Otis, a veteran hunter, and native of these hills, was given the honor of the first "brush."

The stay-at-homes had all day been making most elaborate preparations for the celebration which was to come in the evening.



HOTEL, EAST LEE



ST. GEORGE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH



LOOKING SOUTH ON MAIN STREET, LEE

For this purpose the barny old wooden building known as the rink was so transformed that its interior would not have been recognized. It resembled an immense hunter's camp, the walls and rear being thickly set with evergreens, Chinese lanterns and the national colors. Three long tables running



ON THE HOUSATONIC

the length of the hall were set for eighty guests, and after a choice menu had been discussed, speeches were made. President Roraback presided, but Captain Otis was the hero of the hour. The following out-of-town guests were present: Gurdon Bill, Charles Bill, N. D. Bill, D. J. Marsh, H. L. Niles, E. A. Perkins, Dwight Smith, Henry S. Dickinson, Charles S. Chapin, W. P. Leshure, F. H. Williams, W. A. Williams, F. H. Williams, George B. Clark, W. H. Clark, E. C. Thomas, Frederick Flagg and Howard P. Merrill, of Springfield; B. R. Holcomb, C. O. Kingsley, Chauncey Allen, R. N. Crane, R. D. Gillett, F. S. Hagan, F. Pomeroy,



AN OLD HOUSE



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH LEE

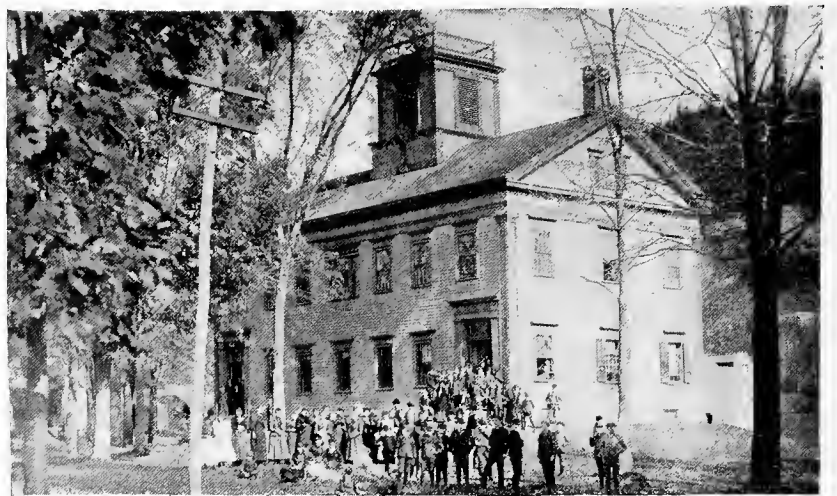
Western Massachusetts Fox Club became a permanent organization at a business meeting held after the banquet, and the officers remain to-day practically unchanged. But in the fall of 1890, it was decided to remove the headquarters of the club from Chester to Westfield, and in November of that year the first hunt was held there. So the old hunt and hunters among the hills remain only a pleasant memory

and F. Taylor, of Lee; A. C. Brace, Fred Barnes, J. H. Cacey, John Daly, Sherman Foote, H. N. Horton, Charles H. Morgan, Thomas Norton, F. N. Pease, J. B. Shultis, John Stallman, J. A. Tamer, of Westfield; C. E. Hibbard, John H. Manning, Dr. C. S. Burton, of Pittsfield; J. C. Benton of Great Barrington; F. W. Strong of Hinsdale; Charles Pease of Housatonic; E. A. Strong of West Stockbridge; A. F. Knox and Fred Williams of Williamsburg; John Kelso of Blandford; James Kelso of Chesterfield; Albert L. Church of Leeds. Others at the table were John Tracy, J. H. Adams, Waldo S. Knox, Charles L. Allen, Chauncey Bowen and F. P. Wright.

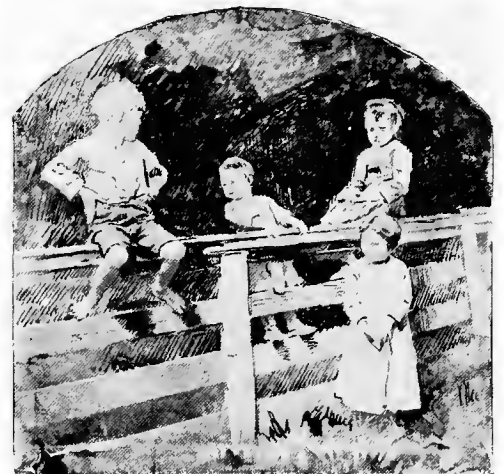
The second day of this memorial hunt dawned dark and rainy, and although



MUD PIES



ONE OF THE SCHOOL-HOUSES



"GOIN' TO HAVE OUR PICTURES TOOK!"

a few of the more enthusiastic sportsmen had the courage to face the weather, the greater number left the scene, to return the following year. The



HOUSATONIC STREET



HIGHLAWN—HOME OF THE BROOD MARES

ternity? And that gig! in which he journeyed forth on the roads of his bailiwick—what Berkshire boy that ever saw "Squire" Filley in his chaise, can forget the sight?

In these later days, when the summer sojourner is so numerous, and vacationizing has become a pleasure of the fashionable and unfashionable alike, Otis comes in for its share of note, and who has not heard of Otis ponds and Otis falls? The ponds are eastward of the center, and are several in number. Beautiful lily-pads seek the sun upon their surface, and they entertain the shadows of tall trees. Camping parties of six to a dozen frequently come up from Springfield,



TYRINGHAM WAY

tioning, in a score of towns, but had heard of the "Squire" and delighted to say something good of the man. Who that once beheld the portly form and benign face of the old-time justice of the peace can ever forget the pardonable if not relishable egotism of manner that marked his intercourse with his neighbors and his fellows of the legal fra-

in the minds of those who participated in the sport.

ALBERT HARDY.

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

OTIS, SANDISFIELD, NEW MARLBORO AND SHEFFIELD

Otis, once the principal town of the upper valley of the Farmington river, can hardly lay claim to that distinction now, though it still has its significance; and the consequence that remains to it is well to foster. Some of this arises from its men of promi-



THE OLD ALVIN HYDE PLACE



BRUSHING UP THE OLD CHINA—IN GRANDMOTHER'S DRESS



ENTRANCE TO THE GOSS ESTATE

Holyoke, Westfield and other cities and towns. They tell their neighbors great stories of their "Roaring Camp"—their life and sports, and come home well browned up. The farms bordering this lake region do not boast the most fertile soil, nor have their occupants come to Croesus-like wealth in tilling them, yet the farmers are contented and happy, apparently, with what they have left. In

nence in other days, such, for instance, as Increase Sumner and "Squire" Filley, lawyers of distinction at the old Berkshire bar. Mr. Sumner removed to Great Barrington, where part of his active life was spent, but the magistrate of Otis lived and died there, and there was hardly any one worth men-



A VIEW AT THE MARBLE QUARRY



THE WESTINGHOUSE MANSION AT DUSK

speaking of these lands, one is reminded of the late Sterling Phelps, who owned, in his day, or at one time or another had "morgidge on," at least a dozen of these farmsteads. And once to behold "Star" Phelps was to remember him forever—par excellence the "institution" of East Otis—though perhaps it might be said that Porter Hunt, erstwhile "Bonniface" of the West Otis hostelry, divided the honors with him. A noticeable feature in the landscape of this region once was a meeting-house, but that has long since succumbed to "the tooth of time and rasure of oblivion," and is numbered among the things



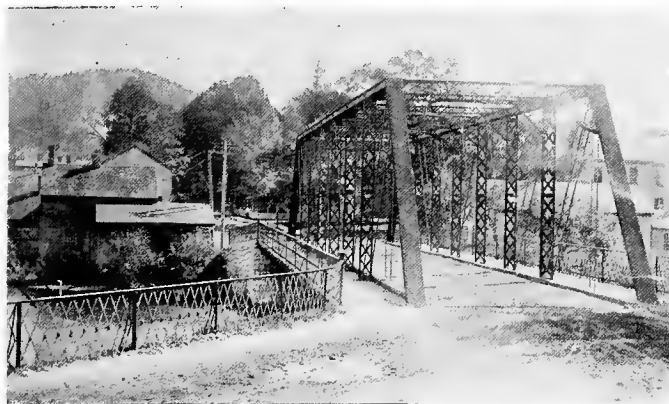
NEAR THE WATER TANK, NORTH LEE

that were. It was erected by the Methodists, who once flourished in this region, and was occupied by them for years as a meeting place. It stood eastward from Hunt's tavern, and this reminds us to say that the innkeeper himself was once a pillar in the sanctuary.

Otis Centre is quite another place. Here is a well-supported church and hotel, also a school of more than ordinary credit to such a village. The main street is kept tidy and neat, and the place has an air inviting to summer visitors. The picture which our artist obtained at Day's hotel, one cold autumn evening, was taken by flash-light, and depicts a party of villagers and hunters around the open wood fire, discussing their latest feats. All the party were taken unawares, and the dog, pictured as crouched on the floor



A SCENE AT NORTH LEE



THE IRON BRIDGE

near them, was so frightened by the artist's flash-light that he sprang through the window of the room, carrying the sash with him.

The traveler in this vicinity will note here and there evidences of once attempted railroad construction—a bit of roadbed graded, a cut laid through a hill or a rock, and the fill laid across a ravine, and some gray-haired and disconsolate denizen will inform him of the hopes and struggles of the Otis people over a railroad to give them access to the outside world, down through the Farmington valley to the line of the old canal route to New Haven. And he will sigh over the fact that Governor Washburn nipped the enterprise in the bud by vetoing a considerable appropriation which the Massachusetts Legislature had made. But this road, it seems from the latest business develop-

ments, may yet come, and if it does Otis must reap a great share of the benefits.

The traveler will find the most charming long drive in the county from Otis, along down the Farmington river, to New Boston, and will see here and there the ruins of some foundries, which upon inquiry will prove to have been iron forges, as this section of the country was once the seat of a prosperous iron industry.



IN THE VILLAGE OF NORTH LEE

SANDISFIELD

One of the most delightful of Berkshire towns, (and each of them is a gem by itself,) is the quiet pastoral town of Sandisfield. Few towns possess more romantic views without great grandeur, than just this isolated town on the southeast border of Berkshire. Traversing its entire length on the east side and forming its boundary at that point of the compass, is the Farmington river, and he who has not seen the tumbling Farmington has lost much. Its history has come along since 1735, and it was known in olden times as "the South Eleven Thousand Acres." It was named for Lord Sandys, who, in 1761, was made first lord of trades and the plantations. Its surface is hilly, undulating, and is beautifully diversified with river.



BAPTIST CHURCH

valley, pond and stream. The principal stream as said above is the Farmington, but there are Sandy brook, Silver brook, Buck-hill and Clam river. The course of the rivers is south, and so the waters of Sandisfield find their way down through Connecticut to Long Island sound. The eight miles through New Boston to Otis is a succession of panoramic beauties, many of which our artist has caught as he followed down the Farmington river. Clam river comes down from Montville and is also a tumbling, noisy brook, and in springtime or in seasons of rains is noisy and angry, and might well be called "Mad" river.

Its hills attain a considerable height, though not abrupt, and rise into large swells. Seymour mountain has an altitude of about 1,700 feet, while Hanging moun-



A WATER VIEW

tain, just below New Boston on the river, has also a fine look-off. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that on its southeastern side a crag 300 feet high overhangs the noisy Farmington at its feet, and occasionally large masses of rock come crashing down its side.

Sandisfield in the early days was one of the most important towns in Berkshire county. This was before Pittsfield had attained much prominence, and it is said that thrifty tanners and farmers and merchants of Sandisfield were practically the bankers of the other sections of the county which have now outstripped it. The Hulls were an important family and one member of the family afterwards became lieutenant governor of the state. One of his daughters was the wife of the late Alexander



DAVIS HOTEL AT SOUTH LEE



THE DAM AT SOUTH LEE

Hyde of Lee, and she not only maintained the dignified standing of her own family, but was one of the noblest of women. There are many prominent names in Sandisfield. Here came the Sages of Revolutionary story; the Twinings



AN OLD TREE



BROTHERLY PRIDE

names are the Demmings, Strattons, Clafins, Northways, Sacketts, Fargos, Manleys, Wilcoxes, and, in fact, many others.

The village of Sandisfield town is on the hill-top and near New Marlboro line. Here is the old church, first organized in 1756, and its present church building was erected in 1852. It is seldom used now, as the population, which in other days made that section of Sandisfield capable of giving a membership of some 300 souls to it, is now passing away. But the old village green is there, and the white spire of the church is a prominent figure from any of the hill-tops for miles around as it glimmers in the sunlight. Montville is a little hamlet lying in a valley, upon the east side of which is the high ridge which separates that section of Sandisfield from the other valley through which the Farmington flows. Montville has the Baptist church, erected there several years ago. The Clam river furnishes power for some small industries, like rakes and turning, and a few years ago one man did a very prosperous business in making keelers, or little tubs in which infants were bathed. Here for many years lived George Shepard, who for a generation was the faithful town clerk and the oracle of the Sandisfield history.



A VILLAGE SCHOOL-HOUSE

Farther on is New Boston West and here is the town hall. Along this stream are the ruins of the once prosperous Hull tanneries, which show that years ago an immense business must have been done in that line. They are now silent and deserted and are fast going to decay. Still farther on is New Boston East. This is the business center of the town of Sandisfield. It is on the Farmington, and at one time had quite large prospects of business when a railway was proposed through that section. Here is the only hotel in town — Hunt's — and it is an old-time, old-fashioned hospitable country inn. Hunt's is famous



THE VILLAGE SMITHY

are an old Sandisfield family; the Smiths, who came from Cape Cod to locate in the mountain town of Sandisfield; the Merrills, of whom Samuel was the pioneer, have lived here for many years, and James H., a descendant of that name and a merchant at Montville, is almost the last of the old-time Yankee peddler. Our artist has caught him as he is plying his trade among some of the honest country people along his route. Other



SOUTH LEE WATER POWER



RIVERSIDE READING-ROOM



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, SOUTH LEE

due regard for other Berkshire towns, Sandisfield has a variety of beautiful things in nature to attract the visitor. There are many in Berkshire, especially in Northern Berkshire, who will see in PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE for the first time by photograph the many handsome things which Sandisfield, isolated twenty miles from railway and but little known, has to offer.

NEW MARLBORO

In many respects New Marlboro is one of the finest old towns in Berkshire, the finest old county in Massachusetts. It lies away above the Housatonic valley, and the drive thereto from the lower grounds, like Great Barrington or Sheffield, is practically a continuous uphill. It is in the southern part of the county and its southern border touches the state of Connecticut. Its history runs back to 1735, and it has had an honorable career ever since. It probably takes its name from Marlboro, Middlesex county in this state, although



OLD GRAVESTONES AT SOUTH LEE

the county over for its honest, Yankee hospitality.

Sandisfield met a heavy blow a few years ago. The Lee & New Haven railway was surveyed through Sandisfield on the east side of the Farmington river. Just as the rails were about to be laid, the scheme failed, the road was bankrupt, and Sandisfield, in common with Otis and some other towns, drank deeply of a bitter disappointment. The town had been bonded in a large amount to aid the road which never came. Some day the iron horse will find its way through this valley. The town paid its interest and maintained its credit, until finally Massachusetts redeemed herself, reimbursed Sandisfield, and the bonds which had been such a burden were publicly burned with great jollification on the village green near the Congregational church at New Boston East.

Latterly Sandisfield is becoming



A HAPPY FAMILY

some claim that it originally traces its title to Lord Marlboro of England. The town is watered by numerous brooks and lakes and its surface is generally uneven and hilly, and this, like many other Berkshire towns, is what gives it such great facilities for handsome views. The Green mountain range has gradually lost itself before it reaches New Marlboro, and the town is divided from Great Barrington and Sheffield by the high ridge or mountain range which is east of Great Barrington and Sheffield plain. For this reason New Marlboro has a valley which is peculiarly its own, lying along the Konkapot river. This stream rises in Monterey at Lake Garfield and flows southerly to the Housatonic somewhere near Canaan. This valley is one of the most peaceful and quiet in all Berkshire. Unlike any other in Berkshire, there are broad meadows on each side and the rolling lands run back on the hillsides forming the dividing

line of Sheffield on the west to the summit at New Marlboro town. It is nearly an agricultural town. Some years ago, the village of New Marlboro on the Konkapot and now the seat of town government, having the town hall and other offices, was one of the busiest of Berkshire villages of its size. Paper mills lined its banks, producing both fine and coarse papers, and there were other industries which made it very active. Fire and financial disaster have completely put an end to all this business. The Carroll mills just below the village, which twenty years ago were very thrifty, have been burned. The fine mills further up the stream are also silent. It is a pretty little village and was the center of much trade. Mr. Sisson, Mr. Stannard and some others have tried for several years for a branch railroad from Connecticut, and it is probable that ere long this will be accomplished.

Lake Buel is one of the handsomest sheets of water in Berkshire, and snugly nestled under the hillside, and at its north end is the pretty little village of

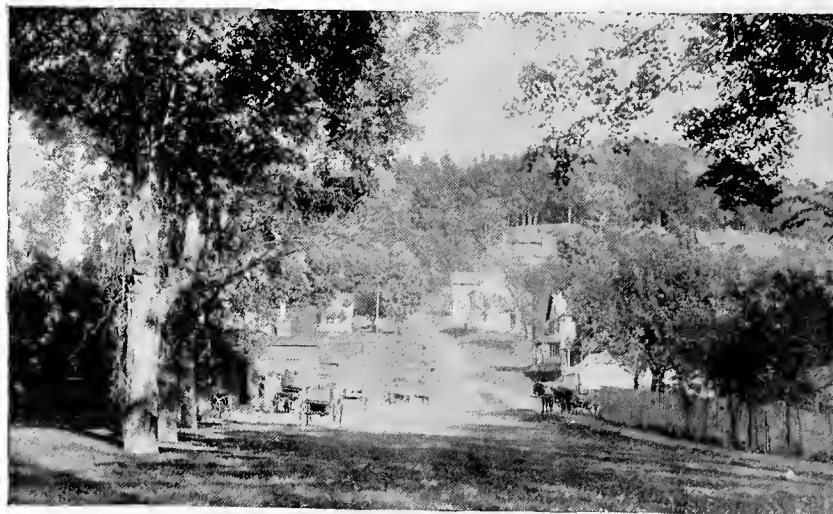


FERNCLIFF SCHOOL



LENOX CREAMERY

somewhat prominent as a summer resort and some city gentlemen have recently purchased farms in the town. A Chicago artist was the pioneer, and away on the Sandisfield heights toward South Sandisfield he has built a cottage, and here he entertains a number of artists and literary people in summer time. With all



FERNCLIFF AVENUE



TRYSTING PLACE, FERNCLIFF

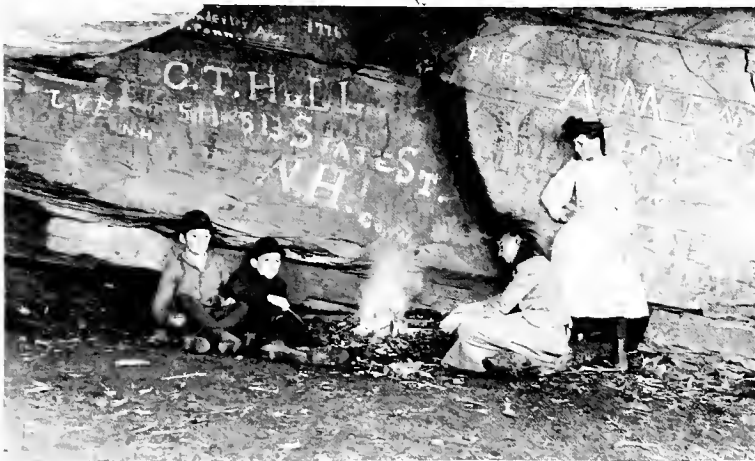


UNION ROCK, LEE

Hartsville. Some fine farms lie along the way and there is evidence of prosperity on every hand, although gradually the town, as has been said before, is somewhat depopulated and running backward. The long-prayed-for railway from Canaan up through this valley on to the northward, and possibly to Westfield, which may come some day, would give this locality a boom and a prominence of importance.

We cannot stop in this brief article to discuss the industries which from time to time have flourished in this good old town. Within its borders have been made whips at Southfield, laces for corsets and

shoes, paper and various other industries. New Marlboro town is away on the hill-top, and from its little park or from the high ground in the vicinity, is a regular kaleidoscope of views in all directions. In the years ago it was prominent as an educational center, and the South Berkshire Institute, a roomy and well-constructed school building, is now vacant. A few years ago, by reason of imperfect drainage, a wasting fever broke out, some deaths occurred among the



PETER'S CAVE, FERNCLIFF



ON THE TTRINGHAM ROAD



MAKING BUTTER AT THE LENOX CREAMERY



ON FERNCLIFF

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE



THE HOUSATONIC

boys sent there, and that, added to the other drawbacks, settled the fate of the South Berkshire Institute. For a few years it was maintained as a summer resort, but now it is idle. It is one of the sightly objects and places of interest in the town. Our artist has given us a number of views from New Marlboro and these speak for themselves. In the village is the famous Bloodgood stock farm which has brought the town into great prominence in that direction. Many summer people come here for their recreation and vacation and to enjoy the drives, the



BELOW THE DAM AT EAST LEE



NEAR THE MACHINE SHOP AT EAST LEE



MAIN STREET, EAST LEE



IN THE PATH OF THE FLOOD AT EAST LEE



FLOOD RUINS NEAR THE MILL



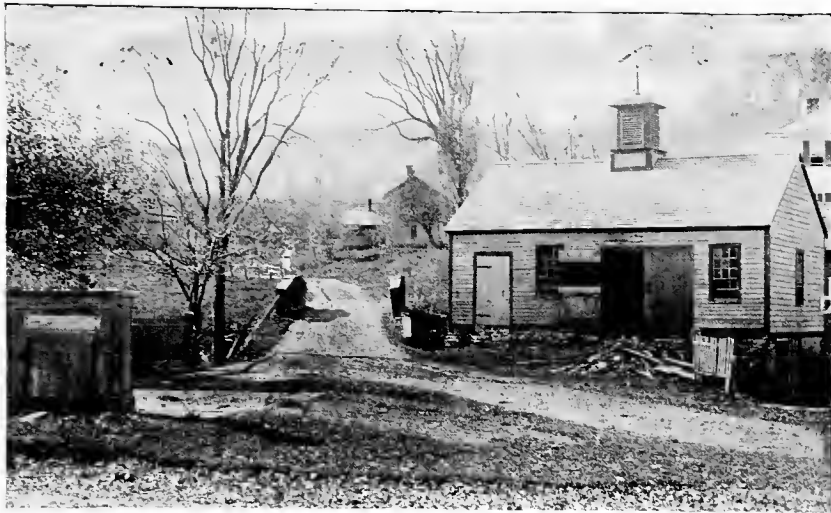
FUNERAL FROM CENTER OF THE FLOOD DISTRICT



THE RUINED GROCERY



GOING INTO TYRINGHAM FROM THE EAST



NEAR THE BUSINESS CENTER

strolls, the fishing and the other attractions. Down below is the little village of Southfield. This at one time was a very busy place, but it is gradually becoming vacant. The village pastor, Rev. Mr. Benedict, helped to plan the little Baptist church there, and although



ON THE MAIN STREET



JERUSALEM — TYRINGHAM

going away for several years, he has returned to minister again to the people whom he had served so long. Although this worthy gentleman never received a salary exceeding \$800 a year and probably not so much, he said once in a public meeting, he was able, by frugality and economy, to keep out of debt, to educate his family and to live at peace with all the world.

The history of New Marlboro is too long to attempt to even glance at it. It has been loyal to every call of the country for help. In the war of the Revolution and in 1774 they had resolutions of allegiance to the king, but soon after espoused the cause of the colonies. In 1812, she responded nobly,



THE METHODIST CHURCH, TYRINGHAM

and in the war of the Rebellion she expended nearly \$26,000, sent 202 men to the war, over twenty of whom were killed or died from wounds during service. The town is rich in good names, like the Baldwins, Freemans, Sheldons, Nortons, Canfields, Adamases, Wolfes, Sissons, Stannards,



THE BUSINESS CENTER

Alexanders, Gaylords, Harts, Sages, and in fact a long line of which space would not allow enumeration. So New Marlboro, although isolated, is after all one of the most inviting, pleasant and desirable spots to reside in. Her natural scenery is grand, and she has a close rival to the Lanesboro Balance rock, in the Tipping rock near Southfield. It is an immense boulder, weighing fifty tons, and is so nicely balanced that a slight pressure will



PICTURESQUENESS AT THE MILL POND



FERNSIDE — TYRINGHAM



NORTH CENTRE SCHOOL



CENTRE SCHOOL



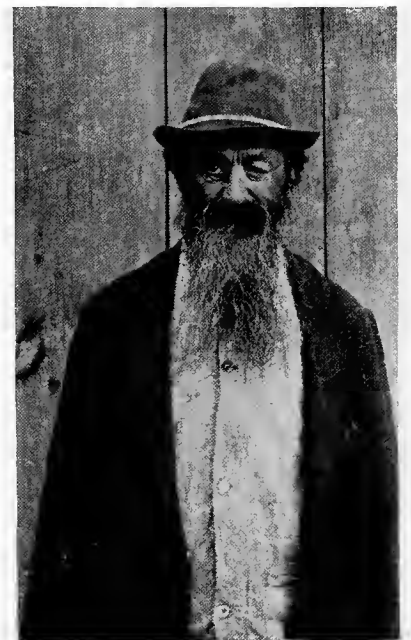
LAKE MAY

cause it to oscillate. Camel falls on the Southfield line of the town is picturesque, where water pours from a precipice 100 feet high. Iron, gold and silver ore exist in limited quantities, and a few years ago, Mr. William Gibson, in the south part of the town, at a depth of twenty-two feet developed ore of both kinds which assayed \$28 to the ton. Marble is also found in considerable quantity. Only a mile or so from Mill river towards Sheffield is Clayton: Here are the extensive china clay works of a large corporation, and kaolin in large quantities is made here.

SHEFFIELD

The most southerly town in Berkshire, and in fact among the first settled, is the old town of Sheffield. A mere chapter could not do justice to it. Its surface is diversified by mountain, hill and verdant valley, and the scenery is charming in the extreme. Sheffield became a township in 1761, but some thirty years before that, the town was settled by people coming from over the mountain and finding a dwelling place there. Her history is among the most interesting of any of the towns of Berkshire. It was in Sheffield that the spirit of liberty manifested itself to such a degree that the Declaration of Independence was practically ratified in June, 1776. It is said that one man who opposed its adoption at the town meeting was as good as sent out of town, and from that time afterwards Sheffield has been known for her loyalty as well as her history.

The town is fortunate in being diversified in scenery. It lies along the side of the peaceful Housatonic and the valley at this point is wider than further north, even at Stockbridge. On the west are the rugged peaks of the Taconics, and its



THE HERMIT



THE RAKE FACTORY



THE LAST GLEAM OF DAY



SHAKER POND

highest is the Dome or Mount Everett, the second highest point in Berkshire county. On the east are the hills dividing the town from New Marlboro, and the open valley farther south extends further over the line into Connecticut. There are innumerable handsome drives in and about Sheffield, while the village itself is a gem. Great broad streets, lined with gigantic elms on either side, are the characteristic feature of Sheffield. There are few handsomer country villages in all the region than Sheffield. One of the elms a mile south of the center is a giant, and Dr. Holmes refers to it in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Just in the village is Pine Knoll, a sort of park, reserved forever for strolling, picnics and meetings under the tall pines constituting the shady grove. Out to the west is Bear's den and there are also a number of other places of interest. In the southwest corner of Sheffield, because the town is on the border of Connecticut, is Sage's ravine. It is situated between two mountains and the water descends in cascades and falls a distance of several hundred feet within a mile. In the morning when the sun shines directly on the main fall a rainbow is seen in the spray.

In fact, nature has been lavish with her gifts in Sheffield, like Ice gulf, Mossy glen, Bat's den, the Dome, Ashley mountain and many others. It is only a short drive to Twin lakes, just over the line in Salisbury, Connecticut, and no wonder the village is becoming more and more famous as a summer resort year by year.

But Sheffield is famous in other ways than her natural beauties. The town is rich in its history, and this latter includes the famous Declaration of Rights and Grievances, in 1773. Here was born and here passed the latter part of his life, Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, one of the purest men Berkshire ever gave to the world, and one of the early exponents of Unitarianism. His "Problem of Human Destiny," written in Sheffield in 1850, is pronounced to be one of the ablest works of American intellect.

After many years in active ministerial life in Boston, New Bedford, New York, Washington and other places, Dr. Dewey returned to the home of his boyhood to pass the remainder of his days in quiet, and in the village cemetery repose the remains of one of the most famous men Berkshire ever produced. Citizens of Sheffield, in honor of their distinguished townsman, erected a few years ago, a hall to his memory, and here are held the meetings of the Friendly Union, a literary organization which meets weekly during the winter, with lectures or other entertainment which give the village a social and educational life that few others maintain. Here was born John Barnard, a superintendent of the military academy, and one of the important military men during the war. His brother, Dr. Frederick A. P. Barnard, has been president of Columbia college many years. The Deweys, of whom Orville was a branch, have been prominent as judges, divines and professors.



"HALLOWE'EN"



RIVERSIDE FARM



A HUSKING PARTY

One of the most prominent Methodist bishops was born and reared in Sheffield.

Ashley falls, a few miles below and just on the Connecticut border, is a small village which at one time was quite important on account of its marble industry. In fact, marble is quite plentiful in Sheffield, and the handsome court-house at Pittsfield was built from stone procured in Sheffield. So this old town is rich in many ways. Its farmers are among the independent class. Probably few towns in Berkshire possess more of the thrifty farming element than just the good old town of Sheffield, which has, in a quiet and dignified way, marched steadily on from the first of her settlement in 1773, for more than 120 years, until now. In the town of Sheffield, it may be recorded here as a matter of history, a few years ago, the first woman in Berkshire county cast her ballot for school committee, and this was the daughter of the late Dr. Dewey, whose independence and breadth of thought is fully as marked as that of her sainted father.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCES IN SHEFFIELD

The following singular occurrences are said to have taken place near the boundary line between Massachusetts and Connecticut. Part of these occurrences took place in Sheffield and part in the adjoining town of Salisbury, Conn. The relation of these circumstances was obtained from Mr. S. Sage and his family, who were still living on the spot (June, 1836) and were corroborated by great numbers of people living about the same time.

"These occurrences commenced Nov. 8th, 1802, at a clothier's shop. A man and two boys were in the shop; the boys had retired to rest, it being between ten and eleven o'clock at night. A block of wood was thrown through the window; after that pieces of hard mortar, till the man and boys became alarmed, and went to the house to call Mr. Sage, who arose from bed and went to the shop, and could hear the glass break often, but could not discover from whence the missiles came, notwithstanding the night was very light. He exerted himself to discover the cause, without success. It continued constantly till daylight, and then ceased till the next evening at eight o'clock, when it commenced again and continued till midnight; then ceased till the next evening at dusk, and continued till sometime in the evening, and then ceased. The next day it commenced about an hour before sundown, and continued about an hour, and then it left the shop and began at the dwelling house of Ezekiel Landon, 100 rods distant, in the town of Sheffield. It continued several hours and ceased till the next morning; when the family were at breakfast it began again, and continued two or three hours, and ceased till evening, when it began again and continued several

hours, and ceased till the next morning, when it began again and continued all the forenoon, and then ceased altogether. The articles thrown into the shop were pieces of wood, charcoal, stone, but principally pieces of hard mortar, such as could not be found in the neighborhood. Nothing but stones were thrown into the house of Mr. Landon, the first of which was thrown into the door. There were thirty-eight panes of glass broken in the shop and eighteen out of the dwelling houses; in two or three instances persons were hit by the things that were thrown. What was remarkable, nothing could be seen coming till the glass broke, and whatever passed through, fell directly down on the window sill, as if it had been put through with a person's fingers, and many pieces of mortar, and coal were thrown through the same hole in the glass in succession. Many hundreds of people assembled to witness the scene, among whom were clergymen and other gentlemen, but none were able to detect the source of the mischief."



HAULING LOGS, TYRINGHAM

REMINISCENCES OF SANDISFIELD.

In the old days Sandisfield had importance socially, in local politics and in business circles, which one would not think of attributing to it now, with many of the old families gone; the industries that once thrived there died out and because of these decadences the name of the ancient town is left off the political slates almost entirely. Time was when the politicians went to Sandisfield for a lieutenant governor of the state. The man who had this honor was the late John Hull; and one of his townsmen, the late Hon. Orlo Burt, who was well known in other days as a tanner, was also state senator and alternated between Berkshire and Boston and leather and legislation, with credit to himself and to the



CANNON HILL, TYRINGHAM



SOME MATERIAL FOR CHORES



A VETERAN PEDDLER AND HIS BUSINESS FRIENDS

acceptance of his constituents and of his patrons. In those days and for some time after, the tanners of Southern Berkshire, of Western Hampden and of other sections of Western Massachusetts, were a very considerable element in the business life of the region, and had "their say" in the politics of the places where their industries were located. The process of tanning was then by the use of liquor made from hem-



A LOAD OF PUMPKINS



FRESH PORK

lock bark; the hills of many of the country towns abounded in forests of that kind, making bark plenty and to be had at reasonable rates, and with this necessity for the conduct of their business assured, the tanners had nothing to do but to persevere and success was sure. In those days William Clafin, son of Lee Clafin, a well-to-do bootmaker and leather dealer of Hopkinton, had, in furtherance of his ambitions, started the tanning business with the late J. W. Wheeler at Becket, where the two soon broadened their business so as to need the enlargement of the little old tannery they had taken and also a new one of thrice the capacity of the other, which they builded in the lower part of the village. Here



FARM STOCK



MILKING TIME

they were thriving at the time of the war, when Mr. Clafin had risen in political importance so as to be president of the senate, with the governorship, which came later, then full in view, and these experiences but paving the way for a career as congressman. So the people of the busy little Berkshire hamlet of Becket used to have a full-fledged

governor as a visitor in their midst. Within a dozen miles of his industry in this hamlet were at least half a score of other tanneries, each doing at least a "living business." Norton & Ely were thriving in the "beaver dam" neighborhood of North Blandford; there were two other tanneries flourishing in Blandford, with one at Russell and several in the town of Chester, one of which latter—that at the depot village—is the sole survivor of all the many that were in operation in its earlier



WILLOW GLEN, TYRINGHAM



THE OLD SLATER HOUSE, TYRINGHAM

greatest captain of modern times and led the armies of the nation to their crowning victories and the country to its boon of peace. These successes could but have their influence on the humbler toilers in leather making, and they had a right to feel the increased dignity attaching to their business. But, while the names of those who came to national and world-



AN AUTUMN DAY

years. Otis had its industry of the kind, which was conducted by Spencer Watson, son of the ever-to-be-remembered Oliver Watson, who was a Nestor among the tanners. The establishment at Otis was coeval in its history with the one at Sandisfield and others in the neighboring towns. Those were the days when, going outside of the state, there were other leather makers found who achieved success in that business and others growing out of it, and who rose from their art, and by means of it, to political importance. Marshal Jewell, for instance, who had with his brothers and father, come from their little tannery in the woods at Winchester, N. H., and

located in the leather and belt business at Hartford, had come to be governor of the state of his adoption, minister of the United States to Russia, and the best postmaster-general the country had had up to his day. And everybody knows that from a tannery at Galena, Ill., went forth to the "war for the flag" the little self-reliant and patriotic man who became the



OLD GRAVESTONES



THE WINDING HOP BROOK

wide fame rest secure with their laurels, many of the others have, as far as the busy world of to-day is concerned, faded from memory, till concerning them it might be said:—

"But gone is all their fame-- the very spot
Where many a time they triumphed is forgot."



A GLIMPSE OF OTIS

and of the late Mr. Barnum's Connecticut furnaces, men who have been utterly unmindful of the beautiful and plaintive junction, "Woodman, spare that tree," and have laid low forests of beech, birch and maple that had clothed the mountains and the foot hills with beauty and majesty. This to meet their greed for wood to char into coal to feed the furnace fires of the industries in Berkshire and in near-by Connecticut.

People of three-score years of age originating in Sandisfield and in any of the neighboring towns will recall, as will some of lesser years, the name and face of Dr. Erastus Beach, a physician of the old school, whose "ride" in Sandisfield and vicinity



A HUNTING PARTY—AROUND THE TAVERN FIRE AT OTIS



THE COUNTRY CHURCH

kept him one of the busiest of men through all the seasons of the two-score years, and who with his family formed an important element in the social life of the region. One of his sons was the late Hon. Erastus D. Beach of Springfield, a lawyer of good parts and of enviable success in legal practice. He was the very model of urbanity of manner, a fact which, with his ability as a lawyer, stood him well in hand in his political life. For politics had their charms for him, and more than once or twice was he a

candidate for governor. But he belonged to a party whose star was not in the ascendant in those days and so he did not reach the executive chamber on Beacon hill. But that Erastus D. Beach attained great success in his profession and reflected honor on the town where he originated, no one can deny. A brother of his was the late Theodore D. Beach of Springfield, who is pleasantly remembered in business circles there; and another brother is Dr. J. C. Beach. There is a reminiscence to the effect that Dr. Beach, designing his eldest son for a doctor, named him for the scientist Erastus Darwin, and that wishing another son to become a lawyer, named him for a prominent attorney. But, on com-



OTIS CENTRE

From such fate may the pen of the chronicler spare them.

Another source of the importance of Sandisfield in the business world was its maple sugar, which in other years amounted to many tons. But the groves of maples in Sandisfield, as in other hill towns of Berkshire, have fallen before the devastating march of the men of the Richmond Iron Works



ON THE MAIN STREET, OTIS



DAY'S HOTEL



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



POST OFFICE, ETC.

ing to years, the sons reversed the paternal plans, E. D. becoming an attorney and J. C. taking to medicine. For whatever calling the Berkshire doctor intended his son Theodore, local legends tell not. But he certainly was a success as auctioneer. He so magnified his calling that he made almost an art of it; and by the business he made

himself as indispensable to Springfield activities as were city officials or those most successful in the learned professions. Who that ever heard the ready and pat oratory of the urbane man as he glowed over the desirableness of some corner lot which he was selling at "vendue" will forget the charm of his words or the peculiar smile with which, and the accompanying nod, he recognized each successive bid in the scale of rapid ascension which, in the sale, was carried by his periods of "Gem'men, gem'men, I am offered one hundred dollars per front foot—only one hundred dollars for this lot in this good location of our beautiful city—only one hundred dollars? only one—only one hundred and fifty dollars. Gem'men that's better. One hundred and fifty dollars—fifty, go two? fifty, go two?" and so on through a long line of loquacity



THE GROVE AT OTIS PONDS

that always "did the business." This marvel of success in auction oratory was like his more distinguished brother Erastus, a democrat. But there were many republicans who, soon after the "war days," voted for T. D. Beach as representative to Boston, and rejoiced to see him elected.

FACTS ABOUT NEW MARLBORO.—Although the object of this work is not the reproduction of ancient history, certain matters relating to the early history of the town of New Marlboro, on account of their quaintness, come in at this point quite appropriately. As would appear to be indicated by the name, the place was settled by people from Marlboro. During the hard winter of 1739-40 a man named Wheeler remained the only white inhabitant of the town. The Indians, though friendly in most respects, forbade him the use of the gun, lest he should kill the deer, and thus withheld from him part of the means of his support. His nearest white neighbors



OTIS FALLS—EAST OTIS



WEST OTIS



WEST OTIS MAIN STREET

were in Sheffield, a distance of ten miles, some of whom came on snowshoes to see him. The town of Northampton, in Hampshire county, is somewhat responsible for the permanent settlement of New Marlboro, for families by the name of Sheldon, Wright and Allen, came from there to stay, while Rev. Thomas Strong, a native of Northampton, was the first pastor of the first church organized in the town. His salary was fifty pounds.



WEST OTIS—NOT A SUMMER RESORT



A DESERTED HOME—OTIS

A pond in the southeast part of the town, long called "Hermit Pond," derived its name from the fact that a hermit lived for several years on its southeastern side. The name of this hermit was Timothy Leonard. He came from Dutchess county, New York, five or six years before the Revolutionary war, and though he purchased a farm he led a solitary life till his death. He died June 13, 1817, from infirmity and old age, being, as was supposed, in his seventieth year. Unwilling that any one should remain with him during a single night, he died as he lived, alone and unattended. The cause of his leading a solitary life is supposed to be explained by the fact that he was an inveterate hater of women. His description of them was:—

"They say they will, and they won't;
What they promise to do, they don't."



A MONTEREY STREET



AT THE POST OFFICE, MONTEREY



LAKE GARFIELD

Let none smile at the history of Timothy Leonard, for he is not a solitary instance in which disappointed hope and mortified pride have been suffered to blot out the social affections, and produce uselessness, wretchedness and ruin.

THE NATURE OF COUNTRY ENJOYMENT.—The fullest enjoyment of the country does not arise from strong excitements acting in straight lines; not from august mountains, wide panoramas, awful gorges, nor from anything that runs in upon you with strong stimulations. All these things have their place, but they are occasional. They are the sub-base and come in as the mighty undertone upon which soft and various melodies float. A thousand daily little things make their offering of pleasure to those who know how to be pleased.

Henry Ward Beecher.



TEACHING THE DOG NEW TRICKS—MONTEREY



SELF-CONSCIOUS, BUT NOT ASHAMED

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why
Halleck.



MONTEREY



A WELL-KNOWN MONTEREY FARMER



THE DESERTED IRON FOUNDRY, SANDISFIELD



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SANDISFIELD



THE MILL AT WEST NEW BOSTON

HAYING

It is five o'clock. The morning is clear and fresh. A thin, blue film of mist hovers over the circuit of the Housatonic along the mountain belt. A hundred birds—yes, five hundred—are singing as birds never sing except in the morning.

In our house the girls are astir, and the mystery of breakfast is developing. The little dog is so glad, after the lonesome night, to see you, that he surfeits you with frolic. The men are in the barn, feeding the horses, and getting everything ready for work.

Will it rain to-day? The heavens overhead look like it, but the barometer says No. Then a few rounds with the scythe before breakfast, just by way of getting the path open.

There they go, a pretty pair of mowers! The blinking dewdrops on the grass tops wink at them and pitch headlong under the stroke of the swinging scythe. How low and musical is the sound of a scythe in its passage through a thick pile of grass! It has a crunching, mellow, murmuring sound, right pleasant to hear.

The grass, rolled over in a swath to the left, green and wet, lies like a loosely corded cable, vast and half twined. Around the piece, step by step, go the men, and the work is fairly laid out and begun.



NEW BOSTON POST OFFICE



THE OLD MILL AT NEW BOSTON



OLD MILL AT MONTVILLE

A HILLSIDE FARM

"Do set down an' git rested! I declare, you look real tuckered! 'Tain't very easy climbin' with your gown so flounced and pucker'd; Guess you wa'n't never here afore, you come along so soon, We don't look for you city folks much 'fore the last o' June; 'What makes us live way off up here'? It doos seem pooty tough, But there's more land to the acre, where the sile is middlin' rough.

"You'd better have a glass o' milk, an' cool off in the shadder; 'Who made that little grave yard'? Land o' Goshen! that's our medder; 'What makes that ledge so dirty'? Why, that's our new stun wall! They built it three foot higher when they plowed for corn last fall; No, 'tain't 'All rocks!' they're *pooty thick*, but only 'bout enough For there's more land to the acre, where the sile is middlin' rough.

"When city folks set out to start, there ain't no use o' backin', They've worked an' give a pile sometimes, when help an' pay was lackin';



OLD FOLKS AT HOME

I recollect when they fust come was right in squash-bug time,
An' some on 'em come up this way a larnin' how to climb,—
An' one man ups an' hollers, when he'd stopped awhile to puff,
'Wal! there's more land to the acre, where the sile is middlin' rough.'

"They git some air that's fit to breathe, an' they ain't stuck up, nuther;
They're jest as good as we be, an' you can't tell which from tother;
They jest hitch on to all our ways like floor boards to a jist,
There ain't no 'Bandedon Farm' talk sence they've give us such a hist;
An' with their help, an' all our hills, I guess we're safe enough,
For there's more land to the acre, where the sile is middlin' rough."

LAURA SANDERSON.



THE TROUT POND AT SANDSFIELD

There sounds the horn! Breakfast is ready. All the children are farmers' boys for the occasion. Were Sebastopol built of bread and cakes, these are the very engineers who would take it. Bless their appetites! It does one good to see growing children eat with a real hearty appetite. Mountain air, a free foot in the grassy fields and open groves, plain food and enough of it—these things kill the lilies in the cheek and bring forth roses.

But we must haste and make hay while the sun shines. Already John Dargan is there whetting his scythe—John, tough as a knot, strong as steel, famous in all the region for ploughing, and equally skillful at mowing, turning his furrow and cutting his swath alike smoothly and evenly. If Ireland has any more such farmers to spare, let them come on.



VIEW IN SOUTH SANDSFIELD



THE HIGHWAY NEAR HANGING MOUNTAIN

The man of the farm strikes in first; John follows, and away they go, up the hill, toward the sun. The grass is full of dew, which quivers in the sunlight, and flashes by turns all the colors of the rainbow. Round and round the field they go, with steady swing, the grass plat growing less at every turn. Meanwhile the boys have been at work spreading the grass. The hay-cocks of yesterday have been opened, the noon comes on, and it is time to house the hay. The day passes, and the night. With another morning, and that Saturday morning, comes up the sun without a single cloud to wipe his face upon. The air is clear as crystal, no mist on the river, no fleece on the mountains.

Yet the barometer is sinking—has been sinking all night. It has fallen more than a quarter of an inch, and continues



NEAR THE HOTEL IN NEW BOSTON

RAIN UPON THE ROOF

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently sweeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain over head!
Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in my heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air threads into woof
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.
Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used in years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh! I feel her fond look on me
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
Then my seraph sister,
With wings and waving hair,
And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain upon the roof.
And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes delicious blue;
And I mind not musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses quiver
To the patter of the rain.
Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Coates Kinney.



VIEW NORTH FROM BRIDGE AT NEW BOSTON



NEAR HANGING MOUNTAIN



MAKING SOAP BY THE WAYSIDE



IN MONTVILLE CENTRE

slowly to fall. Our plans must be laid accordingly. We will cut the clover and prepare to get in all of yesterday's mowing, before two o'clock.

One load we roll in before dinner. While catching our hasty dinner, affairs grow critical. The sun is hidden. The noon is dark. All hands are summoned.

Now if you wish to see pretty working follow the cart—the long forks leap into the cocks of hay; to a backward lift they spring up, poise a moment in the air, shoot forward, are caught upon the load by the nimble John, and in a twinkling are in their place.

We hear thunder! Lightnings flash on the horizon. Jim and Frank and Henry Sumner are springing at the clover, rolling into heaps and dressing it down so as to shed rain. There are no lazy bones there! Even we ourselves wake up and go to work. All the girls and ladies come forth to the fray. Delicate hands are making lively work, raking



PLOUGHING THE HOME FIELD

of water in the town and is one of Berkshire's most beautiful lakes. It was so named soon after President Garfield was elected, having prior to that another name. This is the source of the Konkapot and is practically a reservoir, and built by the

which the mountain lifts up its head like a glorified martyr amid his persecutors! Only a look can we spare, and all of us run for the house, and in good time.

Down comes the flood, and every drop is musical. We pity the neighbors who, not warned by a barometer, are racing and chasing to secure their outlying crop.

Henry Ward Beecher.

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

MONTEREY, MOUNT WASHINGTON, ALFORD, WEST STOCKBRIDGE, RICHMOND AND EGREMONT

Monterey is also one of the hill towns and is as handsome as its neighbors, although its scenery is considerably different. Its early history is written a good deal in connection with that of Tyringham, the first settlement being made in 1739 by Isaac Garfield and others. Out of this Garfield vine came the lamented President Garfield, and it was of good stock. The surface of Monterey is somewhat peculiar to itself. Extending nearly round the town's entire outline, are high hills, which give it the appearance of lying in a large, elevated basin. Its hills, however, are so broken that excellent roads are

conveniently built and its soil is especially adapted for grazing. Monterey has some very thrifty farmers and were it not remote from railway, (its nearest station being Great Barrington,) it would have been a very active town. The drives are excellent. The route from Monterey village southward, following along the head waters of the Konkapot river, is most delightful. In the other direction, over the hills to Sandisfield, it is a succession of beautiful views and look-offs to charm the eye. The drive to Tyringham from Monterey village is also picturesque. The road over Dry hill puts one almost abruptly in the valley of Tyringham, and it is one of the many fine panoramic views for which Berkshire is famous.

Lake Garfield is the principal body



BAPTIST CHURCH, MONTVILLE



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW BOSTON



NEW BOSTON HOTEL

up the dispersed grass, and flying with right nimble steps here and there, bent upon cheating the rain of its expected prey.

And now the long windrows are formed. The last load of hay from the other fields has just rolled triumphantly into the barn! Down jumps John, with fork in hand, and rolls up the windrows into cocks. We follow and glean with the rake. The last one is fashioned.

A drop pats down on my face—another and another. Look at those baseless mountains that tower in the west, black as ink at the bottom, glowing like snow at the top edges! Far in the north the rain has begun to streak down upon old Greylock!

But the sun is shining through the shower and changing it to a golden atmosphere, in



MAD RIVER FALLS

mill owners farther along the stream. It is a favorite resort for camping, and its floating island was for a long time a great curiosity. The island is 200 feet long and rises and falls regularly with the water. Formerly it was located at about the south end, now floating from one side to the other, but a few years ago it drifted up the lake to its present moorings and seems likely to remain there. At the foot of Lake Garfield on the high-road to Tyringham is the residence of M. S. Bidwell, one of Berkshire's most famous philanthropists. He is one of the trustees of Hampton Institute, and was among the first to try the experiment of teaching the Indian boys and girls to work on the farm and in the house. His efforts have been very successful, and every summer these



AT THE FISH HATCHERY, DARTSVILLE, NEW MARLBORO

Tyringham, and officiated at the now deserted church near Dry hill. There have been other noble families in Monterey. These include the Steadmans, Chadwicks, Benedicts, Thompsons, Langdons, Tyrrels, Townsends and many others.

Hyde's falls, a few miles south of the village, is a romantic glen through which a brook descends in a series of cascades for nearly a mile. There are many other beautiful places to attract in the vicinity of Monterey village.

Latterly, (and Mr. Bidwell made the beginning,) Monterey has become quite popular as a summer resort. Its farmhouses are sought by the tired people of the cities and here they live for the season, enjoying the plain hospitality of the sturdy agriculturists in the vicinity of Monterey village, or the farmers on the hillside. The village itself is a pretty little hamlet, but its



THE HATCHING TROUGHS

sons of the noble red man can be seen in the town of Monterey, at the homes of the various farmers in that section. Mr. Bidwell comes from old English stock, his ancestors being the early settlers of the town, and Rev. Adonijah Bidwell was the first pastor of Monterey, then

THE CROW HILL SCHOOL

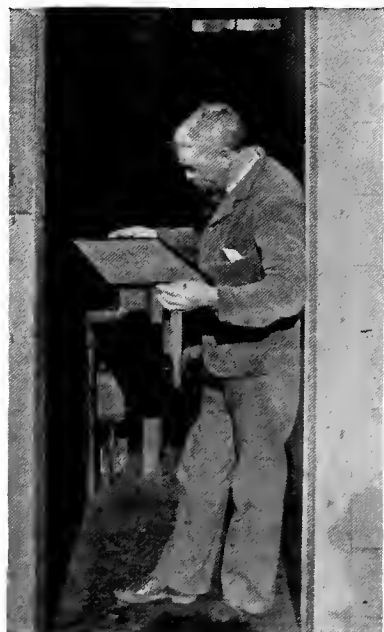
It seems like a dream to me now how Jim and I used to go
Ploughing our way to the district school
through the deeply drifted snow;
Our homespun suits were of black sheep's wool,
pantaloon, jackets, and all,
Our shoes were made of the "beef critter's"
hide father killed in the fall;
The boys took turns in the winter at cutting
the stove wood to fit,
'Twas an exercise we detested, but we made
the best of it.
The school-house was old and shaky from the
peltings of many a storm.
The glass was out of the windows, it was awful
hard to keep warm;
The schoolmaster's desk was whittled by
knives of boys by the score,
Initials, peep-holes and ink spots were thick on
the sagging old door;
I cut the name of my sweetheart in the lid of
my desk one day,
And the schoolmaster "warmed my jacket"
in the old original way.
Whenever we disobeyed orders the ferule
came into play,
And it left a sting behind it that lasted for
many a day;
The boys had a fire-list posted, the girls took
turn with the broom,
And swept, and garnished with evergreen
boughs the walls of the dingy room.
Every morning we read in concert, and lifted
our voices high,
All firmly resolved to do our best to make a
noise or die.
When I think upon those happy days it is like
a misty dream
I might have in sleepy meadows bordering on
a lazy stream—
I hear the lapping waters o'er the smooth-
worn pebbles glide—
Again I am a careless boy, and Jim is sitting
by my side—
Hush! we are in the school-room! hear the
tapping of the master's rule,
He is saying—"Order! I want order here in
Crow Hill school!"



DISCUSSING A DEAD WILDCAT IN THE CLUBROOMS



STRIPPING THE SPAWN



WATCHING THE SPAWN

fever and this was what first brought Mount Washington into fame and prominence as a summer resort.

It would take more pages than we could spare to tell all about this town. It was incorporated in 1764, (funny how old some of the Berkshire towns are,) and has kept its first family names well. These, like the Spurr, Schutts, Weavers, Races and others yet remain. The town has hardly a store, nor even the proverbial blacksmith shop, neither priest, lawyer, doctor or tailor; neither railway, telegraph or telephone are within her borders. For years there was only one pauper, a town charge, and he was demented and crippled. Two schools for many years supplied the educational demands of the people, and even now there are no "grammar grades." A little union chapel, built a few years ago, is supplied by pastors from the villages of Egremont and Copake.

business is somewhat declined. There is but one store now. A few years ago there were two. The hotel is practically abandoned. The little Congregational church on the Four Corners stands on an elevated site, and here the people for miles around come to worship on the Sabbath. There is no manufacturing now in the town, but it is quite a trading point for the farmers, who here bring their produce—butter, cheese, etc.—to the country store, and exchange for other commodities, and the country merchant in turn sends to the city, and by that means quite a trade is built up. There are some very cosy homes in Monterey village. This place has an air of quiet, and is in some respects a model and ideal isolated country settlement. The town has always been generous in her support of churches and schools, and her highways compare favorably for a mountain town with others in Berkshire. It is thought that some day the railway from Canaan, through Egremont to Otis and thence to Westfield, will be a verity and will revive the now somewhat drooping fortunes of this good old town.

MOUNT WASHINGTON

There is no town in all Berkshire, or indeed in Massachusetts, like Mount Washington. It is isolated more than any other town; it lies on the very summit of the Taconics and to reach the town proper, it is "all the way up hill," whether one goes from the Housatonic valley at Egremont, or climbs the winding highway from the station on the Harlem road at Copake. The town itself lies just back of the Dome, or Mount Everett, and once reached is a broad stretch of rolling land, and many farmers count in their domains hundreds of acres of pasturage, woodland and fields that are tillable. Its elevation, some 2,600 feet above tide-water, makes it, (so the doctors say, and they should know,) an almost certain cure for hay



ON THE BLOOODOOD STOCK FARM

Nothing in Berkshire, unless it be Greylock, surpasses Mount Washington in natural wildness, beauty and grandeur. Bash Bish falls make Mount Washington famous, and it is one of Nature's wonders and attractions. Our artist tells the story by camera and pencil in better language than the pen. In a short distance, by a series of waterfalls the little stream, possibly fifty feet wide, makes the descent of some 200 feet and its last leap after the waters part at the boulder is some sixty feet, and known as the Lower falls.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW MARLBORO

On each side of the stream, where it has worn its way all through the ages since it began its uneasy course, is "Eagle's Nest," with walls some 200 feet high as smooth as those of a hard-finished room, with neither tree nor vine. Then there is "Look-Off" and other interesting bits of scenery. These elevations, like "Eagle's Nest," are accessible and stairs or a circuitous path lead to the top; while below are the waters dashing down the ravine. From the



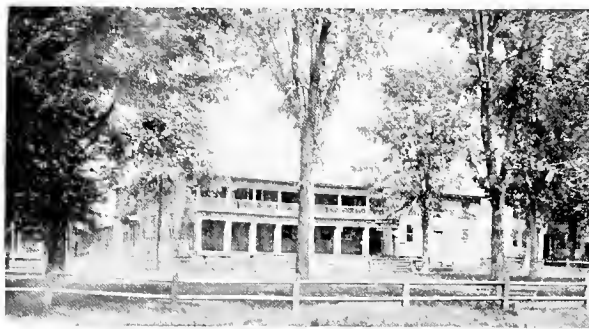
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SOUTHFIELD



NEAR THE "WOODLAWN"



METHODIST CHURCH, HARTSVILLE



POST OFFICE AND COMMON, NEW MARLBORO CENTRE

printed page, but a pen picture — and many a time the story has been graphically told — does feeble justice to the grandeur, the wildness and the fascination of the scene. It should be visited; and yet how many thousands there are in Berkshire, who, while they have read of Bash Bish, have little conception of just where it lies and how grand it is!

There are other places of interest in Mount Washington. The town is on the southeastern border of the state; for a



PORCH AT THE OLD RICHARDSON HOUSE

The town became famous in another direction in about 1878, when the Goodale sisters, and "Sky Farm," their mountain home, came into prominence in the literary world. These then little girls, Elaine and Dora, brought out a volume of "Apple Blossoms," and afterwards "Among the Wild Flowers of Berkshire," which attracted much attention. The books were the collection of simple poems from their pens told in a beautiful

highway near the falls and to the northward the "Old Man of the Mountain" or "Profile Rock" is clearly seen and much resembles a similar formation in the White mountains. Bash Bish may be photographed or reproduced on the



AT HOME

time a small corner of it was cut off and known as Boston Corners. Here was the scene of a prize fight years ago, because it was almost on neutral ground. The pugilists were taken to Lenox, for Massachusetts found a way to put her hand on them, and paid fines in large sums for their encounter. Ex-Senator Dawes was then district attorney, and tells of his interview with Morrissey. He next met Morrissey when both were in Congress, after the Morrissey and Heenan fight, I believe. Bear Rock is a great attraction. Mount Everett can be easily reached on foot from the town. One of the pastimes in summer of some of the sporting fraternity of Mount Washington is to catch rattle-snakes along the mountain side where they have dens, and the oil is sold as a remedy for deafness



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE



A GLIMPSE OF SOUTHFIELD



AT MILL RIVER

the cut of "Sky Farm as it Was," as used in the book "Apple Blossoms." A party of New York gentlemen a few years ago bought the territory, have laid it out into smaller tracts and it is planned to erect cottages for their occupancy in summer, with a deer park and other attractions of that sort.

As said before, few towns in Berkshire afford such attractions in natural beauty as Mount Washington. Its elevation, its isolation, its healthfulness, its abundance of streams fed by "living springs," its wealth of views from many a look-off, all combine to make Mount Washington decidedly unique and in one sense famous.

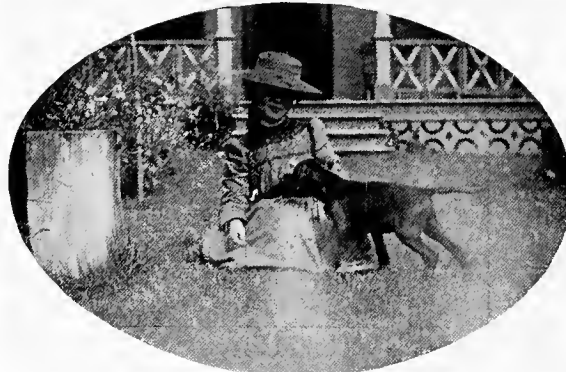
ALFORD

Alford, in some respects, is like a few of the other towns in Berkshire county,

way and made a decided innovation. Since then their pens have been prominent. The home life of the Goodales has been very peculiar. Both the father and mother were literary people; at supper, for some years, it had been the custom of the family to have read from the "Sky Farm Daily," I believe they called it, something which had been written that day. So in this atmosphere and from such a parentage these girls (now to womanhood grown) could not help thriving and finally budding out and blossoming into the very life they embarked in. At eleven the girls were fine Greek scholars, for their mother taught them. An ideal family was that of Mr. Goodale's "Sky Farm home." The family have since gone from Mount Washington; "Sky Farm" is now a summer resort under another name. We are indebted to Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, publishers, for



MILL RIVER CENTRE



PLAYMATES



HIMPACHENE FALLS



OLD BOARDING-HOUSE



SOUTHFIELD SCHOOL-HOUSE



OLD HOUSE AT MILL RIVER



NEAR POST-OFFICE, SOUTHFIELD

in that it was never a manufacturing center, but from its earliest history has been purely agricultural. By the term manufacturing is meant such industries as have been incident to many of the other Berkshire towns, like Pittsfield, Great Barrington, Dalton, Hinsdale, the Adamases and some others. It has, however, valuable deposits of marble and some nice specimens



MILL RIVER POST-OFFICE

of iron ore, notably in that section of the town adjoining West Stockbridge. It is said that some very fine specimens of hematite exist in Alford. A quiet, peaceful township is Alford, and in several respects quite romantic. It is a narrow valley, upon each side of which are the mountain ranges. To the east is the range separating it from the Housatonic valley, while on the west are the rugged Taconics. Its principal mountain is Tom Ball, from whose summit a gorgeous view is obtained. Its



HOTEL AT MILL RIVER

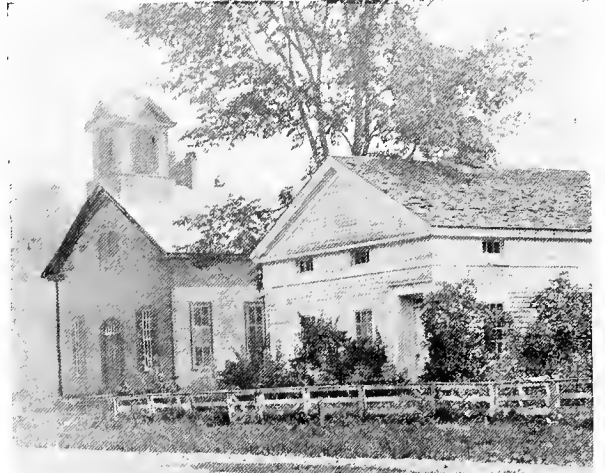


THE SHADED STREAM

tent. At these quarries is a very interesting bit of natural scenery, known as the "Frying Pan Spring." The little stream coming down through the woods, all at once loses itself in a circular hole in the marble, and goes gurgling



THE OLDEST INHABITANT



TOWN HALL, MILL RIVER

streams are fed by living streams from the mountain side, and are clear and sparkling. Green river, made famous by Bryant, has its source among the highlands in the southwest part of the town.

On each side of the valley, as it were, the highways leading from West Stockbridge center down through a farming section, with the meadows stretching on to the brook running the entire length of the town. On the northeast side is a handsome drive from West Stockbridge center to Alford. A little way from the roadside are the famous marble quarries, formerly owned by Mr. Fitch, and the stone taken from them was used in the construction of the old city hall in New York, and even now retains its color and its hardness to a great ex-

down many feet, with a peculiar hissing sound incident to a frying pan. Nearly a mile farther west it emerges from the mountain-side. On the west side are also a number of other romantic glens in the mountain range which divides Alford from the town of Austerlitz in New York

(Continued on page 86)



SISSON'S MILL — MILL RIVER



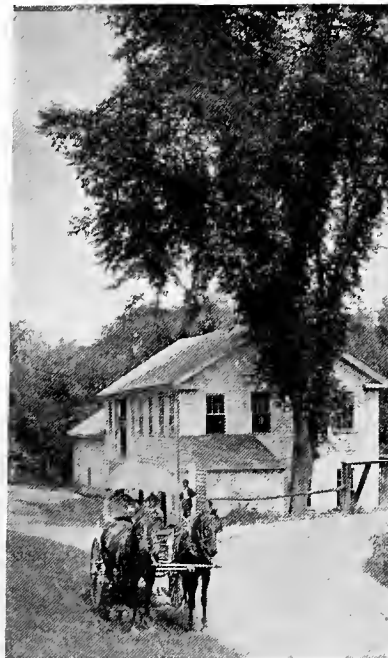
ALEXANDER DAM AND MILL



NEAR THE CREAMERY, MILL RIVER



THE PINE ROAD



MILL RIVER CREAMERY



BELOW SISSON'S DAM



ON THE ROAD TO CAMPBELL'S FALLS



GIBSON'S GROVE, NEW MARLBORO

CURIOUS EPITAPHS

The following inscriptions are taken from monuments in the cemetery in Sheffield:—

Sacred to the memory of Jonathan Hubbard and Mrs. R. Rachel Hubbard, his consort, this monument is erected. The Rev. J. Hubbard was the first pastor of the church in Sheffield. He was blessed with a lively genius and solid judgment. His public discourses were judicious and his conversation instructive. He departed this life July 6th, 1765, in the 62nd year of his age.—Our Fathers, where are they? and do the Prophets live forever?



A "DOLCE FAR NIENTE" AT LAKE BUEL

Beneath this stone lies the body of the Rev. John Keep, A. M., pastor of the church in Sheffield, who died September 3d, A. D. 1784, Aetate 36, et ministeri 13, calmly resigning his mortal life in hope of a blessed immortality thro' the atonement of Jesus Christ. He was blessed with natural genius improved by education and a benevolent heart, and was illustrious as a Divine, a



A RAVINE NEAR CAMPBELL'S FALLS



TURNER'S LANDING, LAKE BUEL



CAMPBELL'S FALLS, NEW MARLBORO

Preacher, a Friend and a Christian.

When suns and planets from their orbs be hurl'd
And livid flames involve this smoking world;
The Trump of God announce the Savior nigh
And shining hosts of angels crowd the sky,
Then from this tomb thy dust shall they convey
To happier regions of eternal day.

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Ephraim Judson, Pastor of the church in Sheffield. He died on the 23d of February, A. D. 1813, in the 76th year of his age, and 23d of his ministry

in Sheffield, having been previously the pastor of the church in Norwich, and also in Taunton. Mr. Judson was esteemed as a learned divine, an acute logician, and an evangelical preacher. He was mild, courteous, and hospitable. By his numerous friends he was deemed a wise counsellor, an active peace-maker & a sincere Christian. What he was in Truth the Great Day will disclose.

Here lies the body of Major General John Ashley, who died November 5, 1799, in the 64th year of his age.
Make the extended skies your tomb,
Let stars record your worth;
Yet know vain mortals all must die,
As nature's sickliest birth.

This monument is erected to perpetuate the memory of Col. John Ashley, who departed this life Sept. 1st, 1802, in the 93d year of his age.
Virtue alone has majesty in death,
And triumphs most when most the tyrant frowns;
Earth highest station ends in Here he lies
And dust to dust concludes her noblest song.

Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

Young.



A VIEW ON LAKE BUEL, NEW MARLBORO



VIEW OF THE STREET IN SHEFFIELD



ON THE MAIN STREET, SHEFFIELD



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



A WINTER VIEW, SHEFFIELD



ORVILLE DEWEY

THE repose and beauty of the scenery of Berkshire, its stimulating climate, its ease of access and its quiet, render it a favorable residence for literary persons, and we suggest to them that, if they desire to write their novels and poems and histories in the briefest possible time, and with the least fatigue, they should come hither.
—Rev. T. T. Munger.



DEWEY MEMORIAL HALL



OLD STONES IN THE CEMETERY



ST. DAVID'S—HOME OF THE LATE ORVILLE DEWEY

THE TWO VILLAGES

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village, white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze,
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet;
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;

The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, his answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"
Rose Terry Cooke.



AUTUMN ON THE MAIN STREET, SHEFFIELD

THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY

MONTEREY, MOUNT WASHINGTON, ALFORD, WEST STOCKBRIDGE, RICHMOND AND EGREMONT

(Continued from page 83)

state. The little village of Alford itself is simply a hamlet. The one church in Alford, and which our artist gives a picture of, is a union affair, supported jointly by the Congregationalists and the Methodists. During the time of the Shays rebellion, this little parish suffered con-



THE WILLOWS THAT SAVED THE ROAD

siderably, and the pastor, Rev. Joseph Avery, was dismissed because of his sympathy for the rebellion. There is much of interest in Alford. It is a quiet little village, but there are yet quite a number of the sons of the old families. Here came early the Deweys, of whom Judge Justin Dewey of the



THE HOTEL AT SHEFFIELD

Massachusetts superior court is a descendant, and we believe was born in Alford. In this town are the Tobeys, the Williamses, Beebes and the Stoddards; this latter family trace their ancestry back to 1060, and the first of the family emigrated to Boston in 1639. Here are the Barnums and Tuttlés. Only recently there died in Alford Ezra C. Ticknor, nearly ninety years of age, who was one of the oldest living members of the state legislature and was one of the early promoters of the Boston & Albany railroad. The Ticknors are an old family in Alford and settled there in 1764.

In other days Alford was more important as a township than now. It is suffering the decay incident to many other towns away from railway, although it is a beautiful six-miles' drive down the Seekonk creek to Great Barrington. The town abounds in many handsome views, and is gradually coming to be a resting place in summer for a good many city people.



THE BRIDGE ROAD



THE RAILWAY STATION



METHODIST CHURCH, SHEFFIELD

bridge mountain on its eastern border divides it from the mother town, and some have wondered why Stockbridge and West Stockbridge should be almost synonymous terms and why West Stockbridge wasn't given another name.

The surface of the town is full of charming scenery, broken into hills that vary from 500 to 900 feet above Williams river, which is the principal stream and which flows through the valley, one of the most charming and lovely in Berkshire. The entire length of Williams river from



CATHOLIC CHURCH

State Line to VanDeusenville along through Rockdale is a succession of cascades and is hemmed in by the high walls of the mountain-side. The town of West Stockbridge, as also the southern part of Richmond, has been known for a long time in respect to its minerals. Geologically its rocks are largely of limestone formation, and this industry has been a source of much wealth to Stockbridge during all its history. Its marble is of an especially fine texture, and as early as 1790, building marble was taken from its quarries. Much of the marble used in the State House in Boston, the old City hall in New York, Girard college in



THE CURTIS MILL



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND FORD AT "BOW-WOW"

Philadelphia came from this town. In fact, much Berkshire marble is found in most of the public buildings in many of the large cities.

Iron ore, too, of the finest quality and of three distinct kinds, has also given West Stockbridge a good place in the iron-producing world. It is said that ore taken from these mines in this town makes the finest car wheels of that of any in the country. Deacon Nathan Leet, in 1826, opened the first mine upon his farm and it, with the Hudson, Cone and other beds, have made West Stockbridge famous in that direction. For many years the old Pomeroy iron furnace was very famous.

The first railroad in Berkshire county, as we understand, was that from West Stockbridge to State Line and then to Albany. Pittsfield found it convenient to ride by team or stage to West Stockbridge and from there go by railroad to Hudson river. The road was of the primitive class, of wooden sleepers, covered with strips of iron upon which the little locomotives and



WAITING



THE SHEFFIELD ELM

The drives and walks, with the village of West Stockbridge as a center, are charming in every direction. This whether one goes over the hill to "Old Stockbridge" or around the hill to Glendale and Williamsville. There are charming views in all directions from that side of the town. The drive down the river is very pleasant. On the hill at West Stockbridge, where was organized the first church in town in 1789, is also a delightful section of country. The drive northward toward Richmond, past the iron mines, many of which latter are now being deserted, is also a very pleasant outing. The village is not as active as it used to be a few years ago, since its iron and lime industries have been considerably crippled, but yet there is much of village pride. Its churches are neatly kept and in good repair, indicative of the good sentiment which pervades that community. One Berkshire man has said that a community which keeps its school-houses, its churches and its sidewalks in repair, needs no better voucher of its citizenship to commend itself to the stranger or its neighboring townsmen. The town has of late begun to offer some inducement for city people to come among her people, and there are many handsome slopes and desirable sites for building purposes, or for city homes and country seats which in a few years, it is thought, will be taken up by this desirable class of visitors.

RICHMOND

Richmond is also famous in a geological sense, for here were discovered by one of her own sons, Dr. Stephen Reed, (a geologist of much reputation and one of the early

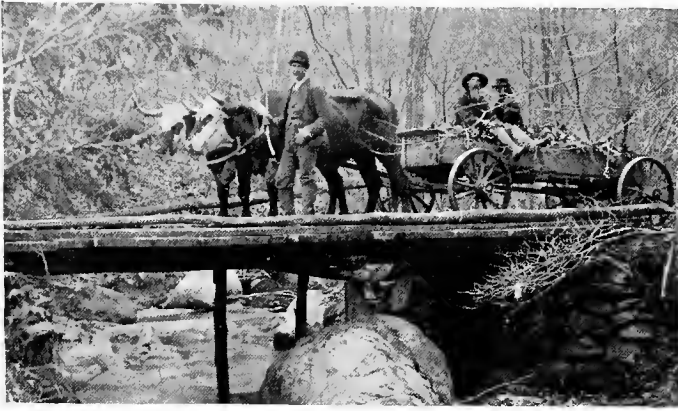


PINE KNOLL, SHEFFIELD

cars ran. The history of West Stockbridge is as interesting as many of the other towns in Berkshire, from the time of its earliest settlement by Joseph Bryant, who settled in the town in 1766. The town was incorporated in 1774, and during the Revolution the settlement was loyal as much as was its mother town Stockbridge, over the mountain. Many of the old families have descendants in West Stockbridge yet. It would be loss of time to go through all the various changes which have occurred in this old town, but such names as appear in its history from time to time are a credit and are looked back to with pride by the residents.



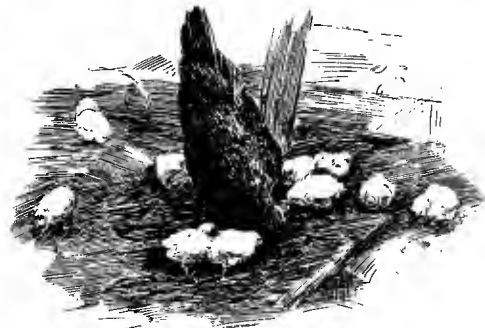
A TROUT BROOK



RETURNING HOME



A LOAD OF APPLES



"LIKE AS A HEN"—

the west of Richmond and two miles nearer Lenox and Pittsfield. Some stones weigh many tons, others are mere pebbles, but they were all unquestionably dropped by floating ice during the



A LANDSCAPE

lecturers on temperance from a physical standpoint) the famous "Richmond Boulder Trains." These rocks are well defined as to course across the town and are of chlorite schist. They extend across the town from Try's hill in Columbia county, N. Y., to the Richmond line on the east, the trail being about three miles wide on



STOPPING TO MAKE REPAIRS



ON THE ROAD FROM SHEFFIELD, SOUTH TO THE STATE LINE



STRAINING CIDER



WHAT A LOOKING THING!

glacial period, and the "Trains" mark the course of the current. They are wonderful, and their discovery and identification in 1842, made Dr. Reed famous and Richmond known as never before to the scientific world.

Richmond's settlement dates back to 1760 and in 1765 the first town meeting was held; the early records are yet well preserved. Her history after the separation from Lenox, as a town (and which latter township lies over the rugged mountains) has been eventful. Her settlers came largely from Long

Island, or about Norwalk and that part of Connecticut. They were grand people who came and have left their impress even yet. Here came the Piersons, Parmlees, Rowleys, Gates and others equally prominent. The Pierson family of Pittsfield sprang from this early stock. The Rowleys were also prominent educators, President Rowley of De Pauw college being a native of Richmond. The Perrys came from Richmond, the late George Perry, one of the editors of the *Home Journal*, being a descendant of the first clergyman of Richmond; they are a literary family. The Cooks, Ros-siters, Dorrs, Gastons, Nicholises, Williamses, Groffings and others have all left descendants to honor them and preserve the honor of



PRESSING THE APPLES FOR CIDER



A GLIMPSE OF THE HOUSATONIC AT SHEFFIELD

Richmond. Lawyers and physicians, clergymen, missionaries and editors of note, as also literary people, both men and women, have traced their ancestry to Richmond from among the early settlers. It is a good old town yet, although declining. For many years, Dr. Reid kept a boys' school on the hill near the old church, that turned out many graduates who have since become famous, and the institution had a national reputation. This glory has departed long ago, but its influence yet lives.

Some one in writing of this old town, said that Nature was evidently in one of her happiest moods when she created Richmond, for she has left her trace in a marked manner, and none more so than in the depression wherein the valleys lie, and within a short distance the rugged mountain sides. Richmond is one of the Berkshire towns with many marked peculiarities both as to scenery, mountain, hill and dale, peaceful valley and fertile field. Her mineral wealth is also abundant and contributed not a little to her reputation and the thrift of her people. The iron mines in Richmond are extensive and its ore is known wherever iron is converted into car wheels, or cannon are made and used.

The air here is bracing and pure. It is a peaceful old town; the village is hardly such, excepting as the railway station, the store near by and the long street peopled with good farmers constitute a village. At the Furnace there is quite a settlement, largely of those employed in the mines, the iron works, or superintendents. In Richmond are numerous sources of streams. Here rises the Williams river, which flows south through West Stockbridge; others flow into Richmond reservoir, partly in Pittsfield and thence to the Housatonic. There are also others, and these peaceful brooks through meadow and field are tempting to the trout fisherman.

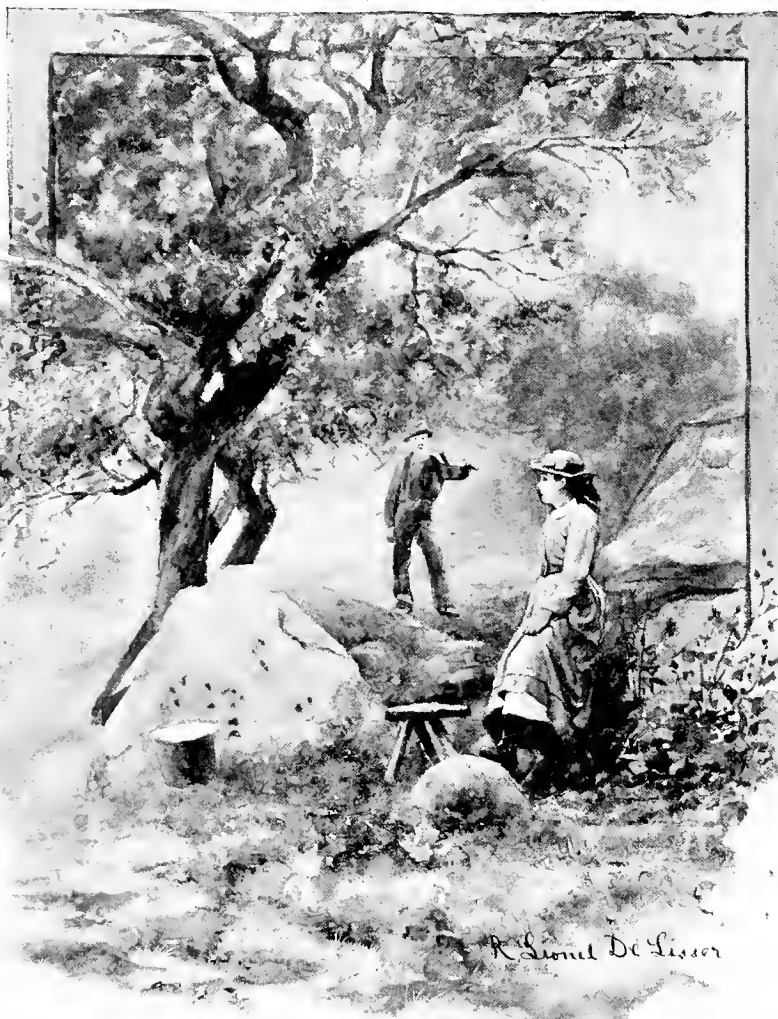
In Richmond is Perry's Peak, famous as one of the best look-offs in Berkshire. Its summit is bald and nothing obstructs the view. It is

accessible by team nearly to the summit, and from the top the view is simply grand. Far away are the Catskills, while the Shawangunks rise like a cloud line against the sky. South to the Dome, over the smaller hills in Alford, is another handsome stretch of territory. North is Greylock, while to the west the Green mountains, with the valley below and Pittsfield in the distance, make it altogether one of the best views in the country. Lake Queechy, just over the New York line in Canaan, is at your feet; the Shaker settlements at Canaan and New Lebanon are also nestled just at the foot of the hills. The beauty of Perry's Peak, as one writer says, is the *coup d'œil* which it affords in all directions.

From Richmond came the Dwights. The elder Dwight for eighteen years was the pastor of the old church, when it was one of the large parishes of the county. Henry W. Dwight, the head of the American express system in New England, was a son. In 1882, the old Congregational church burned, having been the town's place of worship since 1795. Judge Dwight of Auburn came, with his family, to assist at laying the corner stone of the present tasty cottage church, and was called on to make a few remarks. It was a still afternoon in May; the sun was just going towards the west, and the audience of perhaps 300 were either standing around or sitting in their wagons. Without preparation, standing on the corner stone, his head uncovered, he spoke for fifteen minutes as one inspired. The picture he drew of his father as he came Sunday

after Sunday ministering to the people from 1819; of his sainted mother, of the other fathers and mothers of the town, was a memory those who heard it never forgot. To him and others it was nearly holy ground.

For more than a century, this same church had only five settled pastors, and this for a period of 120 years. Rev. Job Swift was the first in 1769; then came Rev. Mr. Perry, then Rev. Edwin Dwight and so on through the others. In Richmond are many specimens of art. The late Miss Catherine Pierson, whose handsome home was known all over that section, was a lover of art, and, despite her eccentricities, made many people happier by her going through the world. She it was who encouraged the young artist, Bridgman—a Berkshire boy—furnished him with means to go abroad for study, and one of his best and among his first paintings went to his benefactress. Miss Pierson died a few years ago, leaving a large estate, having inherited the ancestral acres and the home of her birth and where her eighty years and more of life were passed. In Richmond, a farmer demonstrated a few years ago that small fruits could be raised for profit, and his example is being imitated and making many of his fellow farmers thrifty and independent. Berkshire's first fish culture was in Richmond. Richmond is a good agricultural



THE MEETING



THE QUIET STREAM



"BOW WOW"



POST OFFICE, ASHLEY FALLS



METHODIST CHURCH AT ASHLEY FALLS



ASHLEY FALLS

town and lately is becoming quite popular as a summer resort; especially by those who purchase places and build summer residences there.

E. F. O.

EGREMONT

Egremont wouldn't be a Berkshire town if it were not unlike any other; and yet is in many respects akin to the rest of the Berkshire family. The town is one of the thriftiest, agriculturally, in the county; in fact, Egremont Plain is proverbial for her well-to-do farmers and many of them reside on the ancestral acres. There are two villages in Egremont, the North



AT THE RED BRIDGE



THE BUSINESS CENTER, ASHLEY FALLS

and South parishes. The South village is an ideal, with its shaded streets, its cottage homes, its single church spire on the slight elevation of land, pointing heavenward. It lies nestled at the very foot almost of the Dome and the mountain ridge of the Taconics, on the summit of which is Mount Washington. The charm of South Egremont lies in the fact that it is within easy distance of Great Barrington, over one of the best of highways, or to Hillsdale over the mountain; and yet no locomotive whistle or much manufacturing disturbs its stillness and repose. The drives in the vicinity are also its capital as a summer resort. They are numberless. Here is the Mount Everett house, so named from the Dome, and here Landlord Peck has in his family some of the best of guests. It isn't a fashionable resort by any means; but men and their families come from the city to the Mount Everett and the cottages in the village, for the genuine comfort and restfulness of the village and its attractions. Robert Carter,



RAILWAY STATION

the well-known publisher of religious and Sunday-school works for years, made this his summer home during his life. How he did oppose, with his strict Sabbatarian notions, the innovation of

Sunday trains on the Housatonic a few years ago!

One of the ancient homesteads of the town is that known as the Isaac Tullar house, which stands near the brook and near the old Tullar burial ground. He was a wagoner during the French and Indian war, and made some money, with which he came from Tuxbridge, Ct., and bought a tract of land, (now in Egremont,) 1735, and then a part of Sheffield. The brick were made on his own land and here he built the old house which has stood since 1761. His wife was Anna and the heart on the house



THE HOTEL PORCH



A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE NOTCH

the section is the country trading place of well-to-do farmers for a considerable distance. The road to Hillsdale is romantic, leading over the mountain. At the summit is the famous "Echoes." A shout gives back at least three distinct echoes. The places are all within a few rods of each other and quite a natural curiosity. White's hill, near there, is just over



ON THE ROAD TO COPAKE

was to signify their happy union. The property is yet in the Tullar family; the old pioneer having died in 1797 at the ripe old age of eighty-five.

In one portion of the town, lying on the road to Mount Washington, is Guilder Hollow. John Van Guilder was a real Konkapot Indian; but living in the family of a Dutch farmer in New York state, he took his foster-father's name and the locality was then known, as now, as Guilder Hollow. It is now deserted. He married the daughter of a white settler named Karner and settled in Egremont; he was a part of the famous Stockbridge Indian tribe. Their half-breed descendants were for many years numerous in Egremont, but another portion of the tribe went to Granville, N. Y., to another place named Guilder Hollow and there remain the descendants. None of the Indian descendants are now in Egremont.

Egremont as a town dates her history from 1760. The town was named for Lord Egremont, according to some traditions; but it is generally believed to be named for the "agreement" made with Great Barrington and Sheffield as to boundary lines. The town is rich in minerals, especially in marble, and the late Chester Goodale, the grandfather of the celebrated Goodale sisters the poets, for many years did a large business in that industry and laid the foundation to quite a fortune.

The town has sent out her share of noble men and women to the professions and to help the world. Grosvenor P. Lowrey is one of the prominent members of the New York bar. Andrew Reasoner became a famous



COPAKE STATION

the New York line and is one of the grandest views in all the Taconic range.

In all that makes for the comfort of the farmer, the social and educational advantages of a community of that character, Egremont is highly favored. A flourishing academy once existed in South Egremont; but the progress of events and its distance from railway finally led to its abandonment and the town has its high school there. Mr. Greenwood's famous horse and stock farm is just over the Great Barrington line, but so near South Egremont that it properly belongs to the latter town. Judge Rowley lives on the old farm and is one of the best-known agriculturists in Berkshire; interested in her fairs, her improvement among farmers and yet a very level-headed magistrate, one of the associates of the Great Barrington court living in the county. Yes, a grand good old township, and citizenship is Egremont!



MOUNT WASHINGTON CHURCH

COUNTRY AND CITY LIFE CONTRASTED.—It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn, the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought,

and every forest a fairyland. In the country you preserve your identity, your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation. — Robert G. Ingersoll.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.
Milton.



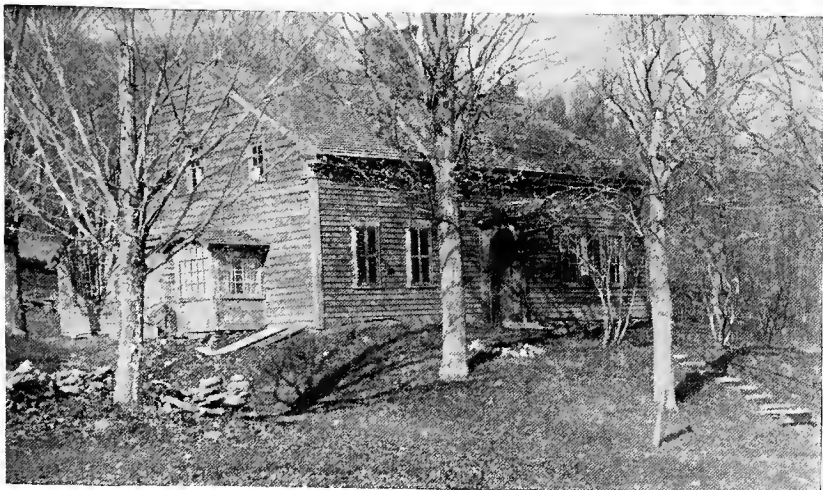
AN OLD FRIEND

railroad manager. The old families are good stock and are loyal, industrious and maintain the reputation of the old town. Here came early the Winchells, Lowreys, Karners, Dalzells, Klines, Races, Rowleys, Baldwins and many others.

To North Egremont village is an easy, three-mile drive. This, too, is an ideal country village on the main road from Austerlitz, over in Columbia county, to Great Barrington, and from the latter village to Hillsdale. Here is the valley of the famous Green river, which flows placidly and peacefully on its way to the Housatonic. North Egremont, too, has its little church and



THE "DOME" ON A HAZY DAY



SKY FARM COTTAGE AS IT IS

SOME SOUTHERN BERKSHIRE NOTABILITIES

"Picturesque," the first word appearing on the title-page of this book, was never more appropriately used than when prefixed to that of "Berkshire," one of the most picturesque regions of country "held in the Hollow of His Hand." The designation, "Picturesque Berkshire," is, therefore, fully entitled to all that the combined phrase implies. Berkshire has easily won, and modestly wears, the descriptive designation of "Picturesque," and presents its claims to this appellation pleasingly and acceptably to the world at large, or, at least, to so much of its people as have ever looked upon the scenic beauties which nature here spreads abroad with such fair and lavish hands. But while holding its natural charms — nay, it may be said while growing more and more beautiful from year to year and from day to day, even the changes that have occurred in its personnel — in the rise and fall of generations that have come and gone, in turn, one who has roamed within sight of the Dome of the Taghkanics frequently, for nearly a half-century, looks upon the gathering cycle of Time here represented, as upon a panorama. A panorama of choice bits of scenic beauty, charmingly combined with many celebrated instances of personal character of strong individuality and important circumstance connected with Southern Berkshire life. These recall by the deft handiwork of the camera, the palette, the graver and the press, tender memories, all grouped in one amphithætre of art in illustrated print, at once welcome and entertaining reminders in pictured display of some who still remain, and of many others who have been prominent factors in the growth and progress of Berkshire, but who have now passed on from their labors on earth, and "whose works do follow them" in pleasant and kindly remembrance.

After a hurried examination of the photographs and sketches of subjects for illustrating PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE, the half-closed doors of memory's halls swing wide open, affording a welcome opportunity for looking within. At first a confused view can only see "men as trees walking," but closer inspection brings to sight those who could only be brought prominently forth by means of forging anew the links of memory's chains that bind the past to the present.

Prominently pictured on the unfolding scroll of the panorama, on seats of literary eminence, we see the poet Bryant crowned with well-earned laurels from the

DORA GOODALE
(as a child)

growth of both our national fields, and from the fields of the world, as well, not as pictured in paintings and sketches of his later years, but rather as when beginning to turn the leaves of the book of life he vowed to "love, honor and obey" the companion of both his early and later years, on the site where now stands the Berkshire Inn in Great Barrington, the building in which the vows of love and constancy were exchanged, being still kept in a good state of preservation, as an annex to the Inn, near where his masterpieces, "Monument Mountain," "Green River" and

"Thanatopsis," were quarried from a mine of unequalled literary wealth, and where the family name is still loyally honored and cherished.

The scroll moves on. We see Fanny Kemble Butler, but recently passed from earth, as she was in the full vigor of her noted capabilities and capacities as an actress, a public reader, a poet, and an ardent admirer of nature, untrammelled by the popular chains of social conventionalities, as when reading in her marvelous tones of voice "Midsummer Night's Dream," to a packed and delighted audience in the old Berkshire county courthouse, now Sedgwick hall, in Lenox; again accomplishing wonderful feats as an equestrienne along the highways, and even across fields and fences of Southern Berkshire, once reaching the top of Monument mountain on a snow-white

ELAINE GOODALE
(as a child)

THE LONGING HOUR

Old Berkshire — her name makes the gentle
tear drops start —
Fond nurse of my childhood, dear home of my
heart!
No scene so familiar, no landscape so kind
As to blur that first picture graved deep on the
mind,
When fancy ran wild with her riotous brood,
And mystery lurked in the unexplored wood,
When the rill gushed a torrent, the rock towered
so high,
And the child world was bounded by mountain
and sky!

Youth leaves us — Work beckons — reluctance is
vain,
And the child of the hill-top descends to the plain,
Yet, no matter how sweetly life's voices are
blent,
There are moments that stir with a vague dis-
content;
There are rare, lonely hours when he hears in
his dreams
Her breeze-burdened pines and her free flowing
streams;
When a blessed mirage in the distance he sees —
Her fair sloping meadows, her many-armed trees!

Then, Beautiful Berkshire, whatever his lot,
Its hopes, and its cares, and its joys are forgot,
And the pilgrim, the exile, whoever he be,
Turns fondly once more to his childhood and
thee!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.



SKY FARM COTTAGE AS IT WAS

charger, where it was risky even for the foot of man to venture.

Another turn of the scroll, and we see, as if in a faded daguerreotype, the mild, sweet face of Catherine Sedgwick of Stockbridge, whose "Hope Leslie," "Married and Single" and other domestic tales, which were household words indeed when authors were few and books were scarce, as compared with the present day, when "of making books there is no end;" followed closely by Mrs. Charles Sedgwick of Lenox, whose school for young ladies was one of the leading institutions of learning of her time, and who also ranked only a little lower than the gifted wife of her brother in the scale of literary acquirement and excellence.

The open face of Nathaniel Hawthorne meets our gaze with the same grace of personality and modesty of bearing that was his wont when he penned a portion of his famous "Scarlet Letter," in a little cottage near the bor-



ONE OF THE ROOMS SHOWN STRANGERS



"THE DOME" VIEWED FROM "WEST END OF MIDDLE CROSS ROAD"



THE OLD SMITH PLACE, MOUNT WASHINGTON



OLDEST CEMETERY IN THE COUNTY

But the scroll unfolds rapidly, and space for description narrows sensibly. We can only look hastily at Oliver Wendell Holmes, with the admirable bill of fare of his cheerful "Breakfast Table" under his arm; Herman Melville with "Omoo" in one hand and "Typee" in the other; Charlotte Cushman as "Meg Merriles" in "Guy Mannering," or as "Julia" in "The Hunchback." Among the freshest of the pictures of those of literary fame, we see the "Sky Farm" poets, Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, and their parents H. S. and Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, from whom their poetical genius is inherited, and all of whom still remain to furnish the reading public



MOUNT RACE, FROM MOUNT EVERETT



PROFILE ROCK—OLD MAN'S FACE—NEAR EASH BISH



THE "PENNYROYAL ARMS"



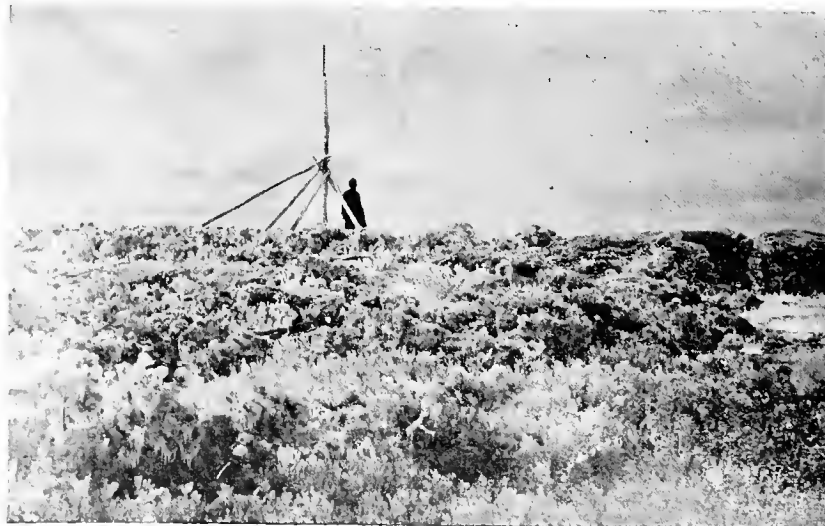
MILO SMITH AND WIFE

ders of Stockbridge Bowl, now modernized into Lake Mahkeenac, and where Stockbridge crowds Lenox to the wall, or rather draws the line between the two towns, almost within the center of the charmed circle, where some of the noted of Lenox's notables "most do congregate."

Then comes G. P. R. James, who crossed the ocean to settle within the shadow of Monument mountain, in Stockbridge, and who, after purchasing a homestead and making preparations to build a fully crowned English residence and make America his home, tired of his investment and went back to his old home, without leaving behind, as a memento of his brief residence in Berkshire, even one of his "solitary horsemen," who had been in the habit of prancing through all his novels.



GUILDER'S POND



MOUNT EVERETT IN WINTER



EVENING

with the products of their gifted and versatile pens. We see E. W. B. Canning of Stockbridge, who but recently laid down the burdens of life, and whose verse in pleasing and cheerful strains, alike with his prose contributions, were popular wherever known.

While many of these have gone on beyond, the panorama would not furnish its full quota of those to whom literary honors are due, without mentioning a few of those who are still with us—Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, Anna L. Dawes and J. E. A. Smith, all of Pittsfield, and who are still active and useful in giving to the world the products of their never too prolific pens.

The scroll pauses for a moment here, until some distinguished representatives of Southern Berkshire pulpits are before us. Among these we note Rev. Dr. John Todd, the almost life-long pastor of the First Congregational church of Pittsfield; Rev. James Bradford, of like length of service as pastor of the Sheffield Congregational church; Rev. Alexander Hyde of Lee, eminent as preacher, teacher and local historian, followed far in the background of gathering years by Rev. Samuel Hopkins, the first Congregational minister of Great Barrington, and his successor, Rev. Sylvester Burt, also of long-time service; Rev. Orville Dewey, born and buried in Sheffield, who won much fame as a scholar and devoted pastor of Unitarian fame, for many years, in New York city; Henry Ward Beecher, whose local habitation was in Brooklyn, while his field was the wide, wide world, and who wrote his famous "Star Papers" and "Norwood," a work of fiction, while a summer resident of Lenox; Rev. C. Edwards Lester,

author of "The Glory and Shame of England," once pastor of the West Stockbridge Congregational church, and Rev. J. T. Headley, traveler and author of fame and merit and an intimate friend and companion of Mr. Lester, often exchanging services with each other during his pastorate in Spencertown, N. Y., an adjoining town of West Stockbridge, with Mr. Headley's foster father, the noted blind preacher, Rev. Timothy Woodbridge.

Once more a halt, and then some prominent characters in connection with political place and preferment appear, including Hon. George N. Briggs of Pittsfield, a former governor of Massachusetts and who went through all the years

of his official life without wearing a shirt collar; Hon. George Hull of Sandisfield, once lieutenant governor of the same state; Hon. Lester Filley of Otis, prominent in both legal and political circles, state senator, etc.; Hon. Henry W. Bishop of Lenox, an eminent lawyer and politician; Hon. Increase Sumner of Great Barrington, of great learning and brusque manners; Hon. John Z. Goodrich of Stockbridge; Hon. H. L. Dawes, Hon. F. W. Rockwell and Hon. John C. Crosby of Pittsfield, who together have rounded out nearly half a century of congressional honors from the Western district of Massachusetts, Mr. Dawes also holding a seat in the Senate of the United States three terms of six years each.

A change of scene, and groups of distinguished families appear, among whom we see the Field family—Rev. David Dudley Field, for a long time pastor of the Congregational church in Stockbridge and his son, David Dudley Field, still in the active conduct of his



ELECTION DAY AT MOUNT WASHINGTON

(Continued on page 96)

DOES FARMING PAY?

AN EXHIBIT OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ENOS HARD-
HACK, BEFORE THE SAUGHCONIC FARMERS' CLUB

Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine* of October, 1880. New Illustrations by
Walter Cox. Copyright reserved by the Author

Wa'al, brother farmers, these is cur'ous days
T' think o' askin' one ef farmin' pays!
I aint no hand to write, but, ez ye please,
I'll try to l'arn ye some o' my idees.
They'll be disj'inted, but yew switch me back
When I get runnin' on another track.

Doos farmin' pay? It sartin doos pay *me*.
Ti this I calc'late yew will have t' 'greee.
I bought thet Guilder farm, some on ye know,
Thirty odd year ago, an' bought it low,
Both farm an' I ez poor — ez poor ez crows
When they air moul'tin'. Darn it all! I s'pose
They wa'n't a fence them days on thet hull farm
'Ould keep the tarnel critters aout o' harm;
An' stun! haow 'mazin' thick they did crop aout.
Fac' trooth they wuz the on'y crop ababout!
The weeds fit everythin' thet gut a stan'.
An' allus 'peared t' hev th' upper han'.
Yew better b'lieve them fust five year 'r so
I hed a pooty tejus row to hoe.
I didn't set daown, much, t' make a plan;
I didn't stan' raoun' like a hired man;
Coat off, 'n' sleeves peeled up, I pitched in rough,
An' made work fly — the days wa'n't long enough;
I jerked them blasted stun aout like Ole Nick.
They grow'd up inter fences 'mazin' quick:
They're there, jest five foot high 'n' four foot thick!
Wa'al, soon ez I hed finished up wall-layin',
I bought a jumpin' steer (paid work in hayin'),
Put 'im in pastur', 'n' he hed ter stay in;
I swapped some rails an' gut two likely caows,
Slickt up my barn 'n' sheds, 'n' patched th' haouse,
Meantimes the corn an' taters wuz a-growin',
An' when the hendy moon-lit nights come on,
An' other boys wuz sparkin', I wuz hoein'.
Still, I own up, I wa'n't contented, quite.
Them caows come inter milk, an' gin a sight.
Farm, dairy, house-work, proved a'most too much.
I tried it on till I got tuckered aout,
Then gut a hired gal t' do some sech
(It cost a dollar a week 'n' faound, abaout),
Sech waste, sech sars, sech shif'less ways she acted,
It druv me fairly ravin' an' distracted!
I couldn't stan' it long; I hadn't orter;
So daown I goes t' see Miss Bills's dorter.
They ast me in, 'n' kep' me there t' tea.
I guessed the widder's place wuz morgidge free;
I knowed thet Hanner wuz alfired smart;
An' so — I made a tendry uv my heart.
She tuk me up. I never rued that day,
An' Square Betts tied us fast without delay.

I sort o' linger on them airly days,
Tho' thet don't 'zac'ly show haow farmin' pays.
With Hanner hitched a raousin' team we made;
Didn't craowd 'n' haul — pulled square. We wa'n't afraid
T' work, up hill 'r daown, in any weather.
We scraped an' saved, 'n' saved 'n' scraped, t'gether,
But scrimpin' never pays on *stock*, ye know:
Cob-meal is fillin', but yer pigs don't grow.
Feed crops an' critters well; depend upon't,
They'll feed yew bread. But don't spect 'lasses on't.
Jes' crawl afore ye run, 'r, sure's yer born,
Bimeby yew'll crawl — the slim eend uv the horn!
Thet tells the story haow, in six short year,
I'd built new barns an' gut the humstead clear.
Uv course I didn't take the papers much,
Ner waste my time on farmin' books 'n' such.
Fine city chaps who don't know "Haw" from "Gee"
Needn't talk thet agriculture voos t' *me*.
Ef they believe in ten-inch ploughin', let 'em;
They'll never see it on *my* farm, I'll bet 'em;
Ef they like buryin' pipes, w'y, let 'em try it,
An' dreen their land — 'n' dreen their pockets by it.
Let 'em keep Jarseys, let 'em see the folly —
They don't sell me their high-priced calves, by golly!
I swow I'm willin' they should "s'il" and "steam,"
An' bring up Short-horn bulls on Jarsey cream.

Yis, yis, I'm willin'; let 'em; but I swan
It makes me sick t' see sech goin's on.

Naow I tell yew, t' fin' what farmin' pays,
Jest come clus hum; study yer neighbor's ways.
Look et — we wun't be pus'nal — call him Black:
No fence, no critters, nothin' — dretful slack!
Huntin' an' fishin' w'ile things go t' rack:
A sportin' farmer 'z baoun' t' be — a shack.



An' then there's White; he's one o' yer stiddy kin';
Looks aout ahead, an' never runs behin';
Follers his plaough, perdooces corn 'n' taters;
He don't resk nothin' 'ith them *speckleaters*.
Gold up er daown, he hain't no call t' worry;
They wun't git red o' his'n in a hurry.
No, no, White's keerful; I'arns us suthin', r'aly;
Wun't drive a hoss t' death he hopes t' sell ye;
But drives a bargain pooty keen, I tell ye.
Green — wonder ef ye know wut's ailin' Green?
He works like blazes, fur ez I hev seen;
No better farm 'n' his'n in Saughconic,
Er savin' wife from Kersnop to Hustonic;
Sober 'z a deacon on a Sabba'-day —



Can't tell rye from Jamaiker, so they say;
Stays to his hum; lives low. Wut hinders, naow,
Thet Green c-a-n't git a livin' et th' plaough?
Wa'al, we've hed dealin's some; I'll tell ye then —
No judgment, more'n a settin' Brahmer hen.
An' thet's the nub on't. Ef ye plan ez he doos,
Yer poor ez Laz'rus wuz — whoever he wuz.

Don't know Brown much, ner mean ter — grumpy feller!
All *his* hard cider couldn't make him meller;
But they du say he's savin' up at las',
Supplyin' village folks with gardin' sass;
He'd orter lay some by, fer yew may bet
He don't fool much on't off t' pay a debt —
Owes me three shillin'. Wa'al, it ain't no gre't.

Le's look et Grey: wust thing 'baout Grey is — books;
Grey reads t' much, 'n' keers t' much fer *looks*;
Believes in puttin' picturs up in haouses,

An' puts on airs, 'n' dassn't wear patched traouses;
Ef 'twa'n't fer money lef' him, goodness knows
He might be naow a-wearin' poor-aouse clo'es.
Wa'al, nut thet I've gut anythin' agin 'im,
On'y I du say they ain't nothin' *in* 'im;
No dicker in 'im, sartin — not a hooter;
C-a-n't swop 'n' make a cent — a cent o' pooter.
Sech farmers scarcely make the salt they're eatin';
They 'pear t' think thet hag'lin's 'z bad ez cheatin';
Mebby it is; ef thet's the way t' figger,
We'd ciphered aout aour jail a leetle bigger
High-Sheriff Root — he'd jist rej'ice t' du it,
App'int more depooties, an' put us thru it.

Ha! wa'al, wa'al, it takes all kin's o' folks, abaout,
T' make a world. I've guessed the reason aout.
Time wuz I wished some on 'em hadn't come
Till arter I wuz borned, an' dead, I vum!
Ye see, these puzzlin' p'int's I understan'
Sence they made ch'ice o' me fer *Se-lec'*man.
Can't all on us be rulers — sakes alive!
'Twun't work t' hev all king-bees in a hive.
Dung 'em an' cultivate 'em ez ye will,
The's alluz some small taters in a hill,
An', p'int o' fac', yer small-p'tater men
Will kin' o' work t' th' bottom uv the ben.

Naow le's go back t' Guilder farm once more.
We worked ten year much like we did afore.
We gut a fam'ly, not by no means small,
An' crops an' barns grew fatter ev'ry fall.
The widder lef' us — kin' o' sudden shock,
She lef' poor Hanner all her Harlem stock.
It went up t' one-ten, 'n' then I sol' it;
One-thirty sence — a fool I didn't hol' it.

Them Yorkers come in thick, 'n' haow lan' riz!
They air some good, I tell ye wut it is.
Rich s'il t' sech chaps ain't no consequence
Ner ain't clean crops, ner ain't a nine-rail fence.
Wut tickles them is traouts 'n' shutin', lots;
Nice air, red clauds, 'n' awful sightly spots;
Yer poorest pastur' hill where wind is ha'sh,
More'n likely is the one thet takes their cash.
But naow them days come on wut teched my pride:
Hanner got off the hooks, an' up an' died.
Thet wuz a darn hard blow. I jes clean lost
The smartest help I ever come acrost.
I vow! I thought I'd ruther 'twould ha' ben
My twenty head o' fatten' steer. But then
She'd gut the young uns pooty well along;
The h'use-work wa'n't a-pressin' quite s'strong;
Aour Jane could cook fer men, 'n' wait upon 'em,
'N' Silas hoe his row 'ith any on 'em;
Might ha' ben wuss; but this ere loss, ye see,
Wuz suthin' more 'an money aout t' me.
I sot gre't store by her; it's kin' o' queer,
My farm-work kep' some back'ard all thet year;
I foun', too, long afore the grave wuz sodded,
Jane couldn't make sech puddins ez her ma did.

Yis, mor'n three months I tuk on like all natur';
But 'twa'n't no use; I knew thet soon er later
I'd gut t' make the best on't. I did so,
An' merried Lyddy Runnels, ez ye know.
She ain't like Hanner wuz, but hez good p'int's,
An' does her work up slick, but can't break j'int's,
An' stop up leaks; 'n' so the farm don't pay
Not nigh so strong ez't didin Hanner's day.

T' show ye, naow she's hed some posies come
An' wastes her val'able time a-ter-din' 'em.
Naow blows thet don't bring fruit, t' *my* idee,
Air wuthless, even ef ye git 'em free.
An' so I tell her; don't du any good;
She'd craowd my onions with 'em, if she could;
I hain't a daoubt, she'd chuse a posy bed
Afore a bed patch o' solid kebbedge head.
Wust on it is, my gals l'arn arter her —
C-a-n't go t' meetin', 'n' c-a-n't hardly stir,
'Ithout admirin' *suthin'*, I declare,
Thet ain't no arthly 'caount t' eat 'r wear.
Sech conduc's sinful, 'n' thet's wut I say:
Live clus, an' lay by fer a rainy day.

Yis, brother farmers, it's the good ol' way:
Workin' an' savin', thet makes farmin' pay.

HENRY S. GOODALE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94)

professional life as counselor at law in New York city, at ninety years of age; Stephen J. Field, chief justice of the United States Supreme Court; the late Cyrus W. Field, who found fame and fortune "when Cyrus laid the cable," the first electrical connection between the Old and New Worlds, and also the first submarine cable ever laid; Rev. Henry M. Field, of wide and well-earned fame as preacher, author, traveler and editor of the New York *Evangelist*; the late Jonathan E. Field, an attorney of prominence in his day, and father of Stephen D. Field, of great native genius and success in the electrical world of to-day; the late Matthew D. Field, who chose a quieter and less exciting business as tiller of the soil in Southwick, Mass.

In a quiet corner of the scroll we see the Dewey family of Sheffield, embracing Rev. Orville Dewey, before mentioned, Prof. Chester Dewey of Rochester New York University, and Mary E. Dewey, who was for many years at the head of a noteworthy and successful school for young ladies, held in the St. David's Dewey homestead, where she still makes her home, and occasionally favors the public with the products of her pen, which are always excellent specimens of good English and sound sentiment. Near this group may be seen Hon. F. A. P. Barnard, the long-time president of New York's Columbia college, and his brother, the late Gen. J. G. Barnard, both of Sheffield birth and ancestry.

The scroll moves more and more rapidly, and we only catch sight of a miscellaneous crowd, among whom press forward ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan of New York, a native and long-time resident of the "hill town" of Washington; the Stockbridge Sedgwicks and Dwights of honorable lineage and much public prominence; the Burts of Sandisfield in large numbers, whose shoes have a name and place of great excellence even at the present day; the

prominently connected with the iron industry, Isaac Seeley, a noted accountant, afterwards postmaster and register of deeds, all of Great Barrington; the late George R. Ives, who gave Great Barrington its first notoriety, in building the Berkshire house, one of the few famed hostleries of the country half a century ago, but which has recently lost its identity in the new and enlarged Berkshire Inn; the late J. D. Cushing, founder and long-time publisher of the Berkshire *Courier*; the late C. C. Alger, founder of the Stockbridge Iron Works, now entirely obliterated, once located near Housatonic village; Owen & Hurlbut of South Lee, paper manufacturers of much position and excellent reputation from 1822 on to the

present time, with divisions and changes that have resulted in one of the largest paper manufacturing establishments of the country — the Hurlbut Paper Company; Platner & Smith at Lee, who with Owen & Hurlbut and D. & J. Ames of Springfield, for many years made nine-tenths of the writing paper of our country; the late Phinehas Allen, who alone established the Pittsfield *Sun*, and with his son, Phinehas, also deceased, conducted it for many years in connection with the book business in Pittsfield.

Too prominently engraved on the tablets of memory to pass by unmentioned appear the names of Misses Sarah, Nancy and Mary Kellogg, whose Great Barrington seminary for young ladies had world-wide reputation and wonderful success in its palmy days; James Sedgwick, for many years principal of the Great Barrington

academy, Marshall Warner of Glendale, Jared Read of Stockbridge, and Rev. Alexander Hyde of Lee, whose schools for boys ranked high among other institutions where the ladder of learning was successfully climbed — all now deceased.

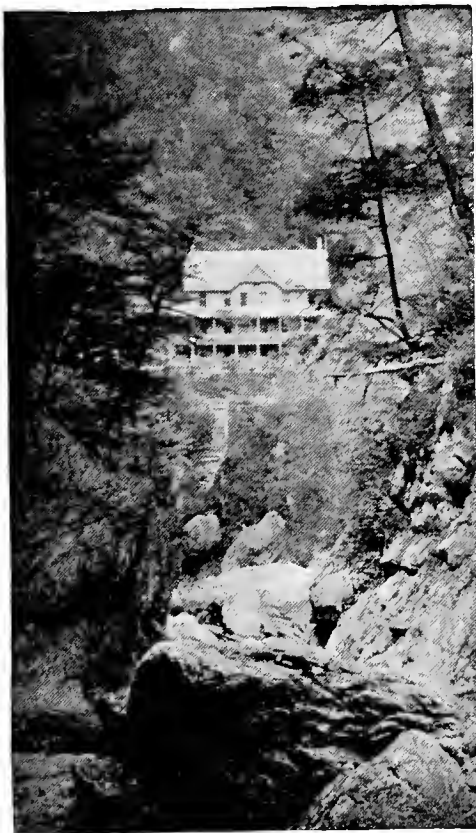
The space allotted for this paper forbids further detail, although names without number could be recalled with a little thought, of those who have been prominently connected with the active life of Southern Berkshire, during all the years of the last half-century, and while I must not particularize farther, I cannot turn the scroll of memory before me, without looking at Elihu Burritt, who hammered iron by day, and obtained his education in study



ENTRANCE TO BASH RISH



A MILL ON THE DOUGLASS ESTATE



RAVINE AT BASH RISH

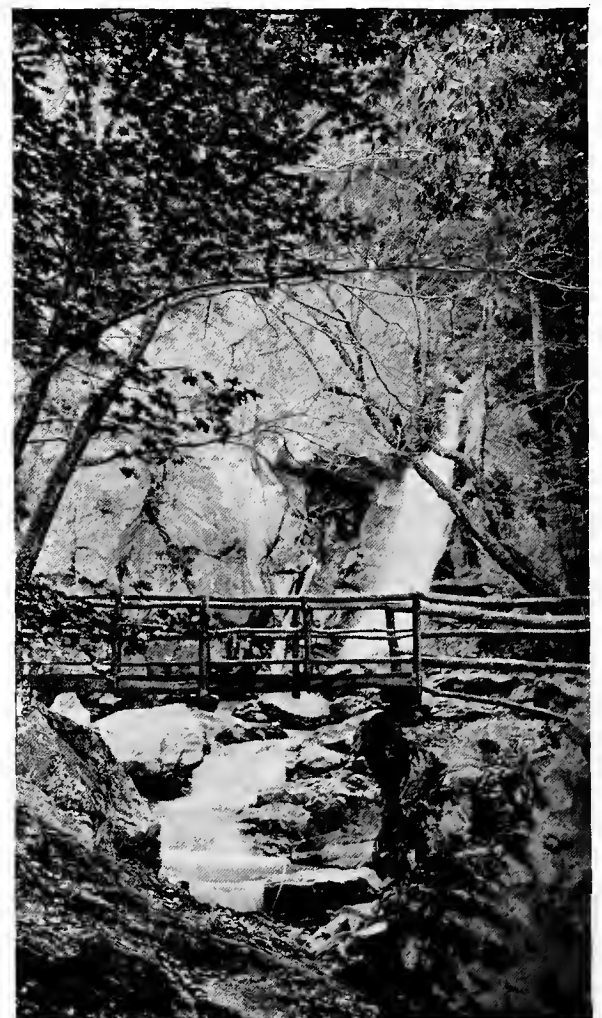
Ensigns of Sheffield, who were held in high estimation in official and legal circles; the Deweys of Alford, now represented before the world by Judge Justin Dewey of Springfield and the Massachusetts Superior Court: Merchants Buell & Sheldon, and the Friedleys and Fuays of West Stockbridge, of fame and prominence in the forties,

by the light of his forges at night, in a little unpainted blacksmith's shop in the quiet village of New Marlboro.

Northern Berkshire, too, has had and still has an equally fruitful field from which to glean interesting reminiscence, but the story should be told by some one whose acquaintance and intimacies have been acquired by actual residence near unto or in sight of Greylock, as mine have been from long sojournings within easy reach of the Dome of the Taghkanics.

fifties and sixties, the first as successful country store keepers who were held in high regard throughout all the region round about, and the two latter, noted men, who quarried marble and sent it almost to the ends of the earth; the Plunketts of Pittsfield, Hinsdale and Adams, successful manufacturers, merchants and eminent in life insurance circles; Hinsdales and Kittredges of Hinsdale; Pomeroy's, Pollocks and Learned's of Pittsfield; Cranes, Carsons and Westons of Dalton, who have always held a proud position as leading paper manufacturers of our country and of the world at large, as well.

Of memorable and notable business leaders all along the way, we must not fold the scroll until we may see such men as A. C. & J. C. Russell, better known for a long series of years as the Berkshire Woolen Company, John H. Coffing,



BASH RISH FALLS BRIDGE



SECOND FALL AT SAGE'S RAVINE

SAGE'S RAVINE AND "BASH BISH" COMPARED.—Henry Ward Beecher, in his "Star Papers," thus refers to the two principal natural attractions of the southwestern part of the county:

"Sage's Ravine is the antithesis of Bash Bish. Sage's Ravine, not without grandeur, has its principal attractions in its beauty; Bash Bish, far from destitute of beauty, is yet most remarkable for grandeur. Both are solitary, rugged, full of rocks, cascades, grand waterfalls, and a savage rudeness tempered to beauty and softness by various and abundant mosses, lichens, flowers, and vines. I would willingly make the journey once a month from New York to see either of them."



A FALL NEAR BEAR ROCK

LOOK Nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All changed; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn; Winter, gray,
Hoared with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, with his golden fruits, away,
Then melts into Spring;—soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

Young.

What I have mentioned, although but a tithe of what might be added "in the same subject continued," tells, without further comment, the simple story of why the hills and homes of Berkshire have become so famous as to cause a popular demand for what is here presented—PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE.

CLARK W. BRYAN.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMB

An agreeable excursion from Sheffield is the ascent of the beautiful mountain which broods with wide-stretched wings over the Housatonic valley at that point, and lends an element of strong



THE DOUGLASS COTTAGE AND GROUNDS

and assured peace to the landscape. The people near about call it the High Peak, a name expressing rather respect for its altitude than appreciation of its gently rounded form, and the dwellers in Stockbridge and Lenox, as they see its calm height on their southern horizon, speak of it as the Dome, or the Dome of the Taghkonics, but they who have loved it long and well in Sheffield call it simply Taghkonik, the name given it ages ago by the Indian tribes, who have so vanished from their ancient homes that their nomenclature is almost their only memorial. The preservation of such relics of a past time and people is of great interest to the archæologist as well as the poet, and for the sake both of science and sentiment, it is unfortunate that modern geologists, ignoring tradi-

tion, thought fit some fifty years ago to clap a new name upon this venerable pile, setting it down on maps and charts as Mount Everett, which, although a good name in itself, and commemorative of a great orator, is yet absurd and impertinent for the rebaptism of a mountain. One can imagine the crags drawing back from the scientific front like the old Scandinavian chief, who preferred being damned with his ancestors to going to glory under a new name and with unknown associates.

The young and strong can climb Taghkonik on foot from the very base, but most people choose the roundabout carriage road for the greater part of the way, and reserve their legs for the final ascent, where nothing else can avail them. The drive itself is a great delight, and best of all in the latter part of June, when the mountain laurel

(Continued on page 100)



UPPER FALL AT SAGE'S RAVINE



JUST OVER THE LINE



BASH BISH FALLS

FALLS OF THE BASH BISH

High pacing clouds around Taconic sweep,
Losing their vaporous bodies in her hills;
Down whose rough sides the newborn waters leap,
Breaking in light cascades and sparkling rills,
Till many streamlets one broad current fills
That through a gorge its mazy way hath found
With murmuring voice that soothing thought instills
Till where a chasm yawns beneath profound,
It leaps a rocky ledge with one delicious bound.

Rolling and tumbling down its rocky bed,
Onward the struggling water cleaves its way,
Round fallen trees, through mimic caverns led
O'er jutting rocks dashing the foaming spray
Now wreathed in shapes fantastically gay;
Now torn, distracted, writhing as in pain,
Wandering as if it knew not where to stray,
Then, like a charger managed by the rein,
Gathering its scattered strength, it leaps a chasm again.

C. F. D.



THE DOUGLASS COTTAGE

BERKSHIRE SO BONNY

Oh, Berkshire, so bonny!
With wild glen and stream —
With the billowy hill sweep,
The shadow and gleam!
Oh, sunshine and summer!
How sweet ye will seem,
When ye come back again
In the light of a dream!

When the snow whirls in drifts,
As the wild northern gust,
When the sweet wild-wood flowers
Are ashes and dust —
Oh, brighter than ever
Thy beauties shall rise,
A fair summer vision,
To gladden my eyes —
Fair June on the hills,
And a smile in the skies.

Anon.



PREPARING TO FLOAT AND FISH

AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

I climbed a rugged mountain decked with trees,
Towards heaven toiling painfully and slow,
And ever stronger grew the playful breeze
That laughing softly beat the saplings low.

Upward, still upward, over black ravines,
Clutching at thorny vines and jutting spurs,
I struggled towards the peak where from grand scenes
Burst, like a dream, on nature's worshippers.

The Swiss may boast of towering mounts of snow,
With Alpine wild flowers cowering on their breasts;
Fair France may be exultant in the glow
Of sunny vales and vine-crowned crests.



BASH BISH BROOK

THE BASH-A-BISH

Bash-a-Bish, daughter of rough old Taconic,
Sleeping with Winter's cold hand on her lips,
Hears the deep murmur of far Housatonic,
Waves her white arms and to seaward she slips;
Gem of the Berkshire hills,
Queen of a thousand rills,
Joy to the forest her gay laughter brings —
Low bend the stately trees,
Hushed is the passing breeze,
Summer will come if the Bash-a-Bish sings.

High on the mountain side—low in the meadow,
Ever impatiently seeking the sea,
Here in the sunshine, and there in the shadow,
Maker of marvelous music is she;
Fern-fringed the rocky ledge,
Moss-hung the misty edge,
Quiver the junipers over the brink —
Wrapped in a fleecy shroud
White as the summer cloud
Bash-a-Bish plunges, in crystal to sink.

Siren of Solitude! ever her singing
Follows the wanderer, distant afar,
Unbidden memory, quietly bringing
Dreams of a day that no future can mar
Welcome her song of cheer
Ringing so sweet and clear,
Woven fast into the web of our lives;
Heard in the glare of light,
Heard in the hush of night,
Heaven's benediction the Bash-a-Bish gives.

LAURA SANDERSON.



FALLS AT SAGE'S EAVINE

Oh, wondrous hill, from whose exalted brow
I watched far, sky-loved mountains, and the vale
Through which, like silver serpent, then and now,
A living river shone with splendor pale;

But, Berkshire Hills, your loveliness need fear
Nor Gallic plains nor Switzers' world-famed mounts,
More fair, more free, your beauty bloometh here,
Than all the charms that Europe proudly counts.

FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

SOME PECULIAR CHARACTERS

Every section of the country doubtless has boasted, at one time or another, of one or more peculiar and eccentric characters, or uncouth, wild or uncanny people, and Berkshire has been no exception to the rule. To recite the incidents connected with even a few of these individuals would require some time, and

space would be filled in such a book as PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE at an alarming rate. Yet I am urged to tell a few stories.

When in youthful dreams I wander, no more picturesque character stands before me than a man whom I will call "Jake," for short. He was one of those peculiar people, without education, whose dialect is unwritten, and whose ori-



JAKE

gin was—well, nobody knows where. As "Topsy" said, they must have "just grown." "Jake" was in the vicinity of sixty years of age when I knew him best, and lived alone in a log cabin on a lonely road that skirted along the mountain-side. He was very indolent and had no visible means of support except a fishing pole, a tin pail, and an old six-footer English fowling piece, all of which it was his invariable custom to carry with him when away from home. He was followed by a white and yellow spotted hound, the ears and tail of which were his most prominent points. Altogether, "Jake" was not, when fully equipped for a foraging expedition, a person calculated to inspire one with confidence as to the advancement of civilization. I remember well that children did not care to meet the man at a distance of more than five rods from a house, when going to and from school.

One morning in the late autumn, "Jake" called at the home of a farmer, for a friendly chat and an opportunity to toast his shins at a civilized kitchen fire, when the farmer took the opportunity to ask him some questions concerning his health, prospects for the winter, the condition of his larder, etc., knowing that the previous winter had been a hard one for "Jake." The fellow replied, "Vell, I haf laid me down a bar'l of goot fat woodchucks, an' a bar'l of goot fat skunks, an' ef I can't lif better this winter as I did las' I'd's lief go to heaven's t'—!"

"Dick" was another character whose lean, angular form and pleasant features I vividly remember. He, too, was a man without learning, but what he lacked in education he made up by showing the seeming uselessness of it to himself, through his most ludicrous stammering. It was his custom to visit neighboring villages with a handcart. This was his only means of conveying supplies to a large family of children, at stated periods, and it also generally carried a liberal quantity of fiery fluid, which he used, not to lubricate

the axles of his cart, but his throat, very frequently. At one time, when on his homeward journey, he was overtaken by two of his neighbors, farmers, who were driving a spirited pair of horses, and he was invited to fasten his cart to the rear of the wagon and to get into the cart, which he seemed glad to do. After jogging along for a mile or two, the farmers, occupying a seat side by side in the front of the wagon, conceived the idea of treating "Dick" to a little variety of locomotion. There was a short turn in the road a little distance ahead, and they whipped up and soon brought the horses into a 2.47 gait. As they reached the bend in the road, both horses on a run, "Dick" was seated in the bottom of his cart, a hand grasping each side of it, toes straight up and face very small compared with the size of his eyes. One wheel of the cart was straining every joint in its endeavor to keep up with the wagon and co-operate in sustaining the weight which belonged to its mate, which was whirling in mid-air; while "Dick" shouted, "D-d-d-d-d-d"—but they had rounded the curve, and the cart had assumed its



"Gentlemen, we must have less order!"

neighbor in question, the plaintiff, and inquired if he had secured conveyance to the seat of justice, for himself and witnesses, which he learned were the wife, three or four grown-up daughters and a son. Upon being informed that they expected to walk, Mr. S—, the defendant, being a man of kindly disposition, courteously offered them the privilege and pleasure of a ride with him behind a pair of fine dapple-greys, an offer which was quickly accepted! After breakfast Mr. S— harnessed his horses to the farm wagon and drove over after the litigant family. As most of the party were women he insisted that it would be unbecoming to ride without seats, and he therefore suggested

that each member bring a chair and place it in the wagon, which was accordingly done, and the happy family enjoyed, probably, their first ride for years. When B— was reached, the case was called, and as Mr. S— had no witnesses, the case was decided against him, through simple preponderance of evidence. After transacting some other business he went to the place where his horses were tied, and found the plaintiff-neighbor and all his witnesses—the family—cosily seated and impatiently waiting for the homeward ride. This was something like "riding a free horse to death," and whether Mr. S— so decided or not, a limit had been reached in his good nature, his manner had changed since morning, and he sternly ordered each member of the family to get out of the wagon, take out his chair and walk home, which—as they could do no better—it is needless to say they did, carrying their chairs with them.

GEORGE S. WHITBECK.



"D-d-d-d-d-d don't drive so fast!"

natural position before "Dick" had time to say "Don't drive so fast!"

Jack P— was one whose English seemed to be at variance with those of our college professors, and he was wont to use words which had no meaning, or which he did not know the significance of. Because of his readiness to freely express his opinions he was elected constable at a town meeting, and the "house" becoming rather boisterous, Jack was called upon by the moderator to preserve order, whereupon he mounted a seat and shouted, "Now see here, boys, we must have less order!" In relating an incident connected with his domestic affairs, Jack said, "My wife has got the immaterial for a new



TAKING ANOTHER CONVEYANCE HOME



APPROACHING EGREMONT FROM THE SOUTH

de-lis, which lends its patrician grace to these poor surroundings with true French adaptability, and patiently bears its emigrant name of flower-de-luce. The men are already in the fields, but the women turn from their early work to look at you through the open doors, and the children, with sun-bleached hair and bare feet, peep and peer at you as you pass. Soon all sight of human habitation disappears and you enter the shade of great oaks and chestnuts; the mountain begins to enfold you, and here you will do well to send the wagon forward to await you at a spring half-way up the ravine, and, staying till it is out of hearing, walk on in the enchanted solitude to which it will leave you. The great walls of forest rise on either hand; far below on the left, the brook whose waters originally carved this huge cleft in the hillside, tinkles and splashes over its stony path; looking across, the dark pines, stern amid the summer trees whose soft value they accentuate, "Fledge the wild ridged mountains steep by steep," and looking back the wide horizon to the northeast begins to gleam through the large



A VIEW AT EGREMONT



HARMON POND, NEAR SCENE OF SHAYS' FIGHT



THE BUSINESS CENTER, SOUTH EGREMONT



VIEW NEAR THE MOUNT EVERETT HOUSE

portals, with its tender azure shades of distance, so relieved by the vigorous foreground as to seem almost as if they belonged to another planet. All around is luxuriant foliage. Between the ferns and vines and mosses on the ground, and the stately growth of maple and beech, chestnut, hickory, elm and oak overhead is the endless profusion of rich, intermingled undergrowth that catches and reflects, with myriad forms and shades of verdure, the flickering light that

A MOUNTAIN CLIMB

(Continued from page 97)

(*kalmia latifolia*) is in blossom. In an open wagon, with strong horses, and starting soon after sunrise, so as to taste the first delicious freshness of the day and see the unwonted revelations of the slant early rays from the east, you drive six or seven miles through a lovely country to Guilder Hollow, where the long mountain road begins to climb steadily upward through a wooded ravine. At first there are a few houses by the wayside, small cabins with each its patch of oats and corn and potatoes, its straggling orchard and its scanty garden, where, nevertheless, you are sure to see a few sunflowers, a rosebush or two, and perhaps a tuft of the fleur-



VIEW FROM THE ACADEMY, SOUTH EGREMONT



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



LOOKING SOUTH BELOW FACTORY, SOUTH EGREMONT



THE OLD ACADEMY

falls through the green roof above. Along the path, and far in the deep recesses of the forest, shine the splendid blossoms of the laurel in pink or white masses, sometimes sheeting a whole hillside with rosy foam under the tall trees,

and then tempting you close at hand with magnificent globed clusters of beautiful flowers and vase-shaped buds, set in a frame of what Bryant called—

"The laurel's fair, imperial leaf."

The dewy freshness of morning is upon everything, the sweet breath of the woods bears ineffable ecstasy to the sense, and the tonic of the upland air begins to brace each nerve. The

wayside spring is soon reached, and a draught of its delicious water prepares man and beast for the toil beyond.

Two or three miles more of moderate ascent through the forest bring the traveler to a broad piece of tableland, where houses and farms reappear. The first of these is

Sky Farm, the picturesque old house where the Goodale sisters nourished their young poetic dreams, and wrote "Apple-blossoms." This part of the mountain is the township, for it cannot be called the village of Mount Washington, and it is difficult to conceive a less attractive district. Raised two thousand feet from the sea, the crests around it look like low hills, and it is simply a very dull bit of country. Yet, as a base for fine excursions on every side, and on account of its remarkably pure and invigorat-



A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY



DISTRICT SCHOOL



THE MOUNT EVERETT HOUSE



AN AUTUMN DAY ON MAIN STREET



VIEW NEAR THE BUSINESS CENTER



THE AXLE FACTORY



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE IRON BRIDGE, SOUTH EGREMONT



MAIN STREET AND ROAD TO HILLSDALE, NORTH EGREMONT

ing atmosphere, it draws a crowd of summer boarders, and the old farmhouses swarm with people in big hats and carrying long walking sticks. For two or three miles you drive through this very uninteresting region, seeing indeed the Dome before you, but deprived of all its majesty, it looking merely like a big rocky hill. The sun begins to be hot, and you would begin to fancy yourself tired, were it not for the astonishing energy which you inspire with every breath of the wonderful air. Suddenly you turn through bars into the very worst road you ever saw, all rocks and holes, and you jolt and pitch through the woods for a couple of miles, till a grassy glade invites you to rest, and



MAIN STREET, NORTH EGREMONT

through the whole length of Berkshire to Greylock and the mountains of Vermont. On the east is the fertile Housatonic valley, with villages set along the banks of its winding river, and rolling hills beyond. To the south, with the beautiful Salisbury lakes for a foreground, the eye ranges far over quiet Connecticut, while looking westward the ample valley of the Hudson unrolls its luxuriance, bounded by the delicate skyline of the Catskills, on whose pale-blue front the Mountain house shows like a white speck, and on the river below, gleaming here and there through the distance, you may perhaps distinguish the smoke of a passing steamboat. The Adirondacks



MONDAY IN NORTH EGREMONT

"Half the world is in the tubs,
Or on the lines adrying."

to unpack the timely baskets which have lain perdue all this while in the wagon. Never did luncheon taste so good as this woodland feast, and it gives you courage in good time, for now begins the tug of war. The horses are tethered, all impediments left behind, and you set your breast to a steep, narrow path, twisting among rocks, where you use your hands about as much as your feet. It is called half a mile to the summit, but by the time you get there you will vow you have scrambled two miles, and every joint will have had a share in the work. There is little or no view on the way, because it runs through a thick growth of low birches at first, and higher up, is shut in by scrub oak and dwarfed pines, but near the top there is one glorious burst of vision from a jutting crag to the east, and when, hurrying on, you stand upon the bare rocks of the highest point, and see the immense horizon on every side and the far-spread glory of the firmament above, all fatigue is forgotten, sensation is lost, and your whole soul is lifted up in awe and reverent joy. You are alone, though in a crowd, and feel admitted to the secrets of eternal life.

Wordsworth has given voice to such emotion —

"In such access of 'mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Tho't was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;

Rapt into still communion that
transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer
and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving
to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!"

Taghkonic is three thousand feet above tide water, and two thousand three hundred feet higher than Sheffield. From its isolated position, it commands a larger tract of country than many loftier summits. You look north



BAPTIST CHURCH



METHODIST CHURCH

loom farther north, and the Shawangunk mountains show faint and low down the valley. You are too high and everything is too remote for picturesque effect, but for the grand, uplifting sense of vast infinitude and for the exhilarating thrill that runs through the veins of the true mountain lover on reaching a commanding height, few places are better than the solitary crest of Taghkonic.

MARY E. DEWEY.

How various his employments, whom
the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that world a busy idler to
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his
pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim,
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him
abroad.

Cowper.



THE LINE OF BEAUTY IN THE HIGHWAY — ALFORD

NOT "TO THE MANOR BORN"

A Mount Washington boy, who years ago drove teams for the city boarders in that town, and showed them about generally over that wonderfully picturesque region, tells many funny stories of his experiences with those whose lives were mostly spent within sight only of the brick and stone walls of the metropolis. Once he noticed that a party in his charge were very much attracted by the antics of a rampant bull in a pasture on their route, and he had little difficulty in overhearing remarks of more than ordinary interest, it may be imagined, to a country youth:

"Mamma," said a young lady, after a long study of the ferocious animal, "is that a bull?"

"Mamma" adjusted her eyeglasses, and after a long, critical stare at his Taurian majesty, said, with an agonizing drawl, "N-o-o, my deah, that is a gentleman cow!"

The coachman of one of the New York parties was a handsome, sturdy Irishman, "right



A BIT OF WOODLAND — ALFORD



ALONG THE SEEKONK — ALFORD



A GLIMPSE BY THE ROADSIDE

from Cork." He was a fine specimen of athletic manhood, and one day, walking out with our country boy, he proposed a swim in the river whose banks they were resting upon. "I have na had a shwim since I left Cork," said Pat. No sooner proposed than both were divesting themselves of their clothes, but the Irishman was soonest at the water and striking for the opposite shore, with magnificent, powerful strokes. Soon, however, out of the stillness of the early summer evening, came the croak of a gigantic bullfrog. It was a loud, blatant bellow for one of this species, and commonplace as it might have been to the boy, to the man



IN TOWN — ALFORD



COMING INTO THE TOWN

from Cork—the land where St. Patrick laid out the frogs and snakes so many years ago—it was something new and startling. The boy, telling the story, says that the Irishman turned end over end in his fright and hurry to get back to the shore he started from. As soon as he recovered his breath, he inquired,



THE UNION CHURCH



ON ROAD FROM ALFORD TO SOUTH EGREMONT



TOWN HALL, ALFORD

"Me bye, phat was that croaked at me?" The youngster told him it was only a frog, and that it could not harm him.

"Och! but the dirty baste—catch me bathin' in the same water with him. Ohone! Oh, no, oh, no!"

Considering the probability of Patrick's fellowship with or contiguity to the wharf rats the last time he bathed near the Cork docks, the change of scene and companionship was suggestive, but tastes vary the world over.

WHAT WAS IN GRAND-MOTHER'S CHEST

We sat the other evening in grandma's room, close by the large chest of drawers, which had been grandma's mother's. In an idle moment I had been brushing up the brasses with a handkerchief, and that I suppose led grandma to recall the following details:

"That chest of drawers were your grandmother's mother's, my child. They are better than any you can find now—cherry clear through—solid cherry. Now

they make them of pine, with a little veneer. My father made those doors with his own hands, and they were the only ones which we had for years, and I remember distinctly what my mother kept in them, years and years ago. In one drawer was a piece of copperplate folded up—copperplate was a kind of calico,

heavy and glossy—and she bought it before she was married, for a field bedstead. You know what they called field bedsteads, and she had to keep it years and years before she could get the bedstead, and at last it began to crack in the folds, and then she had to make it up. In the same drawer with that was a very nice bedquilt, pieced all of new pieces, in a very curious way, and she kept that a great many years before she could get money enough to buy the cotton and lining. I remember that it was quite an event when at last it was made up. Then in the drawer above was my sister Sally's clothes. (Sally died, you know.) Her dresses (and shoes all fitted to the shape of her feet) were there. She had a very pretty foot, and I remember that she had a pair of morocco shoes. That was a wonderful thing then. My mother kept her infants' wardrobes there, too. Her last babies had more things, I think, than we older ones. Henry [Senator Henry Laurens Dawes] had some very pretty dresses. One was pink—they had colored dresses more then than now—pink trimmed with a green



ON THE WAY TO ALFORD



OLD APPLE TREES

cord. Well, that copperplate, when at last she had made it up, she could buy nothing to trim the scallops with. It had very rich colors—green was one, I think. Well, you know Becky Richardson—Dwight Richardson's daughter—she got to taking opium, and the doctor supplied her with it for a great many years, and at last she was heavily in his debt, and he told her that if there was any work my mother wanted done, that she could do, she might do it, and so my mother had her make some fringe to trim the scallops with. She could make fringe in a very curious way. My mother got some yarn and colored it green. First she made it yellow with smartweed and then she dipped it in the blue dye and that made green, you know. Blue and yellow make green, and out of that Becky made the fringe. It was about—so wide, and my mother sewed it on, and it looked very nicely. These were some of the things that

(Continued on page 106)



"CURVED IS THE LINE OF BEAUTY"



ALFORD POST-OFFICE

A POTATO FORTUNE

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Rob Granger was not lazy. No, but when the sun was hot, and across the fields he could see the cool, tree-shaded river border, he did not like to have a big fork put in his hands and be told he must go to digging potatoes.

A potato field is at best so hot and dry! The shrivelled tops are disagreeable to the touch and every time the soil is dug into, a cloud of dust rises. It is hard enough to go at it in the morning, harder to take the work up again when dinner has been eaten, and hardest of all to stick to it through the long hours of the afternoon. But Rob knew he had to do the work whether he liked it or not.

In the story books he had read of the way people dug and dug until they found gold. But that potato field seemed a very unlikely place for such happenings, and then these lucky ones were always told beforehand about the matter and were watched over by some good fairy; besides Rob was twelve years old and he didn't believe that kind of stories any more. He knew that when he had dug two rows he must go and pick up the potatoes he had thrown out in a straggling row along the furrow.

First he must pick out the good ones, then go back for the poorer ones. After that the next two rows must be dug and picked up; and then there were other rows, beyond those, stretching away clean across the field.

Rob had thought out several fine ideas of how he could employ himself were he rid of this work. He had thought how it would seem on the cool piazza, and how it would seem in the border of the woods or on the logs out in the river. Then the bright thought came—he would make believe he was having a fine time digging potatoes. He would say that every potato was something precious and a field of potatoes meant a fortune.

Rob had always imagined it must be a fine thing to have lots of money. So now he made himself think he was raking it in every time his fork went into the ground and was pulled forth again. Every time he turned out a potato he made believe it was a piece of his fortune brought to the surface, and every one he picked up he called a "something" hoarded away or put in the bank. And the bigger the potato was the bigger was its value in his make-believe.

Before he knew it his eyes were glistening, and as he bent to his work he forgot how hard it was. To his mind this was a whole field of riches, and if he only unearthed them, he might have them all.

Then he imagined the end come, and he was saying to his mother, just as returning sailors did, "I am now a rich man. You needn't work any more, little mother. Just sit down on the piazza and read. Don't sew and don't think of kitchen work. Your servants

shall attend to that. And, mother, I made all this money on a field of potatoes."

Over the field he went, forking the treasures from the ground, and the rows became fewer, and his bags of wealth became many and full. Truly, he could feel himself a rich man.

He was a banker; his bank the field; his wealth the bags of potatoes on every hand and his increase made him very happy.

Then quick the fork would come down into the ground, deep driven enough to bring up a whole hill of potatoes at a time in response to his vigorous pull.



A CONTENTED MIND



BETTER THAN GREAT RICHES

The river border, the edge of the woods, the hammock on the piazza, that had been the sirens of Rob's early day were faded away before this pleasure of getting rich.

Rob was strong enough and earnest enough to keep up his practical play, and between thoughts there stole over him a gladness that he was making so much progress in getting the potatoes ready for market. Father would say, "You did well, Rob," and mother would give the father's words a happy echo, and he would say—to himself—"I am a rich man"—and to the boys at school—"I dug more potatoes than ever did a boy in the district, the last day off from school."

When at the close of the hot harvest day, night fell upon the potato field and a hungry boy sat down at supper, father and mother said to him even more than his imagination had made them say. And at bedtime, it was a tired boy who laid himself down and fell into the perfect sleep he had so well earned.

What more priceless possession have even the wealthiest at a day's end?

M. A. RYAN.

A SUMMER MORNING IN BERKSHIRE.—The morning came up in clouds, the clouds grew to mist, and the mist rolled out of the valley, and hung, rugged and wild, upon the mountain side. All the trees do clap their hands in the merry wind that now, unburdened of its moisture, runs nimbly through the sunny air. We open the front door, and sit upon its threshold. We look out under the maple trees that shade the yard, over fields, across to the mountain sides, that now stand in the freshest, deepest green. We take our book, and holding it with folded hands behind us, we walk, with uncovered head, up and down the road before the house, beneath the trembling shadows which the maples cast westward—shadows that play upon the ground in gold and dark, as the small wind opens and shuts the spaces of the trees to the sunlight! This is perfect rest. The ear is full of birds' notes, of insects' hum, of the barn-yard clack of hens and peeping chickens; the eye is full of noble, outlined hills, of meadow-growing trees, of grass glancing with light shot from a million dewdrops, and of the great heavenly arch, unstained with cloud, from side to side without a note or film; filled with silent, golden ether, which surely descends on such a morning as this from the very hills of heaven. Angels have flown through it, and exhaled their joys, as flowers leave their perfume in the evening air.—*"The Star Papers."*

AUTUMN

When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster's on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that is still dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
Nature, the beautiful, is near

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'ershades, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom less transient than her own.

Cowper.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104)

my mother kept in her drawers, and I can remember now just how they looked, years and years ago."

C. D. N.

QUIET, SLUMBROUS SHEFFIELD

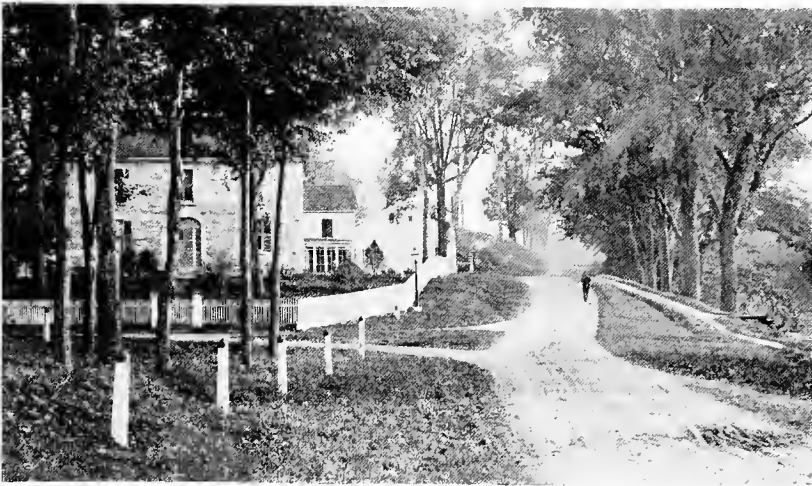
Aella Greene thus writes of the beautiful town of Sheffield:

The uneasy spirit of this mad age has not yet entered every New England village, to the driving out of the spirit of calmness and content. And one of these thus far spared the unrest of the times is the southernmost town of Berkshire. This fact, beautiful in the history of Sheffield, seems evident



SHAKER MILLS, WEST STOCKBRIDGE

as coming from the teeming, warring outer world, one enters the quiet central village of the old town, and prepared for serenity by the sweetness and calmness of Lenox, Stockbridge and Barrington, through which he has journeyed, saunters along the wide and well-shaded principal street, drinking in the slumbrousness that pervades the old elm-bordered aisle. And, meditating on the peaceful life of the people and the fragrant memories of that lover of nature and of humanity, the Unitarian divine, Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, the visitor continues in his course to the tree that is so large and so well proportioned that in a town full of elms it is known as "the" Sheffield elm. Worship at this shrine over, the traveler, with an



SOUTH END OF THE TOWN



ON ROAD TO GREAT BARRINGTON



CENTRE SCHOOL-HOUSE



SCHOOL CHILDREN IN THE MINING DISTRICT

ever growing consciousness of the welcome that this elm and other elms, and other trees, wave him, and the consciousness that he needs the humanizing of this spirit of calmness, retraces his steps to the hospitable home of a friend, or the inviting village inn. The jaunt at morning, along the country roadways, out from the village, gives views of farms of considerable fertility, and of

some that, truth to tell, have a light soil which is barren in spots. Sheffield is, on the whole, a good grazing town, and dairying is quite a thing with the farmers, as witness the thousands and



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



TOWN HALL

thousands of quarts of milk shipped every week by daily installments to the great markets of Gotham.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

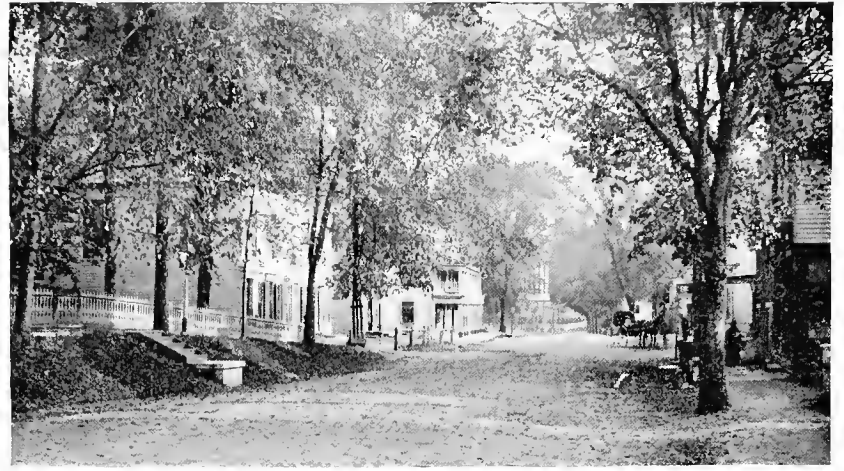
Byron.



RAILWAY STATION



DOWN HILL TO WEST STOCKBRIDGE TOWN



MAIN STREET FROM WATERING PLACE

RICHMOND REMINISCENCES

Rev. David Perry was the parson of Richmond for nearly fifty years. Like Michael Balwhidder of Scottish fame, "he was a vehement thrasher of the Word, making the chaff and vain babblings of unbelievers fly from his hand." But the parson's opposite neighbor and parishioner was an avowed unbeliever. At that time there were strolling people traveling through the country who had no money to pay for "putting up at the tavern." They stopped at houses for food and a night's lodging. The parson's opposite neighbor was quite a close man, and when

these people begged a shelter for the night he invariably asked, "Be you the Lord's poor, or the Devil's poor?" The strangers would naturally reply, "We hope we are the Lord's poor." "Cross right over on the other side, then," the neighbor would reply in a quaint way, "the parson lives there; he keeps the Lord's poor."

A century ago Richmond was one of the leading towns of the county and took first premiums in a notable way at the "cattle shows" and county fairs." An old settler told of seeing one hundred oxen yoked together and chained in a



FROM THE DEPOT BRIDGE, WEST STOCKBRIDGE



CAPT. JACOB NORTH



ON THE WILLIAMS RIVER



THE IRON MINES



ENTERING WEST STOCKBRIDGE

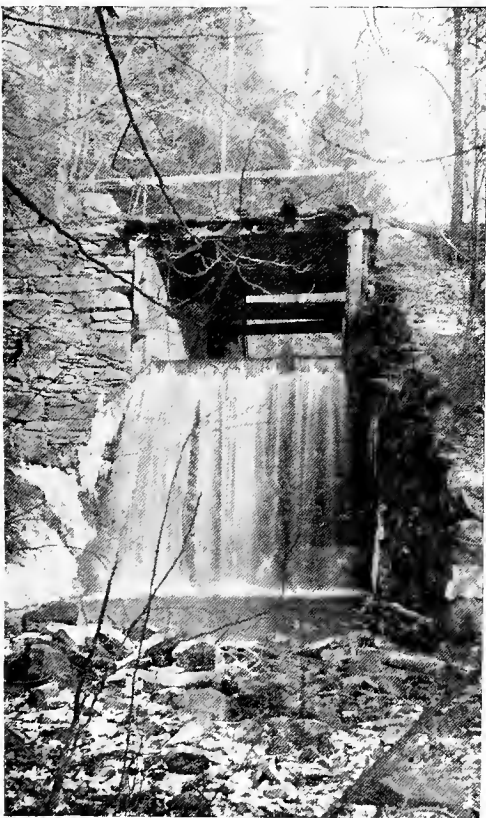


VIEW NEAR THE DEPOT, RICHMOND

long procession, going from Richmond to the "Fair." Nowhere else but in Richmond could one hundred such fine oxen be found. The first Leghorn bonnet ever seen at the county fair was made by a young girl in Richmond, who cut the Leghorn grass in the swamp, bleached it in the sun and braided it into a bonnet, and not a girl in the whole town knew of her enterprise until they saw it on exhibition at the fair. The committee on premiums awarded her five dollars for her handiwork.

There was a noted weaver woman, living on one of the bleak hill-tops, who designed intricate patterns for her linen and woolen manufactures. The workings of her loom were so much admired, that women came, not only from the adjacent towns to get their coverlets and tablecloths woven; but from Albany and Hartford, as well. Married women, however, seem to have had but little identity of their own at that age of the town. In turning over an old church manual of Richmond, we find in the list of the membership wives recorded after this manner: "The wife of Nathan Cogswell," "The wife of Dr. Crocker," "The wife of Erastus Rowley." As some of the husbands of these women were non-professors, it seemed quite a novel way of recording the membership.

The parson pastured his cows on Perry's Peak, and there being a large number of "olive branches" in the way of boys in the parson's family, they took turns in driving the cows to and from pasture, the distance being so great that it was quite a journey, morning and evening.



BELOW THE DAM, RICHMOND



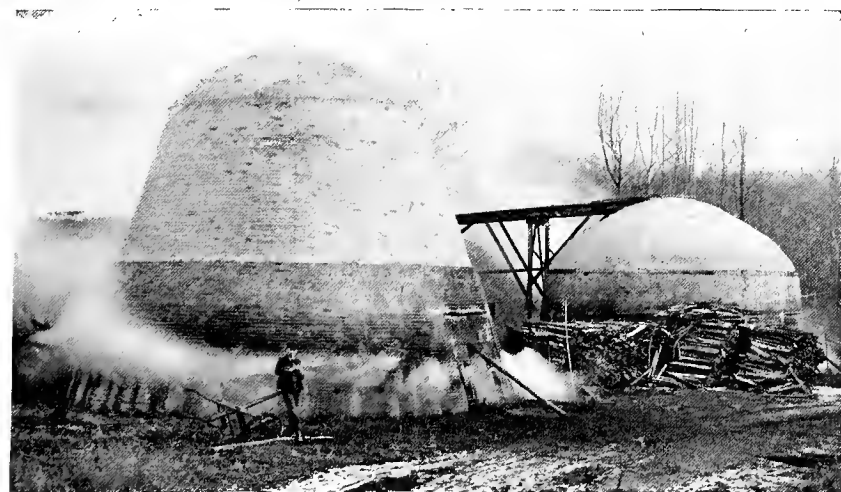
VIEW FROM OFFICE OF RICHMOND FURNACE



SOME MINERS' HOMES



A WINTER FORD



BURNING CHARCOAL



ORE BEDS AND ENGINE HOUSE, RICHMOND FURNACE



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND TOWN HALL

A LACONIC LAWYER.—Shays' rebellion engendered a vast amount of ill feeling. It was a war of neighbor against neighbor and family against family—a civil war on a limited scale. In the personal animosities which attended the rebellion, a horse belonging to a friend of the government was shot and killed by his neighbor, a Shays sympathizer. From this arose a suit for damages brought by the former, against the latter. The Shays man was known to be guilty; but the difficulty was to prove the fact. The

case came up for hearing before a justice of the peace and Major William King appeared as counsel to defend the Shays man. It was proved beyond a doubt that the defendant at the time of the killing had been seen within half a mile of the pasture in which the horse was kept, with a gun in his hands, and that he was heard to hurrah lustily for Shays. The evidence was not very conclusive as to his guilt, but the counsel for the plaintiff laid great stress upon it, and made a labored and lengthy argument. Rising to reply, Major King, in his laconic way, addressed the court: "May it please your Honor, the question is simply this: Whether or not hurrahing for Shays will kill a horse at half a mile," and resumed his seat. The defendant was acquitted.



METHODIST CHURCH



STEVEN'S GLEN



RICHMOND FURNACE



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

THE MINSTREL WINDS

THEY lay
Their wild hands on the leafless boughs,
Which heave
In slow-drawn sighs, till all the forest-harp
Wails o'er the buried autumn and lets loose
The sea-like music of eternity.

O NATURE, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feed on raptures ever new!
Oh, for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories, with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the God-like few,
Who to the enraptured heart, and ear and eye,
Teach Beauty, Virtue, Truth and Love, and
Melody.

Beattie.

SCENES must be beautiful which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years

Cowper.



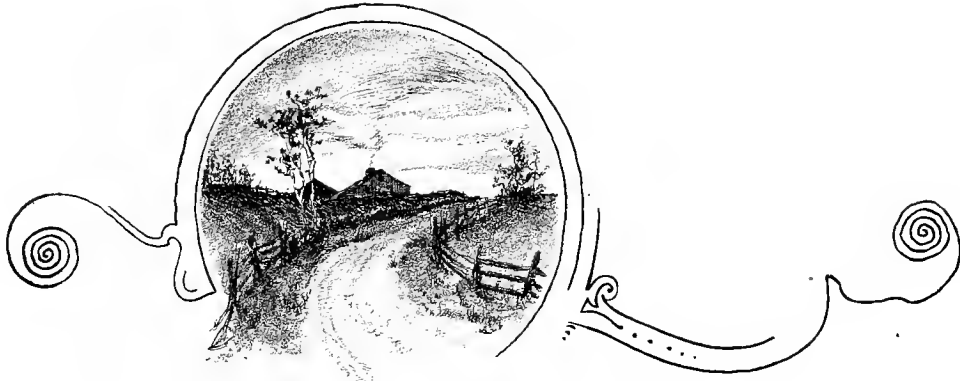
POST-OFFICE AND STORE



RAILWAY STATION



AN OLD HOUSE



THE MONTHS

VERSES BY M. A. RYAN
ILLUSTRATED BY CLIFTON JOHNSON



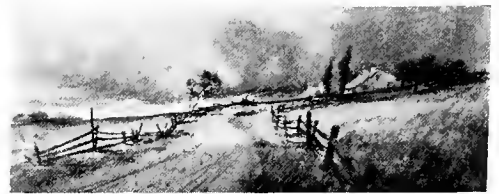
JANUARY

Clear is the air to the ringing
Of the first of the year's twelve strokes.
The wind o'er the white fields bringing
Sounds of the wood ax swinging
Courage and strength invokes.



FEBRUARY

What though the brooks are all fettered
By the bonds of the Frost King bold?
What care has the life snow-sheltered —
A covering not to be bettered
While winter continues its hold?



MARCH

Bleak are New England's Old Hillsides
And winds blow fierce in wrath
Delaying still the glad spring-tides,
Yet giving time for last sleigh rides
Along each country path.



APRIL

Soft warm rains the wild flowers know,
Sent from low gray skies;
Streams swell broad in onward flow,
On willow limbs new leaf buds grow,
Harsh winds become mild sighs.



MAY

In orchard lanes are blossoms white;
Fair earth says, "List, child, play;
For the world is bright
All day, all night
When the year clock rings out May."





JUNE

A gleam of gold in the grasses
Where the daisies love to grow;
And roses, whose short life passes
Where the bee his honey amasses
On the hillsides all aglow.



JULY

Time of harvest now draws nigh,
The grains to ripeness grow,
And through the golden fields of rye
The reaper goes in rich July
And lays the tall heads low.



AUGUST

The torrid thunderstorm comes on,
Bred in the languorous skies.
With flashing eye and sullen tone
It rushes on, bursts forth, is gone,
And a freshened earth behind it lies.



SEPTEMBER

Then Earth has its fullest and ripest days
Brief rest between summer and fall;
And yet with a boding of end of ways,
For old Earth's fullness never stays,
But ever must follow Queen Nature's call.



OCTOBER

Color glories where green leaves grew,
And ripe year's fruitage all.
Trees spread gay banners, and 'tis true,
These days of splendor have their due
For nuture spent from bud to fall.



NOVEMBER

Once more tell the Puritan story
Of the trials of the forefather's days.
In peace and in plenty we glory,
While the maize guards the hillsides hoary,
And prepare for the Thanksgiving praise.

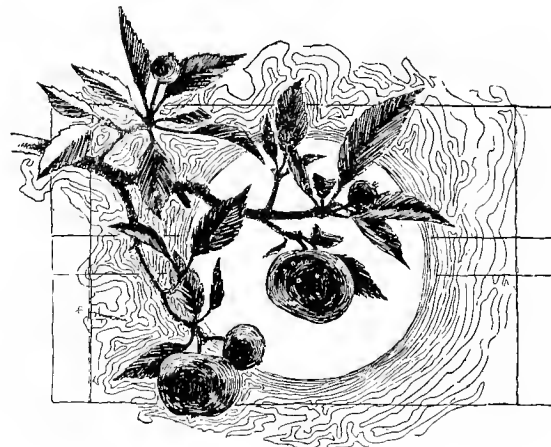


DECEMBER

Sound long the note of December,
Last of the twelve-stroked chime.
Christmas glories long to remember
Are out-borne on this fading ember,
And the year yields up to time.



THE END.



INDEX TO TEXT

EDITORIAL

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT, | 8 |
| INTRODUCTORY, | 5 |
| OUR ARTISTS AND OTHER HELPERS, | 7 |
| THE PICTURESQUE SERIES, | 8 |
| THE SOUTHERN SENTINEL, | 6 |

CONTRIBUTED

| | |
|---|-----|
| A CURIOUS OLD BOOK FOR CHILDREN, | 36 |
| ÆSTHETIC STOCKBRIDGE, | 34 |
| A HAILSTORM IN BERKSHIRE, | 17 |
| <i>J. M. L. Babcock,</i> | |
| A HILLSIDE FARM. A POEM, | 77 |
| <i>Laura Sanderson,</i> | |
| AMID THE WILD FLOWERS, | 57 |
| <i>Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale,</i> | |
| AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, | 98 |
| <i>Frederic Allison Tupper,</i> | |
| A MOUNTAIN CLIMB, | 97 |
| <i>Mary E. Dewey,</i> | |
| A NOTABLE BERKSHIRE TOWN, | 36 |
| <i>S. B. Quigley,</i> | |
| AN UNLUCKY TEA PARTY, | 14 |
| A POTATO FORTUNE, | 105 |
| <i>M. A. Ryan,</i> | |
| A THANKSGIVING INCIDENT OF STOCKBRIDGE, | 33 |
| <i>Susan Teall Perry,</i> | |
| BERKSHIRE SO BONNY, | 98 |
| <i>Anon,</i> | |
| BROOK AND POND LIFE, | 45 |
| <i>Walter Harrison,</i> | |

| | |
|---|-----|
| CURIOUS EPITAPHS, | 84 |
| DOES FARMING PAY? | 95 |
| <i>Henry S. Goodale,</i> | |
| FALLS OF THE BASH BISH, | 98 |
| <i>C. P. D.,</i> | |
| FOX-HUNTING IN BERKSHIRE, | 60 |
| <i>Albert Hardy,</i> | |
| GUS BARNES ET ALS, | 50 |
| <i>Aella Greene,</i> | |
| NOT "TO THE MANOR BORN," | 103 |
| OLD BOLIVAR, | 44 |
| PICTURESQUE LEE, | 41 |
| <i>Rev. L. S. Rowland,</i> | |
| QUIET, SLUMBROUS SHEFFIELD, | 106 |
| RECOLLECTIONS OF LENOX, | 99 |
| <i>Albert Hardy,</i> | |
| REMINISCENCES OF SANDISFIELD, | 72 |
| RICHMOND REMINISCENCES, | 107 |
| <i>P.,</i> | |
| SAM—A POEM WITH A HISTORY, | 51 |
| <i>Albert Hardy,</i> | |
| SINGULAR OCCURRENCES IN SHEFFIELD, | 71 |
| SOME PECULIAR CHARACTERS, | 99 |
| <i>George S. Whitbeck,</i> | |
| SOME REMINISCENCES, | 51 |
| SOME SOUTHERN BERKSHIRE NOTABILITIES, | 92 |
| <i>Clark W. Bryan,</i> | |
| SONG TO BERKSHIRE, | 66 |
| <i>Dora Read Goodale,</i> | |
| THE BASH-A-BISH, | 98 |
| <i>Laura Sanderson,</i> | |
| THE HOPKINS-SEARLES MANSION, | 31 |
| THE LONGING HOUR, | 92 |
| <i>Elaine Goodale Eastman,</i> | |
| THE LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL OF 1820, | 13 |
| <i>Susan Teal Perry,</i> | |
| THE OLD COURT-HOUSE, | 15 |
| <i>Henry L. Dawes,</i> | |

| | |
|--|-----|
| THE RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTY, | 20 |
| <i>H. T. Oatman.</i> | |
| Lenox, Stockbridge and Great Barrington, | 53 |
| Washington, Lee, Becket and Tyringham, | 63 |
| Otis, Sandisfield, New Marlboro, and | |
| Sheffield, | |
| Monterey, Mount Washington, Alford, | 79 |
| West Stockbridge, Richmond and Egremont, | |
| VACATIONS IN BERKSHIRE, | 47 |
| <i>Wm. Wilberforce Newton,</i> | |
| WHAT THE FARMER READS, | 55 |
| <i>Clementina D. Nahmer,</i> | |
| WHAT WAS IN GRANDMOTHER'S CHEST, | 104 |
| <i>C. D. N.,</i> | |

SELECTED

| | |
|---|----|
| BEECHER ON BERKSHIRE, | 40 |
| GREEN RIVER, | 45 |
| <i>Bryant,</i> | |
| HAYING, | 77 |
| <i>Beecher,</i> | |
| MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, | 40 |
| <i>Bryant,</i> | |
| RAIN UPON THE ROOF, | 79 |
| <i>Kinney,</i> | |
| THE CROW HILL SCHOOL, | 80 |
| <i>Anon,</i> | |
| THE GOOD STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS, | 33 |
| THE MOUNTAINS IN OCTOBER, | 44 |
| THE TWO VILLAGES, | 85 |
| <i>Rose Terry Cooke,</i> | |

ILLUSTRATIONS

FRONTISPIECE, A Pleasure Party Returning
from "the Dome," *R. Lionel DeLisser.*

BY TOWNS AND VILLAGES

| | PAGE |
|--|------------|
| ALFORD, | 103-105 |
| BECKET, | 51-54 |
| EGREMONT, | 100-102 |
| North Egremont, | 102 |
| South Egremont, | 100, 101 |
| GREAT BARRINGTON, | 30-50 |
| Housatonic, | 47-50 |
| Van Deusenville, | 45 |
| LEE, | 59-68 |
| North Lee, | 64 |
| South Lee, | 62, 65, 66 |
| LENOX, | 6-18 |
| Lenoxdale, | 14-16 |
| MARLBORO, | 80-84 |
| Campbell's Falls, and Lake Buel, | 84 |

| | PAGE |
|--|----------|
| Hartsville, | 80 |
| Mill River, | 82, 83 |
| Southfield, | 81, 82 |
| MONTEREY, | 76 |
| MOUNT WASHINGTON, | 91-99 |
| Bash Bish and Sage's Ravine, | 96-98 |
| Sky Farm, | 92 |
| OTIS, | 74, 75 |
| Otis Falls, | 75 |
| West Otis, | 75 |
| RICHMOND, | 108, 109 |
| SANDISFIELD, | 77-79 |
| Montville, | 79 |
| New Boston, | 78, 79 |
| SHEFFIELD, | 85-90 |
| Ashley Falls, | 90 |
| STOCKBRIDGE, | 19-29 |
| Glendale, | 27 |
| TYRINGHAM, | 69-73 |
| WASHINGTON, | 55, 56 |
| WEST STOCKBRIDGE, | 106, 107 |

GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS

| | PAGE |
|---|----------|
| A POTATO FORTUNE, | 105 |
| <i>Drawings by Clifton Johnson,</i> | |
| DOES FARMING PAY? | 95 |
| <i>Sketches by Walter Cox,</i> | |
| SAM—A POEM WITH A HISTORY, | 51 |
| <i>Illustrations by R. Lionel DeLisser,</i> | |
| THE MONTHS, | 110, 111 |
| <i>Drawings by Clifton Johnson,</i> | |
| THE SPHINX ABOVE THE CLOUDS, | 40 |
| <i>By Wm. L. Maclean,</i> | |
| WASH DRAWINGS, | |
| <i>By R. Lionel DeLisser,</i> | |
| A Happy Family, | 66 |
| Early Morning, | 60 |
| Evening, | 94 |
| The Meeting, | 89 |
| Waiting, | 87 |
| WILD FLOWERS, | 57, 58 |
| <i>Illustrations by Frederick Knab,</i> | |

